

H O R A C E's
S A T I R E S,
E P I S T L E S,
A N D
A R T of P O E T R Y,

Done into ENGLISH,
W I T H N O T E S.

By S. DUNSTER, D. D.
PREBENDARY of S A R U M.

Sermoni propiora.

Lib. I. Sat. IV. v. 42.

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M. DCC. XXIX.

ART OF POETRY,
WITH NOTES.
BY
H. A. T. R. S.
H. O. R. N. C. S.



By H. A. T. R. S.
H. O. R. N. C. S.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Thomas, Lord Parker,
Baron of *Macclesfield,*
In the County Palatine of Chester;
Lord High Chancellor of
GREAT-BRITAIN;
And One of His Majesty's most
Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,



AD I known a greater
Person than your Lord-
ship, You had not been
troubled with this Ad-
dress ; and had I not believ'd,
A 2^d that

that the following Performance did, in some Measure, merit your Acceptance, You had been freed from it.

IT is none of the least of Your distinguishing Qualities, that those who have endeavour'd to make themselves useful to the World by their Studies, are sure of Your Protection: The Generous *DORSET* is now no more, and it is not long since the Celebrated *HALLIFAX* was taken from us; and such is our present Situation, that tho' the *C L A S S I C K S* may be said to be the Treasures of Knowledge, and as they teach us to think well, are most proper to make a Polite and Finish'd Gentleman (a Character which all Men are ambitious of attaining;) yet both They, and Those who employ Their Time in making them intelligible, are equally neglected.

B U T

DEDICATION.

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BUT how just soever this Complaint may be, there are still some Noble Spirits among us

---*Anima, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit,*—

who are altogether free from this Imputation.

AMONG These, Your Lordship justly claims the Pre-eminence; Your Liberality and Humanity are universally admir'd; and what is yet more surprizing, a Knowledge of Men, and a profound Intelligence of Things, which but seldom, very seldom, meet together, are reconciled in You.

To justify the Truth of what I say, I appeal from Your Lordship to the Publick Voice; who, in a just Sense of Your uncommon Vertues, unanimously declar'd, at Your late Promotion, that His MAJESTY, whose Love to His BRITISH Subjects is beyond Expression, ne-

DEDICATION.

ver gave 'em a greater Instance
of it, than in making You his
CHANCELLOR.

Dii dent virtuti tempora longa tue.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant,

S. DUNSTER.





THE PREFACE.

THE Criticks consider HORACE in a double Capacity, as a Writer of Odes, and a Sati-
rist; they divide the Odes into Panegyrical, Moral, and Bacchanalian: The Design of which, being rather to raise the Fancy than inform the Judgment, they accordingly consist of Pompous Numbers, Sublime Thoughts, bold and daring Figures and Expressions. This is the Reason that they will hardly admit of a Prose Translation; but this does not hold good as to his Satires and Epistles; which were
A 4 written,

The P R E F A C E.

written, as he himself assures us, for the Instruction of Mankind; they abound with many excellent Rules and Precepts, the Knowledge of which contributes very much to the Improvement of Life, by imprinting in our Minds just and true and lively Sentiments of Moral Honesty and Vertue.

Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

Fervet avaritia, miseroq; cupidine pectus?

Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ Te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Invidus,

The P R E F A C E.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitemscere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Lib. I. Epist. I. v. 25.

This being the principal Design of our Poet, it was necessary for him to change his Stile; here are none of those daring inimitable Flights, for which his Odes are so justly admir'd; he is more a Philosopher and Critick than a Poet, his Satires and Epistles being, as he himself professes, sermoni propiora, nearer Prose than Verse.

This was the Motive which induc'd me to attempt the following Translation. I am very sensible that the Grace and Delicacy of the Latin can't be turn'd into English; but our Language is not without its Beauties,
which

THE PREFACE.

which perhaps are no less Pleasing and Delightful.

*I have carefully endeavour'd, throughout the Work, to observe a due Medium between a Paraphrase and a Verbal Translation; I have kept my self close to my Author's Sense, and have had some Regard to the Genius and Spirit of every particular Satire and Epistle. This I thought the most likely Way to make him intelligible, which is much better done in Prose than Verse. The Restraint of Rhime is no ordinary Difficulty, it too often forces the ingenious Translator to abandon the true Sense of the Poet, and for the sake of a sounding Word, put in something of his own. This is too apparent in Mr. Creech's Performance; in Mr. Oldham's Version of Horace's Impertinent, and Art of Poetry; but more especially in our Modern Imitations, in which
the*

The P R E F A C E.

the Poets, to make their Compositions the more pleasing and agreeable, have given themselves so great a Liberty, that Horace is little or nothing concern'd in Attempts of that Nature.

'Tis beyond all Question the Business of a Translator to have his Author always in his Eye, that the Picture he draws may resemble the Original. If in this Particular he discharges his Duty, tho' the Soil he manures be Barren and Unfruitful in some few Places, let him not fear that his Version will suffer on that Account. He is to consider himself as a Labourer in another Man's Vineyard. An Author can command his Thoughts and Expressions; he can change and vary both as he pleases: But he who Translates has no such Privilege, he is confin'd to his Author's Thoughts, and is consequently under an indispensable

The P R E F A C E.

*dispensable Obligation to render
his Meaning in a happy, easy,
natural Manner.*

*Having given this Account of
the following Version, I must
advertise the Reader of one
thing more, which is, that I
have translated nothing which
was contrary to the Rules of De-
cency and good Manners; inso-
much that the most modest Per-
son may now safely read these
Satires and Epistles, and not
run the Risque of endangering
his Virtue.*

*Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc
sermonibus aurem.*

Lib. II. Epist. I. v. 127.



[2]
O. HORATI
HORACE's

SATIRE S,

EPISTLES,

AND

Art of POETRY,

Done into ENGLISH.

B

Q. HORATII

FLACCI SATIRARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

SATIRA I.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi
sortem,

Seu ratio dederit seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentis?

O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore. 5
Contra mercator, navem jactantibus Austris,
Militia est potior. quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento aut cita mors venit, aut victoria lata:

Agricolam

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HORACE's SATIRES.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

WHENCE comes it to pass, * *Mac-* Men ge-
*cen*as, that no Man is contented nerally
with his Condition, whether his discon-
tent
own Reason led him into it, or Fortune threw with their
it in his Way; but is ever commending the present
Happinefs of those who are engag'd in some Circum-
stances.
different Course of Life?

How blest is the *Merchant*! crys the *Soldier*,
when loaded with Years, and broken with much
Labour and Fatigue. The *Merchant*, on the
other hand, in a Storm at Sea, thinks the *Sol-*
dier happy; and why? the Battle's fought,
and within the Compass of an Hour, he either
meets with a speedy Death, or a happy Victory.

* *Macenas*, a Roman Gentleman, descended from the
antient Kings of *Etruria*, of extraordinary Wit and
Eloquence; he encouraged Learning and learned Men,
which gave Occasion to *Virgil* and *Horace* to dedicate
a considerable Part of their Poems to him. He was in
great Favour with *Augustus*.

*Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat. 10
 Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
 Solos felices viventis clamat in urbe.*

*Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
 Delassare valent Fabium. ne te morer, audi
 Quo rem deducam. si quis Deus, En ego, dicat, 15
 Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
 Mercator; tu consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,
 Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus. eia,
 Quid statis? nolint. atqui licet esse beatis.
 Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas 20
 Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
 Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
 Præterea (ne sic, ut qui jocularia ridens,
 Percurram; quamquam ridentem dicere verum
 Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi 25
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima:
 Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.)
 Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
 Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne*

Audaces.

Book I. . . HORACE'S *Satires*. 5

THE *Lawyer*, being disturb'd with the early Visits of his troublesome Clients, admires the *Peasant's* quiet Life; the *Peasant* again, who, being Surety for some Acquaintance, is forc'd to leave the Country and come up to Town, crys out, that none are happy but the *Citizens*.

So many are the Instances of this Kind, that to relate all the rest of them would tire even the long-winded *Fabius*.

If any God should say, Well, I'll grant what ye desire; you *Soldier* shall be a *Merchant*, you *Lawyer* shall be a *Farmer*; be gone, haste away to your new Stations: Heyday! what, do ye stand stock still? They won't be happy, tho' they have it in their Power. What more reasonable, than that the abused *Deity* should revenge himself upon them, and for the future, be deaf to their Prayers, since they know not what they would be at? * Besides, (to lay aside Mirth and be serious, tho' Truth and Mirth are not inconsistent, it being usual with *Masters* to encourage their *Scholars* with Cakes and Sweet-meats, the better to prepare them to receive Instruction), if you ask the *Peasant*, the Retailer of Law †, and *Soldier*, or even the daring *Mer-*

* *Acron* observes, that *Horace* having discours'd Men's Inconstancy or Discontentedness with their Conditions, begins here another Head of Discourse, *Avarice*.

† *Caupo* seems to signify here a Retailer of the Law, one who gives his Advice for Money; and is the same with him whom the Poet in *ver. 9.* calls *juris legumque peritus*. If *Horace* does not mean this, he does not repeat his four different Conditions of Life with any Exactness: And *Caupo* is here metaphorically apply'd to such a Retailer of the Law in the same Manner as *Ennius* speaks, in *Cic. de Off. Lib. i.* *Non cauponantes bellum sed belligerantes*. And in the same Book *Cicero* says, That the Practice of the Law is only then honourable, *gratuitò defendensis*, if a Lawyer defends his Client without Fee or Reward.

Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem 30
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Atunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria: sicut
Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri. 35
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante
Quæstis sapiens: cum te neque fervidus æstus
Demoveat lucro, nec hiems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
Nil obstat tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter. 40
Quid juvat inmensum te argenti pondus & auri
Furtim defossa timidum deponere terra?
Quod, si conminuas, vilem redigatur ad affem:
At, ni id sit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum: 45
Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus: ut si
Reticulum panis venalis inter onusto
Forte vebas humero; nibilo plus accipias quam
Qui nil portarit. vel dic, quid referat intra
Naturæ finis viventi, jugera centum, an 50
Mille æret? At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.

Dum

Book I. HORACE'S Satires.

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chant himself, who bids Defiance to the Storms and Tempests, to what End or Purpose they undergo these severe Fatigues? They will all tell you, 'tis only to provide themselves a Competency, that in the declining Part of Life they may peaceably and comfortably enjoy themselves. In this they pretend to imitate the laborious Ant, (whom to be sure they always bring in for an Example) who being careful and provident of the Day of Necessity, adds all she can gather to her encreasing Store.

THUS far indeed the Example holds good; but herein is the Difference: The Ant in the Winter ceases from her Labour; she stays at Home and wisely enjoys what she had laid up before; but neither Heat nor Cold, Fire nor Sword, Storms nor Tempests, can allay your Thirst of amassing Riches; and all this you do that no other Men may be wealthier than your self. Where is the Profit or Satisfaction of hoarding up privately a Mass of Treasure in the Earth, which cannot be done without some Concern? You will possibly reply, should I spend any of it, it would quickly have an End; and unless you do so, where is the Joy of being rich? What Beauty is there in a Heap of Money? Tho' your Barns and Granaries are stor'd with Wheat, yet your Appetite is much the same as mine, the same Quantity of Bread will satisfy us both. Suppose you were one among other Slaves, who was pitch'd upon by, your Master to carry the Basket of Provisions for the rest, could you therefore eat more than your Companions? Of what Importance is it to a temperate Man, who observes the Bounds which Nature hath prescrib'd him, to have a Hundred, or a Thousand Acres? but, oh the Pleasure of taking from a great Heap! and yet,

Covetousness,
the ill
Effects
of it.

*Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquo,
 Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
 Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna,
 Vel cyathos, & dicas, Magno de flumine malim, 55
 Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. Eo fit,
 Plenior ut si quos delectet copia iusto,
 Cum ripa simul avolsos ferat Aufidus acer.
 At qui tantuli eget, quantum est opus, is neque limo
 Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in un-
 dis. 60*

*At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso,
 Nil satis est, inquit: quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.
 Quid facias illi? jubeas miseram esse libenter,
 Quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
 Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces 65
 Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.
 Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat*

Flumina



if you allow, that my little Stock will supply me with all the Necessaries of Life, why should you prefer your Granaries to my Corn-chamber? 'Tis just the same, as if wanting a Glass of Water, you shou'd rather choose to have it from the River than from a little Fountain. Hence it comes to pass, that they who extend their Desires too far, are oftentimes carried away by the Torrent, and ruin'd by their Covetousness; but he whose Desires keep Pace with his Necessities, runs no Risque at all, the Water he drinks is clear and pure, and he runs no Hazard of perishing in the River. But, so it is with the greatest Part of Mankind, that, being led away with mistaken Notions, they never think they have enough. A Man, say they *, is esteemed in the World in Proportion to his Riches. Now what must be done in such a Case? They deserve to be miserable, who thus industriously labour to be so. Like the rich Miser at † Athens, who was wholly unconcern'd at what the Citizens said of him: The Athenians, said he, hiss me; but when I am at home, and looking over my Money in my Chest, I clap my self. 'Tis reported of Tantalus, that he was ready to perish with Thirst, tho' up to the Chin in Water; that when he attempted to

* He reproaches the Romans who respected a Man according to his Estate, insomuch that no Man had the Privilege of being knighted, who was not worth 25000 Crowns; nor could any one pretend to the Honour of a Senator, unless his Revenue was Double that Sum. Augustus requir'd that a Senator shou'd be worth 300000.

† Athens, the capital Seat of Attica in Greece, formerly very famous for its Learning and Politeness: Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes and Sophocles flourish'd in this Place; here it was, that the Romans sent their Sons to be instructed in Philosophy.

drink,

Flumina. quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Farratur. congestis undique saccis 70
Indormis inbians, Et tanquam parcere sacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.
Nescis quo valeat nummus, quem præbeat usum?
Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius; adde
Quis humana sibi doleat natura negatis. 75
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctisque diesque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientes, hoc juvat? horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.
At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus, 80
Aut alius casus lecto te adfixit, habes qui
Adsideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suscitet, ac natis reddat carisque propinquis?
Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius, omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ. 85
Miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,
Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem?

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*.

11

drink, the Water mov'd from him. You laugh at this Relation, change but the Name, and you your self are the *Tantalus* in the Fable. You sit gaping o'er your * Money, and dare no more touch it, than you dare commit Sacrilege; your broad Pieces of Gold are like so many Pictures, the Pleasure you take in them, is just the same. What Pity is it, that you do not better understand the Use of Riches? They were given you to purchase Bread and Wine, and all the other Necessaries of Life, which Nature cannot want without Uneasiness. The Use of Riches,

To be perpetually kept awake with a Fright; to be in one continued Fear, lest Thieves should break in, or Fire burn you out, or your Servants plunder you and run away; is this a Pleasure? If it be, welcome Poverty, may I never be rich.

BUT what, say you, if a Fever shou'd seize me, or any other Misfortune confine me to my Bed? How many are ready to offer me their Assistance, to call the Physician, and to do every thing that is necessary to re-establish my Health, and restore me to my dear Children and Relations? In this also you are miserably mistaken. Neither your Wife nor Children pray for your Recovery; all your Neighbours and Acquaintance hate you, and can you wonder to find your self so universally detested, while you continue so wretchedly covetous? Or do you look upon it as nothing

* Agreeable hereunto is that excellent Description of a covetous Man, which we find in *Lucilius*.

*Cui neq; jumentum est, nec servus, nec comes ullus,
Bulgam, & quicquid habet nummorum secum habet ipse;
Cum Bulga cœnat; dormit, lavit, omnis in una
Spes hominis Bulga, hac devincta est cætera vita.*

An, si cognatos, nullo natura labore
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, servareque amicos,
Infelix operam perdas; ut si quis asellum 90
In campo doceat parentem currere frenis?
Denique sit finis quærendi: cumque habeas plus,
Pauperiem metuas minus; & finire laborem
Incipias, parto quod avebas: ne facias quod
Ummidius, qui tam (non longa est fabula) dives 95
Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
Non unquam servo melius vestiret, ad usque
Supremum tempus ne se penuria victus
Opprimeret metuebat: at hunc liberta securi
Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum. 100
Quid mi igitur suades? ut vivam Mænius aut sic
Ut Nomenta nus? Pergis pugnantia secum
Frontibus adversis componere? non ego avarum
Cum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
Est inter Tanaim quiddam socerumque Viselli: 105
Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

Illuc,

to be lov'd by your Relations; and that the Money you spend to engage their Affections, is but lost Labour; like attempting to bring up an Ass to the Manage? It becomes you therefore to moderate your Desires: The greater your Possessions are, the less Reason you have to be afraid of Poverty. You have got what you wanted, do not any longer be your own Tormentor: But above all Things, do not follow *Ummidius's* Example, who was so rich that he measur'd his Money by the Bushel, and withal so sordid, that he always went clad like a menial Servant; and yet this rich, this miserable *Ummidius*, was perpetually in Fear of wanting Bread before he died; at last his valiant and courageous Concubine, like another * *Clytemnestra*, gave him his Death's Wound with the Blow of a Hatchet, and put a Period to his Life and Fears together.

WELL, Sir, what is it that you wou'd have me to do? Shall I live like † *Menius* or *Nomentanus*? I mean no such Thing, you are all for Extremes. I warn you against Covetousness, must you therefore lead a loose and profligate Life? Is there no Difference between *Tanais*, and the Father-in-Law of *Visellius*? There's a Mean in all Things; even Virtue it self hath its stated Limits, which if a Man falls short of, or goes beyond, it ceases to be Virtue.

* *Clytemnestra*, the Daughter of *Tyndarus* and *Leda*, Wife of *Agamemnon*, whom she slew with an Ax, some time after his Return from *Troy*, her Gallant *Ægisthus*, with whom she had a long time liv'd in Adultery, being assisting to the Murder. She was afterwards slain by her Son *Orestes*. See *Juvenal*, Sat. vi. Lin. 656.

† *Menius* and *Nomentanus*, two dissolute young Gentlemen, who were notorious for their Debaucheries.

Illuc, unde abii, redeo. nemon' ut avarus
Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentis?
Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber, 110
Tabescat? neque se majori pauperiorum
Turbæ comparet? hunc atque hunc superare laboret?
Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat:
Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus;
Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum 115
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.
Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vita
Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippum 120
Conpilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*.

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To resume the Argument. Is it so, that no covetous Man is pleas'd, but is ever commending the Happiness of those who are engag'd in a different Course of Life? Does he fret and consume himself with Envy, 'cause another Man's Goat gives more Milk than his? What is the Reason of this Uneasiness? They seldom compare themselves with those many who are poorer than themselves, but are always looking forwards, eagerly aspiring to get before this Man, and that Man; so that as long as there remains One richer than themselves, what Hopes of Satisfaction? They resemble herein the Charioteers, who in a Race are always pressing, always intent on those that are before them, regardless of those they left behind. Thus it is with Mankind, and this is the Reason that we seldom or never meet with a Man, who, by his own Confession, has liv'd a happy Life; and who, when his Time is out, can quit Life with as much Satisfaction as a Guest rises from Table when his Belly is full.

WHAT has been said is, I think, sufficient; shou'd I detain you any longer, you will possibly suspect me of stealing from * *Crispinus*, to avoid which, I will say no more upon this Argument.

* *Crispinus*, a Stoick Philosopher, who is said to have digested the Opinions of that Sect in very ill Verses.



SATIRA II.

AMBUBAIARUM collegia, pharmaco-
pola,

Mendici, mima, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoribus morte Tigelli:
Quippe benignus erat. contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico, 5
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis:
Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi, 10
Respondet: laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fusidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque

Quanto



SATIRE II.

FIDLERS, Perfumers, Gipsies, Players, ^{Nothing more} Rope-dancers, or Buffoons, and all that ^{common} Sort of Cattle, lament the Death of * *Tigellius* ^{than for} the Musician; and they have Reason for so do- ^{Men to} ing, he was very free and generous to them. ^{run from} The Reverse of him is this Man, who for Fear ^{one Ex-} of being called a Spendthrift, won't so much ^{stream to} as relieve a poor necessitous Friend, though ^{another.} ready to perish with Cold and Famine.

If you ask the extravagant Man why he squanders away those Possessions which were left him by his *Ancestors*, in taking up Money at excessive Interest, to purchase Dainties for his unthankful Appetite; his Answer is, To avoid the Imputation of a sordid Fellow, of one of a mean and narrow Spirit. They who profit by his Extravagancies commend him, but others censure and condemn his Conduct.

THE Usurer *Fusidius*, who is vastly rich, both in Land and Money, that he may not be thought a good-for-nothing and extravagant Fellow, lends his Money at 5 *per Cent.* Interest *per* Month; which he deducts at first from the principal Sum. The

* A famous Musician of *Sardinia*, much esteem'd by *Augustus* for his Skill in Musick; he was, in other Respects, a perfect Humorist, and a very debauch'd and extravagant Person.

Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget : 15
 Nomina sectatur, modo sumta veste virili,
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audiuit? At in se
 Pro questu sumtum facit hic. Vix credere possis
 Quam sibi non sit amicus : ita ut pater ille, Terenti 20
 Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
 Si quis nunc querat, Quo res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
 Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat : est qui 25
 Inguen ad obscænum subductis usque facetus:
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
 Nil medium est.——



S A T I R A III.

O M N I B U S hoc vitium est cantoribus, in-
 ter amicos

Ut numquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
 Injussi numquam desistant. Sardus habebat

more prodigal any Person is, the more he gripes him. He is perpetually enquiring for wealthy Heirs, who, having put on the * *Toga Virilis*, receive but a small and scanty Allowance from their covetous Fathers. Oh! ye Gods! who can forbear exclaiming against such Practices? But perhaps he lives according to his Income: He? you will hardly believe how much this Niggard is his own Enemy; the † old Man in the *Comedy*, whom the *Poet* introduces, weeping and lamenting, and punishing himself for having made his Son run away from him, never underwent half the Severities which he does.

Now what is the Moral? 'tis briefly this; while Fools shun one Extream, they run into another. There are few or none who observe a due *Medium*. This Man has his Coat-sleeves so long as to hang down to his Heels; another thinks it smart to wear a short Jacket that reaches but to his Middle. *Gargonius*, by neglecting himself, stinks filthily; *Rufillus*, on the other Hand, smells of nothing but Perfumes.



SATIRE III.

'TIS a prevailing Humour with all Song-The Character of Tigellius.
sters, never to sing when importun'd;
but if you let them alone, they chant everlasting-

* The Sons of Noblemen, and other considerable Persons among the Romans, wore a kind of Vest with Sleeves, which they call'd *Alicata Chlamys*, till they were thirteen Years old; then they put on the *Toga Prætexta*, which they did not change till the seventeenth Year, at which Time they were allowed to wear the *Toga Virilis*.

† See the Character of *Menedemus* in Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*, it has something very tender and moving in it. *Act 1. Scene 1.*

Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
 Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non 5
 Quicquam proficeret: si conlibuisset, ab ovo
 Usque ad mala iteraret, Io Bacche, modo summa
 Voce, modo hac, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
 Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui
 Currebat fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui 10
 Junonis sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos,
 Sæpe decem servos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,
 Omnia magna loquens; modo, Sit mihi mensa tripes, &
 Concha salis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus
 Quamvis crassa queat. decies centena dedisses 15
 Huic parco, paucis contento; quinque diebus
 Nil erat in oculis. noctes vigilabat ad ipsum.
 Mane, diem totum stertebat. nil fuit umquam
 Sic impar sibi. nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid tu?
 Nullane habes vitia? Imo alia, & fortasse minora. 20
 Menius absentem Novium cum carperet: Heus tu,

ly. * *Tigellius* was perfectly of this Humour. *Cæsar* himself, tho' he could have forc'd him to it, yet if he only begg'd him by his own, and by his Father's Friendship, cou'd not get one Note from him: But, when the Fancy took him in the Head, he wou'd sing *Io Bacche* † all Supper-time, one while with a treble Voice, and another with a bass.

THIS Man was a perfect Emblem of Inconstancy: He wou'd often run himself quite out of Breath, as if an Enemy pursu'd him; then again he wou'd affect a slow majestick Pace, like the Priestesses of *Juno*, when they carry in Procession the holy Vessels to the Temple. One while you might see him with a Retinue of two hundred Servants, at another time but with ten. One while his Discourse turn'd upon nothing but Kings and Governors of Provinces; at another time he affected an humble Strain; then a three-leg'd Table, a little Salt, and a good Cloth-Coat, no matter how coarse, to keep out the Cold, was all that he desired; and yet shou'd you have presented this poor contented frugal Mortal with five thousand Pounds, he wou'd have spent it all in five Days. It was his usual Practice to sit up all Night, and to sleep all Day; never certainly was any Man so inconsistent with himself.

BUT some one may object and say, Pray Men very what are you, Sir? Are you without your Faults? apt to overlook
Why, truly I must confess, that I also have my Failings, but they are of another Kind, and their own Failings, and to perhaps not so considerable.

As *Menius* t'other Day was railing against *Novius*, one in the Company plainly told him, censure and condemn the

* See *Tigellius*'s Character in the preceeding *Satire*. same
† *Ab Ovo usque ad Mala*, all Supper-time. The first Course Faults in
in the Roman Entertainments was Eggs, the last Apples. others

*Quidam ait, ignoras te, an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? Egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
Cum tua prævideas oculis male lippus inunctis, 25
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi
contra*

*Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.
Iracundior est paulo: minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri possit, eo quod 30
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, & male laxus
In pede calcens hæret. at est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium
ingens*

*Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. denique teipsum
Concute, numqua tibi vitiorum inſeuerit olim 35
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala. namque
Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.*

*Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ. 40
Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, & isti*

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that he was sorry to find that he was such a Stranger to himself, or could think to impose upon them, as if they were unacquainted with his Character. O! Sir, says *Menius*, I can easily forgive my self. What a foolish and unreasonable Self-love is this, and how deserving of Censure! When you are always blind to your own Imperfections, why are you so wonderfully quick-sighted with respect to your Neighbours? An Eagle or a Serpent has not a quicker Eye than you have, at spying out their Failings. Now what is the Consequence? Your Friends are even with you, and reflect on your Vices, with the same Severity as you do on theirs.

* THIS Man, you say, is passionate, he is not fit Company for your sneering Criticks: His Hair is in Disorder, his Beard's ill shav'd, his Habit clownish, his Shoes fit like Boots; and what if all this be true? He is nevertheless a good Man, there is hardly his Equal; besides he is your Friend, and how indifferent soever his Appearance may be, his Wit and Parts deserve your Admiration. Examine your self carefully; some Vices are natural, others again are contracted by Custom; for Fields, when neglected, bring forth nothing but Fern. But of this hereafter.

I wou'd rather now observe, how apt Men are to over-look the Infirmities of those they love, and sometimes to take a Pleasure in them. Of this *Balbinus* is an excellent Instance, who was so passionately fond of his beloved *Agna*, that her *Polypus* seem'd a Beauty to him. What is a Fault in Love, when apply'd to Friendship

We ought to pass over the little Failings of our Friends, and to lessen and excuse

* Some Criticks are of Opinion, that *Horace* has here given us a Character of his Friend *Virgil*: But others, upon better Authority, affirm, that he here describes himself.

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici

Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. strabonem

Appellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, male parvus 45

Si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim

Sisyphus: hunc Varum, distortis cruribus, illum

Balbutit Scaurum, pravis fultum male talis.

Parcius hic vivit: frugi dicatur. ineptus

Et jactantior hic paullo est: concinnus amicis 50

Postulat ut videatur, at est truculentior atque

Plus æquo liber: simplex fortisque habeatur.

Caldior est: acris inter numeretur. opinor,

Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.

At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque 55

Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. probus quis

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is a Virtue; and it were much to be wish'd, that Mistakes of this Kind, especially among Friends, were more frequently practis'd, and that some honourable Name of Distinction were given to those who acted in this Manner.

BUT if we cannot ascend this Height of Friendship, let us imitate at least that Kindness and Affection that a tender Father expresses towards his Child, who is so far from being disgusted at his natural Defects, that he labours all he can to conceal or soften them. Is his Son Squint-ey'd? His Father says he winks. Is he * a *Sisyphus* for his Stature? He calls him his Chicken. Do his Legs bend inwards? They are not so streight as he wishes they were. Is he Club-footed? Do his Ancles bunch out? he will tell you, lisping, they are a little too big.

THUS it is that we ought to deal with our Friends. Is your Neighbour parsimonious? say he is frugal. Is he impertinent, and vain? he designs only to divert his Companions. Another perhaps is more fierce, more free than he ought to be; why, let it pass only for Bluntness and Courage. Is he given to Passion? commend him for a brisk and lively Temper. Such a Proceeding as this, is a certain Way of making Friends, and of preserving their Friendship.

BUT such is the great Degeneracy of our Nature, that we give a wrong Turn even to Excellencies themselves, and find a Flaw in a Character where there is none: Does any one

* A Dwarf of *Marc Antony's*, scarce two Foot high, he had a great deal of Wit and Subtilty in him, upon which he was call'd *Sisyphus*.

*Nobiscum vivit, multum demissus homo ille:
 Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus. hic fugit omnis
 Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum;
 Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versemur, ubi acris 60
 Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina: pro bene sano
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
 Simplicior quis & est; (qualem me sæpe libenter
 Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas) ut forte legentem
 Aut tacitum inpediat quovis sermone molestus: 65
 Communi sensu plane caret, inquit. eheu
 Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!
 Nam vitiis nemo sine, nascitur: optimus ille est,
 Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
 Cum mea compenset vitiis bona: pluribus hisce 70
 (Si modo plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet, amari
 Si volet. hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
 Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,
 Postulat; ignoscet verrucis illius. æquum est,*

converse with us, who is a modest * Man? we say that he is a bashful and dejected one. To a Man of slow Parts we give the Name of a dull, heavy one: Is he dextrous at warding off Difficulties? does he never leave himself expos'd to any evil Design, because he lives in a World where Envy and Malice abound too much? Instead of calling him a wise and cautious Man, we brand him for a crafty and dissembling one. Is he so open and blunt a Man (which I confess, Sir, you have too often found me) as that when any one is reading or thinking, he will break in upon him with his impertinent Discourse; we say, that he has not common Sense. Alas! that we should thus inconsiderately make Laws against our selves! Every Man has his Failings; he is the best who has the fewest. When my Friend compares my good Qualities with my bad, it is very reasonable, if he desires I shou'd love him, that he give his Vote in Favour of the former, more especially if my Virtues are superior to my Vices. Upon such a fair and equitable Procedure he may reasonably expect the like Usage from me. He that expects his Friend should not be offended with his Carbuncles, must forgive his Friend's Pimples. What

* *Probus* here signifies *modest*, and is oppos'd to *demissus*. So *Quintil. Inst. Lib. i. C. iii. Probus autem ab illo segni & jacente multum aberit*. So *Tull. de Orat.* uses the Word *sed etiam probitatis commendatione prodesset*, *Lib. i. C. xxvi.* So *Quintil. Inst. Lib. xi. C. iii. perfricare faciem & quasi improbam facere*. And *Salust* says, that *Pompey* was *oris improbi, animi inverecundi*. However, if *Dr. Bentley's* Reading be preferr'd, *probus* must signify a *modest Man*: But I think his Reading is false, for several Reasons: That *tardus* is not always a bad Character, may appear from what *Tully, Epist. ad Lentulum, Ep. v.* says of *Pompey, Sed nosti hominis tarditatem & taciturnitatem*.

more

Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus. 75

*Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia; cur non
Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac, res
Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coercet?*

Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus. 80

*Semesos piscis tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
In cruce suffigat; Labeone insanior inter
Sanos dicatur. quanto hoc furiosius atque
Majus peccatum est? paullum deliquit amicus,
Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis: acerbus 85
Odisti & fugis, ut Rusonem debitor æris;
Qui nisi, cum tristes misero venere Calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugalo historias, captivus ut, audit.*

Conminxit lectum potus, mensæve catillum 90

*Evandri manibus tritum dejecit: ob hanc rem,
Aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit, aut si
Prodiderit commissæ fide, sponsumve negarit? 95
Quis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,
Cum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresque repug-
nant,*

Atque

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more reasonable than that he who would have his own Faults excus'd, should excuse those of others?

BESIDES, since it is impossible to extirpate either the Vice of Anger, or the other Vices, which take such fast Hold of the Minds of Fools, why don't we make Reason use her Weights and Measures, so as always to proportion the Punishment to the Nature of the Crime? If a Man shou'd order his Servant to be hang'd, for licking up the Sauce, or eating the Fish as he took them from the Table, wou'd not all wise Men think him mad? Wou'd it not be much worse in you, if, upon some slight Failure in your Friend (which, without the Imputation of being ill-natur'd, you cannot but pass over) you detest and shun him as a Debtor does * *Rufo*; who, when the Day of Payment comes, if the Money be not ready, no matter how the poor Man comes by it, condemns his Debtors to stand like Captives, with their Necks extended, and hear him repeat his wretched History.

The Poet condemns the Opinion of the Stoicks, who asserted that all Crimes were equal.

MUST I be angry with my Friend, if after hard Drinking he foul my Room, break a fine Dish that was made by *Evander*, or help himself first with a Chicken which lay before me? What if he steal my Goods, or betray my Secrets, or deny a Pledge that he was entrusted with, is there no Difference to be made? They who assert that all Crimes are equal, find themselves at a Loss to make good their Assertion, when they come to enquire into the Truth of Things. The common Notions and Customs, and even

* A famous Usurer, who was a very impertinent Historian.

Atque ipsa utilitas, justī prope mater & equi.

Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris, 100

Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,

Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro

Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus:

Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,

Nominaque invenere: dehinc absistere bello,

Oppida cæperunt munire, & ponere leges, 105

Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.

Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli

Causa: sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,

Quos venerem incertam rapientis more ferarum

Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus. 110

Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est,

Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.

Nec natura potest justo secernere iniquum,

Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis:

Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idem-

que,

115

Qui

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the common Interest of Mankind, which is in some Sense the Parent of Justice and Equity, are all against them.

WHEN Mankind first crawled out of their Parent Earth, they were (like the Brutes) a base and speechless Race: When they quarrel'd for their Dens and Acorns, their Fists and Nails determin'd the Contest; in Process of Time they came to Clubs, afterwards to Swords, which Necessity had taught them how to make. These Differences continu'd till the Invention of Words; by which Means every Thing being assign'd its proper Name, and Men enabled to communicate their Language and Sentiments to one another, a Peace was concluded. Upon which they proceeded to build Cities, and to enact good Laws to prevent Robberies, and put a Stop to Adultery. For, long before the Destruction of *Troy*, many cruel Wars were occasion'd by Women; it was then a common and ordinary Thing, for Men to fight and kill one another for the Sake of their Mistresses; they lov'd at large, and enjoy'd whom they pleas'd; like a Bull who lords it o'er the Herd, the strongest still prevail'd upon the weakest; whose Deaths, for want of some charitable Poet, are unknown and unlamented.

IF we examine the Annals of former Times, ^{The Reason why} and trace Nature to her Cradle, we shall then ^{Laws were first} find, that Laws were first enacted, to remedy ^{instituted.} the Evils of Violence and Injustice. Nature teaches us to distinguish Things that are profitable from what are not so; and Things that are to be avoided, from what is to be desir'd; but the same Nature does not teach us to distinguish Right from Wrong: Nor will Reason ever convince us, that a Man who has only
stollen

Qui teneros caulis alieni infregerit borti,
 Et qui nocturnus sacra Divum legerit. adsit
 Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas inroget æquas:
 Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.
 Nam ut ferula cædas meritum majora subire 120
 Verbera, non vereor: cum dicas esse pares res
 Furta latrociniiis, & magnis parva mineris
 Falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum
 Permittant homines. si dives, qui sapiens est,
 Et sutor bonus & solus formosus & est rex: 125
 Cur optas quod habes? Non nosti quid pater, inquit,
 Chrysippus dicat, sapiens crepidas sibi nunquam
 Nec soleas fecit: sutor tamen est sapiens. Qui?

Ut,

only stolen a few * Colworts, commits as great a Crime as he who hath committed Sacrilege. It is therefore very necessary, that some Rule † shou'd be establish'd to proportion the Punishment to the Nature of the Crime; that a poor unhappy Criminal, who hath only deserv'd a few Stripes, may not be beaten beyond all Measure. I say, *beyond all Measure*; for there is no Fear that you wou'd inflict a less Punishment on a Delinquent than his Crime deserv'd: You who declare Petty-larcenies to be equal to Robberies on the High-way, and threaten that you would punish the smallest Crimes equally with the greatest, if you were King. But why, if you were King? Are you not so already? If, according to your Principles, a wise Man is a rich Man, if he is a good Shoemaker, if he only is a handsome Man, he only a King: Why do you wish for that, which you are already possess'd of? O Sir! you are unacquainted with that Saying of our Father ‡ *Chrysippus*. A wise Man, saith that sage Philosopher, tho' he does not make his Shoes himself, is nevertheless a

* The Example which our Poet here makes use of, to ridicule the Severity of the *Stoicks*, is taken from the Laws of *Draco*, who expressly commands that he who steals a few Colworts, shou'd be punish'd as severely as if he had committed Sacrilege.

† The Poet here requires a Rule by which Punishments may be justly proportion'd, Crimes be distinguish'd among themselves, Crimes from no Crimes, and Crimes from good Actions. This cannot be done without a Rule, and therefore it was well observ'd by *Cicero*, *Formula quaedam constituenda est, quam si sequemur in comparatione rerum, ab officio nunquam recedemus*.

‡ A Philosopher born at *Solos* in *Cilicia*, Son of *Apolonius*, and Disciple of *Cleanthes*; He was Successor to *Zeno* the Author of the *Stoick* Sect, whose Principles he took upon him to explain; but was so unhappy in his Exposition, that in Derision he was call'd *Chesippus*.

D

good

Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
 Optimus est modulator, ut Alfenus vaser omni 130
 Abjeto instrumento artis clausaque taberna,
 Tonsor erat : sapiens operis sic optimus omnis
 Est opifex solus, sic rex. Vellunt tibi barbam
 Lascivi pueri, quos tu ni fuste coërces,
 Urgueris turba circum te stante, miserque 135
 Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
 Ne longum faciam : dum tu quadrante lavatum
 Rex ibis ; neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur, & mihi dulces
 Ignoscent, si quid peccaro stultus, amici :
 Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,

Priva-

good Shoemaker. How so? Just as *Hermogenes*, when he is silent, is an excellent Musician, and sings to Perfection: And just as * *Alfenus*, when he had thrown away his Tools, and shut up his Shop, was still a Barber. Thus our wise Man is a perfect Artist in all Professions, and thus he is a King too.

THE Roguish Boys pull your Beard, as you walk along the Streets; and unless you thrash them with your Staff, you have a Crowd about you immediately, and you fall a fretting, and raging, and barking, most mighty King of Kings. To be short, whilst your Majesty frequents the *Poor's Bath* only, and has no one following you thither in your Retinue, but the impertinent *Crispinus*, I converse with such good-natur'd Friends, as if I chance to do a foolish thing, will pardon me, and I shall be as ready in my Turn to pardon their Failings:

* *Alfenus Varus*, a Barber of *Cremona*, not liking his Business, went to *Rome*, where he made such Improvements in the Study of the Law under *Sulpitius Severus*, that in a little Time he was advanc'd to the most considerable Employments. He was at last made Consul with *Publius Vinicius* in the second Year of Christ. He was a great Friend to *Virgil*, and was very assisting to him in the Recovery of his Estate near *Mantua*, which *Augustus* had given to *Arius* the Centurion, in Reward for his Service against *Brutus* and *Cassius*. He is mention'd by *Virgil*, in his Ninth *Eclogue*, ver. 27.

*Vare tuum nomen (Superet modo Mantua nobis,
Mantua va misera nimium vicina Cremona!)
Cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera Cycni.*

Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Powers
Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan Towers*,
Obnoxious by *Cremona's* neighbouring Crime!)
The Wings of Swans and stronger pinion'd Rhime
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above;
Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.



SATIRA IV.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus Aristophanesque
poetae,

*Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus ; multa cum libertate notabant. f
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,*

Mutatis

Thus I enjoy a greater Degree of Happiness,
living in my private Station, than your Majesty
in yours.



SATIRE IV.

EUPOLIS *, *Cratinus*, *Aristophanes*, and The Cha-
all the old Comedians, whenever any racter of
Man was notoriously infamous for wicked the Old
Theft †, for Adultery, Murder, or any other Comedi-
Villany, were very free in reflecting upon him. ans.
‡ *Lucilius* has closely imitated these Comedi-

* *Eupolis*, *Cratinus*, and *Aristophanes*, three Writers of
old Comedy, were Contemporaries; it was usual with
them in their Plays, to call Persons by their Names,
and to expose their Failings to the Laughter of the People.
Aristophanes had the Boldness to ridicule *Socrates*: He was
also very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Nicias*, *Al-
cibiades*, and other Governors of *Athens*: In a Word,
that which we call old Comedy, was full of satirical Re-
flections and scandalous Slanders. We have nothing
now left of *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*; *Aristophanes* is said to
have written Fifty four Comedies, of which we have
now but Eleven; he excells in the Force, Purity, Sweet-
ness and Harmony of Stile. He flourish'd about the
35th Olympiad.

† i. e. *Malus fur*: This Figure of Speaking is called
Hendiadæsis. Horace in Sat. I. has *Formidare malos fures*.

‡ A Poet of the *Equestrian* Order; he wrote *Satires*
after the Manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, but gave 'em
a more delicate and graceful Turn; he closely imitated
the old Comedy of the *Græcians*; and tho' he did not,
like *Ennius*, mingle several Sorts of Verses together in
the same Satire, yet he composed several *Satires* of se-
veral Sorts of Verses, one Poem consisted of *Hexameters*,
another was entirely of *Iambicks*, a third of *Trochaicks*,
as may be seen from the Fragments yet remaining of
his Works. He liv'd A. U. C. 650.

*Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque ; facetus,
 Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus :
 Nam fuit hoc vitiosus ; in hora sæpe ducentos,
 Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno : 10
 Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles :
 Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem ;
 Scribendi recte : nam, ut multum, nil moror. Ecce
 Crispinus nummo me provocat : Accipe, si vis,
 Accipe jam tabulas : detur nobis locus, hora, 15
 Custodes : videamus uter plus scribere possit.
 Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
 Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentem :
 At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras,
 Usque laborantis dum ferrum emolliat ignis, 20
 Ut mavis, imitare. beatus Fannius, ultro
 Delatis capsis & imagine : cum mea nemo
 Scripta legat volgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
 Quod sunt quos genus hoc minime juvat ; utpote pluris
 Culpari dignos. Quemvis media elige turba ; 25
 Aut ab avaritia, aut misera ambitione laborat.
 Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum :*

ans, tho' in a different Kind of Verse; he had a delicate Turn of Wit, and was very *satirical*, but his Numbers were rough and unharmonious; his Fault was this, he would throw you out Two hundred Verses in an Hour, which, as he thought, was very extraordinary. When the Stream of his Poetry run muddy, there was something in it which was worth the stooping to take up: He was verbose, and could not submit to any Pains in Writing, I mean in writing correctly; for as to writing much, it is a Thing of no Value.

CRISPINUS * challenges me to write with him for a trifling Wager. "Come, Sir, saith he, call for Pen, Ink and Paper; let the Time, Place and Witnesses be agreed on, and let Trial be made, who can write most." I thank the Gods, that they gave me a modest and humble Spirit, I speak little, and that but seldom; but you, *Crispinus*, if you please, may imitate the Blacksmith's Bellows, which never cease blowing, till the Iron becomes pliable.

HAPPY *Fannius*! who, without being asked, carry'd his Statue and Poems to be plac'd in *Cæsar's Library*; whereas no body reads my Verses: I am afraid to repeat them in publick, because the greatest Part of Mankind being conscious to themselves that they deserve to be exposed, there are few or none who take Pleasure in *Satire*. Few delight in Satire, being conscious that their Actions deserve to be reproved.

SINGLE any Man out from the Middle of a Crowd, and you will find that he is a Slave either to Covetousness or Ambition. This Man runs mad for his Neighbour's Wife, that Man is enflam'd with unnatural Desires; one delights in

* *Crispinus*, see *Satire I*.

Hunc capit argenti splendor : stupet Albius ære :
 Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
 Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præcep̃s 30
 Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine ; ne quid
 Summa deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
 Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poëtam.
 Fœnum habet in cornu : longe fuge. dummodo risum
 Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico : 35
 Et quodcumque semel chartis inleverit, omnis
 Gestiet a furno redeuntē scire lacuque,
 Et pueros & anus. Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
 Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtis,
 Excerptam numero : neq; enim concludere versum 40
 Dixeris esse satis ; neque si qui scribat, uti nos,
 Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.
 Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
 Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
 Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne poëma 45
 Esset, quæstivere : quod, acer spiritus ac vis
 Nec verbis nec rebus inest ; nisi quod pede certo
 Differt sermoni, sermo est merus. At pater ardens
 Sævit, quod meretrice nepos insanus amica
 Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recuset ; 50
 Ebrius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante

burnish'd Vessels of Silver, another in *Corinthian* Brass. This Man trafficks from East to West, and is hurried on from one Danger to another with as much Violence, as Dust with a Whirlwind: and all this he suffers through the Fear of not keeping what he has, or the greedy Desire of getting more. What Wonder is it then, if neither Poets, nor Poetry, ever find Acceptance with such as these? A Poet! say they, you may see the Symptoms of Madness about him, have a Care how you come near him; for the Sake of a Jest he'll not spare his best Friend, and then he is so conceited, that whatever he has once written, he will take Care shall be known to all the Boys and old Women that frequent the publick Ovens and Conduits.

WELL, Sir, hear a few Words to the contrary: In the first Place I shall deduct myself from the Number of those whom I allow to be Poets; 'tis not the making a Line to consist of six Feet, which you can call Poetry: Nor, if a Man writes, as I do, in a Way little different from Prose, can you think him a Poet: He only deserves this honourable Name who has a Genius, who has a Mind inspir'd with a divine Fury, and whose Stile is pompous and magnificent.

FOR this Reason it has been disputed, whether Comedy may be said to be a Poem or not; because there is no Vigour and Force of Spirit, either in the Subject or the Language of it; and because it differs from meer Prose in nothing but its running in Metre. To this, 'tis objected, that Comedy is not wholly destitute of that Sublimity we speak of; a Father is often introduced in Comedy, who is passionately angry with his profligate Son, who runs roaring about Town with lighted Torches

Who may
be said to
be a Poet.

An En-
quiry
whether
Comedy
be a Spe-
cies of
Poetry or
not.

in

Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis
 Audiret leviora, pater si viveret? ergo
 Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis;
 Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem 55
 Quo personatus pacto pater. his, ego quæ nunc,
 Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
 Tempora certa modosque, Et quod prius ordine ver-
 bum est,
 Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis;
 Non, ut si solvas, Postquam discordia tetra 60
 Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit;
 Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.
 Hæcenus hæc: alias justum sit necne poema,
 Nunc illud tantum quæram; meritone tibi sit
 Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer 65
 Ambulat Et Caprius, rauci male, cumque libellis;
 Magnus uterque timor latronibus: at bene si quis
 Et vivat puris manibus; contemnat utrumque.
 Ut sis tu similis Cæli Birrique latronum;

Non

in the Day-time, and instead of marrying a rich, young Heirefs, which the good old Man had provided for him, minds nothing but his Mistresses. It may be so, but is this any thing more than what is usual? If *Pomponius's* Father were now alive, he wou'd accost his Son in the very same Manner. In short, that is not Poetry, which, with some little Alteration of the Place of the Words, any one might say on the like Occasion, as the Father in the Comedy. If either mine or *Lucilius's* *Satires* were to undergo the like Variations, if the Words were transpos'd, and the Measures diversified, nothing of the Poet wou'd be visible in them; which is quite otherwise in these Verses of * *Ennius*,

*When Discord, foulest Fiend,
Had open broke the Iron Gates of War.*

PUT the Words as much out of their Order as you please, and yet you will find that a Poet is the Speaker. But enough of this Subject; at some other Time I will give you my Opinion whether a Comedy be a true Poem or not. What I intend at present, is to enquire whether my *Satires* give you any just Reason to be offended with them. When *Sulcius* and *Caprius* appear at Bar with their Rolls of Informations, the whole Gang of Thieves are in Fear of a Discovery; but a just, honest and innocent Man is under no Concern. Suppose you were as great a Villain as *Cælius* and *Birrius*, those

The Poet here offers to justify his Way and Manner of Writing.

* *Ennius* was the first that attempted *Satire*; he gave himself the Licence of varying his Numbers at Pleasure; he makes no Difficulty of mingling *Hexameters* with *Iambick Trimeters*, or with *Trochaick Tetrameters*, as appears from those Fragments which are yet remaining of his Works. In respect of the Subject and Variety of Matter contain'd in his *Satires*, these of *Horace* are entirely the same.

Non ego sim Caprii neque Sulci: cur metuas me? 70
Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
Quis manus insudet volgi Hermogenisque Tigelli:
Nec recitem quicquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus;
Non ubi vis, coramve quibuscumlibet. in medio qui
Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi; quique la-
vantes: 75

Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. inanis
Hoc jurat, hæud illud quærentis, num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno. Lædere gaudes,
Inquit, Et hoc studio pravus facis. Unde petitem
Hoc in me jadis? est auctor quis denique eorum 80
Vixi cum quibus? absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, ca-
veto. 85

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos;
E quibus unus amet quavis aspergere cunctos,

Præter

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*.

45

two famous Highway-Men, why should you stand in Fear of me? I am no Informer, as *Caprius* and *Sulcius* are. Search all the publick Places of Resort, you will find that my *Satires* are not to be met with; nor are they expos'd on the Booksellers Stalls, to be thumb'd by the common People. Nor do I recite my Verses in every Place, and before all Company; in Truth I do it, to none but Friends, and even then not without some Reluctance.

THERE are many who delight to appear in publick; they recite their Verses in the Baths, which, being vaulted, give a pleasing Eccho to their Repetitions. 'Tis impossible to express their Vanity and Ambition, what a Pride they take in reciting their Poems; they never endeavour to inform themselves, whether what they say be Sense or not, or whether the Rehearſal be impertinent and unseasonable.

SIR, you take a Pleasure (cries one) in hurting Mens Reputations, and have a Bent of Ill-nature this Way. Pray whence had you this Objection which you pelt me with? You are mistaken in the Man: Who of my Companions ever gave me this Character?

HE that backbites his absent Friend, that is not warm and vigorous in his Defence when reproach'd by others; that affects to be the Jester of the Company, and is ambitious of being thought a Wit; that can raise false Reports, and cannot keep the Secrets of his intimate Friends; this is the Man that is to be detested: He ought to be excluded from all Society; he is not fit for civil Conversation.

'TIS usual at a Feast, where ten or twelve sit down together, for one Man to rally all the rest; he spares for a Time the Master of the House,

*Præter eum qui præbet aquam : post, hunc quoque
potus,*

Condita cum verax aperit præcordia liber.

Hic tibi comis & urbanus liberque videtur, 90

Infesto nigris : ego si risi, quod ineptus

Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum,

Lividus & mordax videor tibi ? mentio siqua

De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli

Te coram fuerit, defendas, ut tuus est mps : 95

Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque

A puero est, causaque mea permulta rogatus

Fecit, & incolumis letor quod vivit in urbe :

Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto iudicium illud

Fugerit. Hic nigrae succus loliginis, hæc est 100

Ærugo mera : quod vitium procul a fore chartis,

Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me

Possum aliud vere, promitto. liberius si

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris

Cum venia dabis. insuevit pater optimus hoc me, 105

Ut

House, but by Degrees, as the Wine (which inspires Truth) begins to warm him, he deals as freely with the Master, as with the rest of the Company. You pretend an Abhorrence of all base Fellows, what do you think of such a Man? I'll warrant, with you, he's a lively, facetious, agreeable and free Companion; and yet, if at any time I divert my self with the perfum'd *Rufillus*, or if I rally *Gargonius* for neglecting himself, you immediately say I am envious and satirical.

If Mention be made of * *Petillius's* Sacrilege, you defend him after your peculiar Manner. O, say you, I have known him from a Child, we have liv'd many Years together, he hath done me a thousand good Offices, and I am glad that he can live here in Town safely; and yet after all, *I cannot but wonder how he got clear of that Matter*. This is Malice in the highest Degree. I sincerely assure you (and I hope I shall be able to make good my Promise) that nothing of this Nature shall be found in my Writings; but then, if I shall say some Things with more Freedom, and perhaps with more Pleasantry than ordinary, this I think I have a Right to, and in this you ought to excuse me.

† My good old Father, who was surely one of the best of Men, by observing to me the Vi-

He gives an Account of his Education.

* *Petillius*, Governor of the Capitol, was accus'd of cation, stealing a Crown of Gold, which was consecrated to how his *Jupiter*, he was acquitted by the Favour of *Augustus*. Father in-

† In the same Manner *Damea* in *Terence* instructs his Son. spir'd him with virtuous Principles.

*Nihil pratermitto, consuefacio; denique
Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi;
Hoc facito, & hoc fugito, &c.*

Adelph. Act. III. Scene III.

Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
 Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
 Viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:
 Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius, utque
 Barus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam
 rem

Perdere quis velit. a turpi meretricis amore 110

Cum deterreret: Sectani dissimilis sis.

Ne sequerer mæchas, concessa cum venere uti
 Possem: Deprensi non bella est fama Treboni,
 Aiebat: sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu 115

Sit melius, causas reddet tibi: mi satis est, si
 Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
 Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri

Incolumem possum. simul ac duraverit ætas
 Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice. Sic
 me 120

Formabat puerum dictis: Et sive jubebat
 Ut facerem quid, Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc:
 Unum ex iudicibus selectis objiciebat:

Sive vetabat, An hoc inhonestum Et inutile factu
 Necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo cum 125
 Hic atque ille? Avidos vicinum fumus ut egros
 Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:

ces of others, taught me how to avoid them. When he advis'd me to be frugal, and to live contented with that small Estate which he had provided; Do you not see, said he, to what an Extremity of Misery young *Albius* and *Barns* have reduc'd themselves? Let their Example be a Warning to you, let it instruct you to manage the little Estate you have, with Caution and Prudence. When he wou'd deter me from the scandalous running after profligate Women, he wou'd say, Remember that you be not like *Settanus*: To perswade me not to follow other Mens Wives, when I might have a lawful one of my own, he would say, the Story of *Trebonius*, who was caught in the very Act, is not for his Credit.

It belongs to the Philosophers to explain to you the Reasons of moral Good and Evil; all that I pretend to, is to train you up in the Way of your Ancestors, and preserve both your Life and Reputation, while you are a Minor; when you come to Age, and are grown strong in Mind as well as Body, then you are to walk without Leading-strings.

THIS was the Method which my Father took in my Education; when he advis'd me to this or that Action, he laid before me some considerable Example, some Senator or other, who was eminently remarkable for his Virtue and Integrity. And then again, when he dissuaded me from any thing that was ill, can you doubt, said he, whether what you are doing be honourable and advantagious or not; when such and such Persons are every where so severely censur'd for the very same Thing?

As a Neighbour's Death is oftentimes the Means of making a sick Man more temperate

E

and

Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
 Absterrent vitiis. ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
 Perniciem quæcumque ferunt: mediocribus, & quis
 Ignoscas vitiis, teneor. fortassis & istinc 130
 Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
 Consillum proprium. neque enim, cum lectulus aut me
 Porticus excepit, desum mihi: Rectius hoc est:
 Hoc faciens vivam melius: sic dulcis amicis 135
 Occurram: hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi
 Imprudens olim faciam simile? Hæc ego mecum
 Compressis agito labris. ubi quid datur otii,
 Inludo chartis. hoc est mediocribus illis
 Ex vitiis unum: cui si concedere noles, 140
 Multa poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
 Sit mihi (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te
 Judæi, cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

and abstemious, so the Examples of such who have ruin'd themselves by riotous Living, are frequently a Means of preventing young Persons from falling into the like Extravagancies.

By this happy Way of Management, I am free from all those Faults which are destructive: Some I have indeed, but then they are of the smaller Size, and such as may be easily pardon'd; and of these a good Number (I think) has been wore off by Length of Time, by the Help of sincere Friends, and even by my own serious Reflections, for I am not wanting to my self either when lying in Bed, or walking in the Portico: This (say I to my self) is rightest, if I do this, I shall live more happily: If I take this Way, I shall be more agreeable to my Friends: That was not done handsomely: Surely I shall never be such a Fool as to do the same again. Thus it is that I employ my Thoughts. When I have any Leisure-time, I give it to the *Muses*. This is one of my Faults of the smaller Size, as I said; which if you won't pass over, I'll call the whole Tribe of Poets (and we are a strong Body) to my Assistance, who, like * *Jews*, shall force you to become one of our Profelytes, whether you consent or not.

* The *Jews* were the most impudent People in the World in making Profelytes; our Saviour tells us, Mat. xxiii. 15. *That they would compass Sea and Land to make one.* Agreeable to which is that excellent Passage of St. *Ambrose*, who gives 'em this Character; *Hi arte* (saith he) *insinuant se hominibus, domos penetrant, ingrediuntur Pratoria, aures judicum & publica inquietant, & ideo magis prevalent, quo magis sunt impudentes.*



SATIRA V.

EGRESSUM magna me excepit Aricia
Roma

Hospitio modico: rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longe doctissimus: inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos 5
Præcinctis unum: minus est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego, propter aquam, quod erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cenantis haud animo æquo
Exspectans comites. jam nox inducere terris
Umbras & cælo diffundere signa parabat. 10
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere. Huc adpelle: trecentos inferis: ohe!
Jam satis est. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora. mali culices, ranæque palustres



SATIRE V.

LEAVING *Rome* with *Heliodorus* the A Description of the Poets Journey from Rome to Brundisium. *Rhetorician*, who without Dispute is the most knowing Man of all the *Græcians*, we came safe to * *Aricia*, where we were but indifferently entertain'd. From thence we went to † *Appii Forum*, which we found fill'd with Sailors and most rascally Victuallers. To render our Journey the more easy and commodious, we made two Days of it, though such as were better mounted than we, might easily have compass'd it in one. The Water of this Place being very nasty, I could not eat any thing; and was therefore very impatient in waiting for my Friends, whilst they were at Supper. As Night came on, there arose no small Clamour among the Boys and Bargemen; one call'd for the Barge, another cry'd out, in an angry Tone, oh you Rogue, do you mean to drown us? You have taken in three hundred already. What with wrangling for their Fare, and the Time they spent in harnessing the Mule, it was an Hour at least, before we put off. The Gnats

* *Aricia*, now *La Riscia*, a little Town of *Italy* situate on the *Appian Way*, about 20 Miles from *Rome*; it was formerly a very considerable City: Near this Place was a Grove consecrated to *Egeria*, where *Numa*, as he pretended, had frequent Conversation with her.

† *Appii Forum*, a little Town about 46 Miles from *Rome*, situate on the *Appian Way* near the Marshes of *Pomptina*, which being drain'd by *Augustus*, a Canal was made which reach'd from thence to *Feronia*.

Avertunt somnos. absentem ut cantat amicam 15
Multa prolutus vappa nauta, atque viator
Certatim: tandem fessus dormire viator
Incipit; ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ
Nauta piger saxo religat, stertitque supinus.
Jamque dies aderat, nilcum procedere lintrem 20
Sentimus: donec cerebrosus profilit unus,
Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno
Fuste dolat. quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
Ora manusque tua lavimur, Feronia, lymphæ.
Millia tum pransi tria repimus; atque subimus 25
Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.
Huc venturus erat Mæcenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque

Legati;

and Frogs prevented my sleeping; at length the Bargeman, being very bouzy, fell a singing, in Praise of his absent Mistress, and the Passengers sung against him in Praise of theirs, till they were tired, and began to fall asleep; the Bargeman seeing this, first fastned the Boat to a Point of a Rock with the Mule's Traces, who was now sent a grazing, and then laid himself quietly down to rest, and snor'd profoundly.

It was now Day, when we perceiv'd the Barge to be at a stand; upon which, one in the Company, more passionate than the rest, leap'd on the Shore, and having first provided himself with a good Willow-cudgel, he exercis'd it upon the Mule and the Bargeman's Head and Shoulders, as long as he cou'd stand; but notwithstanding this seasonable Correction, it was ten of the Clock before we landed at * *Feronia*.

HERE we immediately wash'd our Hands and Faces in the holy Fountain; this done, we sat down to Dinner; after which we made a slow Journey of about three Miles to † *Anxur*; which, being situated upon the Top of a white Rock, is seen from far by the distant Traveller.

HERE it was that *Mæcenâs* and *Cocceius* were expected, who were both of them sent by

* *Feronia*, a little Village within three Miles of *Terracina*: Near this Place was a Grove and Fountain consecrated to *Juno* under the Name of *Feronia*. *Strabo* relates, that those who sacrific'd to her, walk'd bare-foot upon burning Coals, without hurting themselves; a very pleasant Relation.

† *Anxur*, now *Terracina*, a City situated on a Hill, which reaches along the Sea-side from *Ostia* to *Naples*; it was called *Anxur*, because *Jupiter Anxurus* was worshipp'd there.

Legati; aversos soliti componere amicos.

Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus 30

Inlinere. interea Mæcenâs advenit, atque

Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem

Factus homo, Antoni, non ut magis alter, amicus.

Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter

Linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribe, 35

Prætextam, & latum clavum, prunæque batillum.

In Mamurrarum lassâ deinde urbe manemus,

Muræna præbente domum, Capitone culinam.

Postera lux oritur multo gratissima: namque

Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque 40

Occurrunt; animæ, qualis neque candidiores

Terra tulit, neque quis me sit devinctior alter.

O qui

the Publick upon Affairs of Importance, and who had both made it their Practice to compose Differences among Friends. As I was anointing my Eyes with the usual Remedy, Word was brought me, that *Mæcenâs*, *Cocceius*, and *Fonteius Capito*, a most accomplish'd Gentleman, and an intimate Friend of *Marc Antony's*, were just arriv'd. We pursu'd our Journey the next Day, and came to ^a *Fundi*, where *Luscus* was ^b *Prætor*. We left this Place, as soon as possible, diverting our selves with the Vanity of the Man, who, from a poor Attorney, was so elated with his present Honour, that he ridiculously affected the Dignity of a Senator, and to appear like one of the highest Quality. In the Evening we came to ^c *Formia*, where we staid, being much fatigu'd: *Muræna* gave us the Use of his House, and *Capito* invited us to his Table. But the next Day was infinitely the most pleasant Part of our Journey: ^d *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotius* met us at ^e *Sinuessa*, who are my very good Friends, and certainly the best and sincerest Men upon the Face of the Earth. 'Tis

^a *Fundi*, a little City 20 Miles from *Terracina*, famous for its excellent Wine.

^b An Officer created to assist the *Consuls* in administering Justice: There was at first but one, but the Number afterwards was considerably multiplied, the Government of the Provinces being committed to them.

^c *Formia*, a small City remarkable for the Birth of *Mamurra*, who was one of the richest and most considerable Men among the *Romans*. *Muræna* and *Capito* had each of them a House in this Place.

^d *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotius*, three eminent Poets: *Varius* and *Plotius* were employ'd by *Augustus* in reviewing *Virgil's Æneids* after his Death.

^e *Sinuessa*, a City situated in *Terra di Lavoro*, near the River *Liris*; it hath long since been ruin'd, in the Place of it is *Rocca di Mandragone*.

impossi-

O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt !
 Nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico.

Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum 45

Præbuit; & parochi, quæ debent, ligna salemque.

Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.

Lusum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgiliusque :

Namque pila lippis inimicum & ludere crudis.

Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa, 50

Quæ super est Caudî cauponas. nunc mihi paucis

Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Mestique Cicirri,

Musa, velim memores : & quo patre natus uterque

Contulerit lites. Mestî clarum genus Osci :

Sarmenti domina exstat. ab his majoribus orti 55

Ad pugnam venire. prior Sarmentus ; Equi te

impossible to imagine the Joy and Satisfaction which then possess'd us ; it was ever my Opinion, that an agreeable pleasant Friend is so great a Blessing, that it admits of no Comparison. We lodg'd that Night in a little Village near the Bridge of *Campania*, where the * Commissaries brought us Salt and Wood, according to Custom. The next Day we arriv'd early at † *Capua*. *Mæcenæ*s immediately went to the Tennis-Court ; *Virgil* and my self compos'd our selves to Sleep, that Kind of Diversion being neither good for sore Eyes, nor an ill Digestion. From hence we were conducted to *Cocceius's* Seat, situated beyond the Inns of *Caudium*, who regal'd us with Plenty of every thing.

HERE I invoke the Assistance of my Muse, in relating a famous and memorable Scuffle, which happen'd between *Sarmentus* the Buffoon and *Messius Cicirrus* : Say, my Muse, whence were they descended, and what was the Contest which they had with each other ? *Messius* deriv'd his Pedigree from the ‡ *Oscians* ; *Sarmentus* was a Slave, whose Mistress was then living ; this was their Origin. Being enter'd the Lists, *Sarmentus* claim'd the Post of Honour, and began the Attack ; he told *Messius*, that his Face

* *Julia lex prima*, the Author C. *Julius Caesar* Consul, with *M. Calpurnius Bibulus*, A. U. C. 691. compriz'd under several Heads, the second of which was, That the Towns and Villages, through which a Roman Magistrate pass'd towards the Provinces, shou'd be oblig'd to supply him and his Retinue, with Salt, Wood, Corn, Lodging, and other Conveniencies.

† *Capua*, the Capital City of *Campania*, built upon the *Vulturnus*, two Miles from the Ruins call'd the Seat of Pleasure, and was compar'd with *Rome* and *Carthage* for Magnificence. It is now in a declining Condition.

‡ A People of *Campania*, of the most infamous Character in all *Italy*.

Esse feri similem dico. Ridemus: Et ipse
Messius, Accipio: caput Et movet. O, tua cornu
Ni foret exsecto frons, inquit, quid faceres; cum
Sic mutilus miniteris? at illi fœda cicatrix 60
Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat:
Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
Multa Cicirrus adhæc: Donasset jamne catenam 65
Ex voto Laribus, quærebat: scribe quod esset,
Nibilo deterius dominæ jus esse. rogabat
Denique, cur umquam fugisset; cum satis una
Farris libra foret, gracili sic, tamque pusillo.
Prorsus jocunde cenam producimus illam. 70
Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus
hospes
Pene, macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igni.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam

Vulcano,

was like that of a wild Horse. *Messius* nodded his Head, and bad him proceed ; at which the whole Company burst out a laughing. O! said *Sarmentus*, what a dangerous Fellow would you be if your Horn were on, when you threaten so without it ? (for you must know, that *Messius* had at that Time the Mark of a Wen in his hairy Forehead, which had lately been cut off) he continu'd to jest on his botchy Face, and to rally the common Distemper of *Campania* ; at last he desired him to come out and dance the Jig of *Polyphemus*. Upon my Word, *Messius*, there is no Want of Masques and Buskins, your Air, and Shape, and Meen are the same, you are the *Cyclop* all over. To all this *Messius* made suitable Returns. He ask'd *Sarmentus*, if he had yet offer'd up his Chains in Sacrifice to the Household Gods ? Tho' you are now a Scribe, yet your Mistress's Right over you is still the same : *Prithee*, *Sirrah*, continued he, how came you to run away ? Is not a Pound of Bread a sufficient *quantum* for such a little, such a skinny Wretch as you are ? With such Merriment as this we diverted our selves all the Time we were at Supper.

LEAVING *Capua*, we went directly to * *Beneventum*, where our officious Host, being over-diligent in roasting some poor lean Thrushes, almost roasted himself, the Fire by Accident falling down, the Flame immediately spread it

* *Benevent*, a City in the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the Title of a Dutchy and Archbishoprick : It was built by *Diomedes* in his Return from *Troy*, and by him nam'd *Maleventum*, which the *Romans*, upon their sending a Colony thither, chang'd into *Beneventum*, which Name it has retained ever since. *Orbilus* the Whipping School-master, to whose Care *Horace* was entrusted, was born here.

Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.

Convivas avidos cenam, servosque timentis 75

Tum rapere, atque omnis restinguere velle videres.

Incipit ex illo montis Appulia notos

Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus, & quos

Nunquam erepsimus, nisi nos vicina Trivici

Villa recepisset, lacrimoso non sine fumo, 80

Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.

Hic ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam

Ad mediam noctem exspecto: somnus tamen aufert

Intentum veneri: tum immundo somnia visu

Nocturnam vestem maculant, ventremq; supinum. 85

Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,

Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est,

Signis perfacile est. venit vilissima rerum

Hic aqua; sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra

Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator: 90

Nam Canus lapidosus; aquæ non ditior urna.

[Qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.]

Flentibus hic Varius discedit mæstus amicis.

Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus; utpote longum

Carpentes iter, & factum corruptius imbri. 95

Postera tempestas melior, via pejor, ad usque

self through the Kitchen, and before we could tell where we were, was at the Top of the House. It was pleasant to observe, how both Guests and Servants were as solicitous to save their Supper as to extinguish the Fire.

AT this Place we first discover'd the Mountains of *Apulia*, which were so burnt up by a scorching Wind, (which the Inhabitants call *Atabulus*) that we could not possibly have pass'd them, had we not refresh'd our selves at a Village near ^a *Trivicus*, where our Eyes were almost put out, by the Smoke of some green Wood which was thrown upon the Fire. From thence we travell'd in a Post-chaise to ^b *Equotutium*, which was about Four and Twenty Miles; this Place is very remarkable for its bad Water, which is sold in this Village like other Commodities; nor is it less famous for its excellent Bread, insomuch that all Travellers provide themselves here with what they have Occasion for, that of ^c *Canusium* (which was built by *Diomedes*, and no more abounds with Water than the other Place) being gritty and full of Stones. Here we had the Misfortune to lose *Varius*, who left us in great Grief; nor were we less disconsolate at his Departure.

THE next Day we came to ^d *Rubi*, but tir'd, because the Journey was long, and the Road bad, by Reason of much Rain; from thence

^a *Trivicus*, a great strong City in the Kingdom of Naples, surrounded on all Sides with Water, and therefore of difficult Access.

^b *Equotutium*, a small Village of no Note.

^c *Canusium*, a Town situated on the Side of a Hill, about five Miles from *Canna*; it was formerly of great Esteem for its Gold-colour'd Wool, which made very rich and fine Cloth; it is now call'd *Canosa*.

^d *Rubi*, a small Village 18 Miles from *Canosa*.

Barl mœnia piscosi. dein Gnatia lymphis
Iratis exstructa dedit risusque jocosque:
Dum flamma sine tura liquefcere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. credat Judæus Apella, 100
Non ego. namque Deos didici securum agere ævum;
Nec, si quid miri faciat natura, Deos id
Tristis ex alto cœli demittere tecto.
Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque:

we continu'd our Course to * *Bari*; the Roads were worse, but the Weather somewhat better. The Sea, which comes up to the Walls of this Place, is very famous for Plenty of good Fish. Keeping along the Shore, we came to † *Gnatia*, whose Inhabitants are very foolish and superstitious, and made us laugh with endeavouring to persuade us, that the Incense, which they put at the Entrance of their Temple, dissolv'd of itself, without any Fire. Let *Apella* the *Jew* believe this, if he pleases, for my Part I shall never be so credulous, for I have learn'd, that the Gods live an easy and quiet Life, without interposing in human Affairs, and that, consequently, if any thing extraordinary happens in Nature, they are not to be thought the Authors of it.

FROM *Gnatia* we journey'd on to ‡ *Brun-
dusium*, which put an End to our Tour, and to the long Account, which I have here given of it.

* *Bari*, a Town situated on the *Adriatick*, the Capital of a Province call'd the Land of *Bari*.

† *Gnatia*, now *Gnazzi*, or *Nazzi*, a Town situated on the *Adriatick*, between *Bari* and *Brindes*. A Miracle, of much the same Kind as this, is yet pretended by the *Papists* at *Naples*, who upon every extraordinary Occasion, expose the Blood of *St. Januarius*, which as they tell you, is liquified at the Approach of the Saints Head, tho' it was hard congeal'd before. Mr. *Addison*, in his Remarks on several Parts of *Italy* says, That though he twice saw the Operation of this pretended Miracle, yet he thinks it so far from being a real one, that he looks upon it as one of the most bungling Tricks that he ever saw, and yet Monsieur *Pascal* has, among others, hinted at this very Miracle in his Marks of the true Religion.

‡ *Brun-
dusium*, now *Brindes*, a Town situated at the Beginning of the *Adriatick*, between *Otranto* and *Bari*; it has an excellent Port.



SATIRA VI.

NON, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quicquid
Etrascos

Incoluit finis, nemo generosior est te ;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent ;
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco. 5
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum.
Cum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus : persuades hoc tibi vere,
Ante potestatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,

Multos



S A T I R E VI.

THO' you, *Mæcnas*, are descended from Men to be as noble and antient a Family as any of the *Lydians*, who are settled in *Etruria*; tho' your Grandfathers, both by Father and Mother, have commanded mighty Armies; yet, notwithstanding these great Advantages, you do not, like other Men of Quality, condemn a Person for the Meanness of his Origin; no; not even me, whose * Father was only a Slave made free: When you publicly declare that you do not so much regard a Man's Family as the Man himself; that you never mind what his Parents were, so he be an † honest worthy Man; you judge, and that very rightly, that long before the Reign of ‡ *Tullius*, whose Mother was a Captive, there were many Persons of ignoble

* *Libertinus* is here put for *Libertus*; they who were free of the City of *Rome*, are generally distinguish'd into *Ingenui*, *Libertini*, and *Liberti*. The *Ingenui* were such as were born free, and of Parents that had always been so; the *Libertini* were the Children of those who had obtain'd their Freedom; the *Liberti*, such as had actually been made free themselves. But notwithstanding this Distinction, it must be confessed that *Plautus*, *Tully*, and others, use *Libertus* and *Libertinus* indifferently for a Person who had obtain'd his Freedom.

† *Ingenuus* in this Place does not signify one that was born free, but has relation to the Morals and good Disposition of the Person to whom it is apply'd.

‡ *Servius Tullius*, the Sixth King of *Rome*; he was murder'd by *Tarquinius Superbus*, his Son-in-Law, at the Instigation of his own Daughter *Tullia*, after he had reign'd 44 Years.

Multos sepe viros nullis maioribus ortos 10
 Et vinisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos :
 Contra, Lævinum, Valeri genus, unde Superbus
 Tarquinius regno pulsus fugit, unius assis
 Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante
 Iudice, quo nosti, populo : qui stultus honores 15
 Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ servit ineptus ;
 Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus. quid oportet
 Vos facere, a vulgo longe longeque remotos ?
 Namque esto : populus Lævino mallet honorem
 Quam Decio mandare novo : Censorne moveret 20
 Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus ?
 Vel merito, quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem.
 Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru

Non

Extraction, who were eminent for their Probity, and no less considerable for the Titles and Dignities, to which by their Merits they advanced themselves. And, that on the contrary, *Levinus* (whose Ancestor *Valerius* deliver'd his Country from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*) was not to be valued a whit the more for that, as the Common-people themselves judg'd, whose Tempers you are well acquainted with: The Common-people, who oftentimes very foolishly bestow Honours upon such as are unworthy of them; who are always so unskilful, as to follow blindly common Fame; and whose Eyes are dazzled with the Shew of Titles, and of Statues of Ancestors which some carry in Procession.

How then ought such as you to act, whose Sentiments are so widely different from the Vulgar? But, suppose that the People following the Bent of their Inclinations, would lay aside *Decius*, a Man of known Merit, but of a mean Extraction, and give their Votes in favour of *Levinus* (how unworthy soever) to be one of their Magistrates, because a Person of Condition; and suppose that some rigid * Censor, like *Appius*, would hinder me from standing for any Post, for not being the Son of a Freeman: Truly, I can't say but he would be in the right of it, since I was not contented with my own † Condition. To excuse their ambitious Pursuit after Glory, Men generally pretend that the Chariot of the Goddess is so exquisitely tempt-

* *Censor*, an Officer of great Repute among the Romans; his Business was to survey the People, and to censure their Manners; he had the Power to punish an Immorality in any Person of what Order soever, the Senators themselves nor excepted.

† *Quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem*, the Poet alludes in this Place to the Fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin.

Non minus ignotos generosis. quo tibi, Tilli,
 Sumere depositum clavom, fierique tribuno? 25
 Invidia adcrevit, privato quæ minor esset.
 Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
 Pellibus, & latum demisit pectore clavum;
 Audit continuo; Quis homo hic, aut quo patre natus?
 Ut si qui egrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi 30
 Ut cupiat formosus; eat quacumque, puellis
 Injiciat curam querendi singula; quali
 Sit facie, sura, quali pede, dente, capillo:
 Sic qui promittit, civis, Urbem sibi curæ,
 Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum; 35
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
 Omnis mortalis curare & querere cogit.
 Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius, audes
 Dejicere e saxo civis, aut tradere Cadmo?

ing, that the Prince and Peasant are both alike charm'd with its Splendor and Magnificence.

BUT tell me, * *Tillius*, what Advantage was it to you, to resume your former Seat in the Senate, and to be a *Tribune*? The People envy you more now, than they would have done, had you been in a private Condition. For when any one affects to appear on a sudden in black Buskins, and in a Senator's Robe, People presently ask, (and 'tis very natural for them to do so) Who is this Man? Who was his Father? As when any one labours under the same Distemper, as *Barrus* did, and wishes for nothing so much as to be thought a handsome Fellow; where-ever he goes, the Ladies examine him from Head to Foot; they immediately ask, Whether he has a good Face, a well-shap'd Leg, whether his Foot be handsome, whether he has a good Set of Teeth and Head of Hair?

'TIS just the same, when a Man pretends to take Care of the City, to govern the Empire, preside over *Italy*, and to inspect the Temples of the Gods; all Men are solicitous to be appriz'd of his Family, and, of course, enquire what were his Ancestors? Oh! say they, dare you who are the Son of a † *Syrus*, *Demetrius*, or *Dionysius*, sentence a Citizen to be thrown down headlong from the *Tarpeian Rock*? or to be deliver'd up to the cruel ‡ *Cadmus*? You re-

* *Tillius*, a Person of an obscure Birth and ill Morals, who was oblig'd by *Cesar* to lay aside the *Laticlave* for having sided with *Pompey*. *Cesar* being dead, *Tillius* resum'd it, and was sometime after created *Tribune*, all Things being then in so great Confusion, that the vilest Slaves were made Senators.

† The Roman Slaves were for the most Part *Syrians*, and were usually call'd *Demetrius*, or *Dionysius*.

‡ *Cadmus*, the Name of one of the *Lictors*, who carried the *Ax* and *Fasces* before the *Consuls*.

At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno: 40

Namque est ille, pater quod erat meus. Hoc tibi

Paullus,

Et Messala videris? at hic, si plostra ducenta,

Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit

Cornua quod vincatque tubas: saltem tenet hoc nos.

Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum: 45

Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum:

Nunc, quia sum tibi Mæcenæ convictor; at olim,

Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.

Dissimile hoc illi est: quia non, ut forsit honorem

Jure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum; 50

*Præsertim cautum * dignos adsumere: pravâ*

Ambitione procul. felicem dicere non hoc

Me possunt, casu quod te sortitus amicum:

Nulla etenim tibi me fors obtulit. optimus olim

Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixere quid essem. 55

Ut veni coram, singultim pauca locutus,

(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)

Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum

Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,

* I am apt to think that this Place should be pointed and read thus:

— dignos adsumere: pravâ
Ambitione procul, Felicem dicere non hoc

Me possum, casu — i. e. Without Ambition I may say, that it was not owing to meer Chance that I have the Happiness of being one of your Friends: And I like this Reading the better, because Horace speaks almost in the same Words, Sat. x.

Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,
Pollio — —

Sed,

ply, *Novius* my Collegue is a Degree below me ; he is but what my Father was, and yet he is a Senator. What of that ? do you therefore fancy your self a * *Paulus Æmilius*, or *Messala Corvinus* ? As for *Novius*, his Lungs are so prodigiously strong, that in a Stop of two hundred Drays, and three Funerals with their Train of Horns and Trumpets, his Voice was much superior to them all ; and do you think this nothing ?

BUT to return. 'Tis objected against me, He given that my Father was a freed-Man ; this proceeds, an Account partly, from the Honour I have of eating at your Table ; partly, from my having had a share in the Command of a *Roman Legion*. How strangely different are these two Articles ! acquainted with *Mæcenat*, his Patron, Tho' they might envy my being a *Tribune* in *Brutus's* Army ; yet what can they object against your being my Friend ? You, who are careful to choose none but such as are very far from Ambition ? They can't say, that it was owing to meer Chance, that I have the Happiness of being one of your Friends ; for it was not good Luck only that threw me in your Way : *Virgil* and *Varius* were my Advocates in your Favour, they gave you my Character. When I appear'd in your Presence, I spoke but little, and that with Hesitation (for I was so dash'd, that I could not say much :) I did not pretend that my Father was a Gentleman of a good Family, or that I had a large Estate, and us'd to ride about my Manour on a *Barbary Horse* ; but told

* *Paulus Æmilius* and *Messala Corvinus*, two illustrious Romans.

† A *Roman Legion* consisted of thirty *Manipuli*, which made about 6000 Men, who were commanded by six *Tribunes*, or *Colonels*.

*Sed, quod eram, narro: respondes (ut tuus est
mos)* 60

*Pauca: abeo: Et revocas nono post mense, jubesque
Esse in amicorum numero. magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vita Et pectore puro.*

Atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis 65

*Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta; (velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos)*

*Si neque avaritiam, neque sordis, aut mala lustra
Objiciet vere quisquam mihi; purus Et insons,
(Ut me collaudem) si Et vivo carus amicis;* 70

*Causa fuit pater his: qui macro pauper agello
Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere; magni
Quo pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,*

Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,

Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra;

Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare, docendum

Artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque senator

Semet prognatos: vestem, servosque sequentes

In magno ut populo si qui vidisset, avitâ

Ex re præberi sumtus mihi crederet illos. 80

Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes

Circum doctores aderat. quid multa? pudicum

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you what I was. You gave me your Answer in short, according to your Custom, and I departed. About Nine Months after, you were pleas'd to send for me, and to enroll me in the Number of your Friends. This indeed is a considerable Advantage, and I cannot but value my self upon it, that being destitute of Birth and Fortune, my Merit and Honesty recommended me to your Favour, who are so excellent a Judge of Mankind.

IF I am of an honest and virtuous Disposition, He gives a farther Account of his Education. if my Faults are few and inconsiderable, like some little Spots in a beautiful Face, which nevertheless is charming and agreeable; if no Man can justly accuse me of Covetousness, of frequenting Houses of an ill Reputation, or of doing any base, or dishonourable Action; if (to say thus much in my own Commendation) I lead an honest and innocent Life, and am dear to my Friends, I owe all to my Father; who, notwithstanding his short and narrow Circumstances, disdain'd to put me to *Flavius's* School, (where several great Men plac'd their Sons, who carry'd on their Arms, their Counters and Tables of the Monthly Interest of several Sums, of which they were oblig'd to give in the Computation.) No! my generous Father had the Courage and Spirit to carry me to *Rome*, and to give me a noble and liberal Education, such as Knights, and even Senators themselves bestow'd upon their Children. I was so well dress'd, and had such a Number of Servants at Command, that they who saw me cou'd not but conclude me a Person of Condition. My good old Father, like a faithful Guardian, was never from me; he was always at hand when my Masters instructed me. In a Word, he preserv'd

(Qui primus virtutis bonus) servavit ab omni
 Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi :
 Nec timuit sibi ne vitia quis verteret, olim 85
 Si praeo parvas, aut (ut fuit ipse) coactor
 Mercedes sequeretur; neque ego essem questus. ad haec
 nunc

Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
 Nil me poeniteat sanum patris huius : eoque
 Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars, 90
 Quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
 Sic me defendam. longè mea discrepat istis
 Et vox & ratio. nam si natura juberet
 A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,
 Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes 95
 Optaret sibi quisque : meis contentus, honestos
 Fascibus & sellis nollem mihi sumere; demens
 Iudicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo; quod
 Nollem onus, haud unquam solitus, portare molestum,
 Nam mihi continuo major quarendæ foret res, 100
 Atque salutandi plures; duendus & unus
 Et comes alter, uti ne solus rursus peregrinus
 Exirem; plures calones atque caballum
 Pascendi; ducenda petorrita. nunc mihi curta
 Ite licet mulo, vel, si liber, usque Tarentum; 105

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serv'd my Modesty, which is the Foundation of Virtue, and thereby kept me not only from base and dishonest Actions, but from all Censure on that Account: He was under no Apprehension, that my self or others would ever reproach him for what he did, if afterwards I should get no better an Employment than that of a Crier, or a Collector of the Customs, as he himself was. For that very Reason his Praise is the greater, and so are my Acknowledgments. While I enjoy the Use of my Reason, I will never be ashamed of so good a Father, much less will I follow their Example, who, to excuse the Meanness of their Birth, are perpetually complaining, that it was not their Fault, but rather their Misfortune, that their Fathers were not Men of Quality. For my Part, I must differ from them; insomuch that were it permitted us by Nature, to begin again to live, and to choose what Manner of Parents we pleas'd, such as our Vanity wou'd suggest unto us; not Consuls, nor Senators shou'd be my Choice, I wou'd rather continue contented with my own. The common People may think me distracted, but you, *Mæcenas*, have different Sentiments; you will think it an Act of Wisdom in me in refusing those Titles, which wou'd certainly disturb my Quiet and Well-being. Were I the Son of a Consul, or *Prætor*, how solicitous must I be in providing my self with a competent Estate? How many more Persons must be saluted? I must never go into the Country unattended, Horses and Coaches must be hir'd, and Grooms and Pages must be subsisted. Whereas, as I am, I can ride when I please, upon my little gall'd Mule, with my Wallet behind me, as far as

The Inconveniencies of Greatness.

* *Taren-*

*Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
 Objiciet nemo sordes mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
 Cum Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque sequuntur
 Te pueri, lasanum portantes cenophorumque.
 Hoc ego commodius, quàm tu, præclare senator, 110
 Millibus atque aliis, vivo. quacunque libido est,
 Incedo solus: percontor quanti olus, ac far:
 Fallacem Circum, vespertinumque pererro
 Sæpe forum: affisto divinis: inde domum me
 Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum. 115
 Cæna ministratur pueris tribus: & lapis albus
 Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet: adstat echinus
 Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana supellex.
 Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quid cras
 Surgendum sit mand, obeundus Marsya, qui se 120*

* *Tarentum*. I pass unobserv'd, and escape the Censure and Reflections of the World; but you, *Tillius*, when as Prætor you appear in the *Tiburine* Road, with your Equipage of five Footmen, one carrying your Pots, another your Wine, are rail'd at and condemn'd by all Men for your Covetousness: So that all Things consider'd, tho' you are a great Senator, yet my Life is infinitely preferable to yours, and to a thousand others. I enjoy my Liberty, and go alone where I please; I ask the Price of Herbs and Barley; I walk one while in the *Circus*, which usually abounds with Quacks and Cheats; then I strolé about the *Forum*, and amuse myself with listening to those who pretend to tell Men's Fortune; and from thence I saunter home, where my Pulse, Leeks, and Onions are got ready for my Supper. I have three Boys to serve me at Table; on my Side-board stand two Cups and a Bottle; besides these, I have a Basson, Dish, and Ewer, all right *Campanian* Ware. Supper being over, I go quietly to Bed, where I sleep securely; free from the Apprehensions of being cited by Break of Day, to make my Appearance before † *Marsyas's* Sta-

* *Tarentum, Urbs Salentinorum*, a City of the Province of *Otranto*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*: It is now an Archbishop's See, small, but strong and well inhabited, defended by a Castle. *Horace* was so pleas'd with the Sight of this City, that he wish'd it might be one of those in which he shou'd spend the latter Part of his Life: For this Corner of the World (saith he) seems to me one of the most beautiful, having Plenty of excellent Honey, delicate Oil and Wine, little inferior to that of *Palernum*, an early Spring and a soft Winter, rend'ring it a pleasant Habitation to an old Man. *Lib. II. Ode VI.*

† The Judges us'd to assemble near the Statue of *Marsyas*.

*Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
 Ad quartam jaceo: post hanc vagor, aut ego lecto,
 Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet. unguor olivo,
 Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
 Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum 125
 Admonuit, fugio Campum lusumque trigonem.
 Pransus non avidè, quantum interpellat inani
 Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. hæc est
 Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.
 His me consolor, victurum suavius ac si 130
 Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuisset.*



S A T I R A VII.

PROSCRIPTI Regis Rupili pus atque venenum

*Hybrida quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor
 Omnibus & lippis notum & tonsoribus esse.
 Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat*

tue, who by his threatening Posture discovers an Uneasiness at the Sight of young * *Novius*.

I lie till Ten, when having wrote or read something for my Diversion, I strolc abroad, and am anointed with Oil; but for this Purpose I get the best I can, and do not, like the nasty miserable *Natta*, defraud the Lamps of what I have Occasion for. When the Weather is sultry, I refresh my self with Bathing, and refrain from Exercise; I eat no more at Dinner, than what will just allay my Appetite till the Evening; and then I spend the rest of the Day in Leisure at home. This is the Life of those few wise Men, who are free from Ambition; these are my Enjoyments, and with these I live a more happy Life, than if my Uncle, Father, or Grandfather had been a Lord High-Treasurer.

* This *Novius* was a very sordid, covetous Wretch.



SATIRE VII.

I SUPPOSE that there is not a sick Man, An Account of
or a Barber in Town, but has heard how a Contest
Persius the Mungrel reveng'd himself upon that between
Outlaw *Rupilius*, surnam'd the King, for the foul *Persius*
Language which he gave him. This *Persius* was a and *Rupi-*
rich Merchant who traded much to * *Clazomene*: *lius*, who
was surnam'd the
King.

* *Clazomene*, a Town in *Ionia*, in *Asia Minor*, situated on the *Ægean Sea*, between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, famous for a Temple which was consecrated to *Apollo Grynaeus*; and for the Birth of *Anaxagoras*, and several other eminent Philosophers. *Strabo*, *Lib. XIV.*

G

Rupilius

Clazomenis, etiam litis cum Rege molestas; 5
Durus homo, atque odio qui posset vincere Regem;
Confidens, tumidusque; adeo sermonis amari,
Sisennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ad Regem redeo. postquam nihil inter utrumque
Convenit: hoc etenim sunt omnes jure molesti, 10
Quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit. inter
Hæctora Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillem
Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors:

Non aliam ob causam, nisi quod virtus in utroque
Summa fuit. duo si discordia verset inertis; 15

Aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedes
Cum Lycio Glauco: discedat pigrior, ultro
Muneribus missis. Bruto prætore tenente

Ditem Asiam, Rupili & Persi par pugnat, uti non
Compositi melius cum Bithe Bacchius. in. jus 20
Acres procurrunt; magnum spectaculum uterque.

Persius exponit causam: ridetur ab omni
Conventu: laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem:

Rupilius and he fell out with one another; as to his Character, he was of a stubborn obstinate Temper, and more troublesome, if possible, than *Rupilius* himself; he was proud and arrogant, and so given to *Satire*, that * *Barrus* and *Sisenna* were not a Match for him.

ALL Ways were attempted to accommodate this Difference, but all to no Purpose. When two Warriours fall out, if they once engage, 'tis difficult to part them; so it is with Men of litigious Tempers, they will not hear of a Reconciliation. *Hector* and *Achilles* were so enrag'd against each other, that nothing but Death cou'd determine the Difference; and why was all this Passion, but because they were superiour to all others in Valour? The Case is different between two Cowards, or between two Warriours of unequal Courage, such as *Diomedes* and *Glaucus*; when these fall out, the weakest immediately sues for Peace, and is glad, upon any Terms whatever, to make up the Quarrel.

THIS Contest commenc'd when *Brutus* the Prætor was in *Asia*: *Bithus* and *Bacchius*, two famous Gladiators; were not more equally match'd than these two Combatants. It was a pleasant Scene to see them enter the Hall together. *Persius* was the first who open'd the Cause; he no sooner began his Plea, but the Court fell a laughing; he commended *Brutus* and his Army to the Skies; he compar'd the

* Two *Satirists*, who made it their Business to rail against others. There goes a remarkable Story of *Sisenna*, who being reproach'd in the Senate upon the Account of his Wife, who was a very leud and infamous Woman, Gentlemen, (said he) I marry'd her by the Advice of *Augustus*; by which he gave them to understand, that he was oblig'd to do so, to conceal the Intimacy that was between her and the Emperor.

*Solem Asiae Brutum appellat, stellasque salubris
 Appellat comites, excepto Rege: Cane[m] illum, 25
 Invisum agricolis fidus, venisse: ruebat
 Flumen ut hybernum, fertur quo rara securis.*

*Tum Prænestinus falso multoque fluenti
 Expressa arbusco regerit convicia; durus
 Vindemiator, & invictus, cui sepe viator 30
 Cessisset magna compellans voce cuculum.*

*At Græcus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,
 Persus exclamat: Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
 Oro, qui reges consuesti tollere, cur non
 Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc, mihi crede, tuo-
 rum est. 35*



S A T I R A VIII.

*O LIM truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum:
 Cum faber incertus scamnum faceretne Pri-
 apum,*

General to the *Sun*, and his *great Commanders* to propitious *Stars*; but *Rupilius*, he said, was like the *Dog-star*, which Constellation has a very fatal and malignant Influence on the Labours of the Husbandman.

THUS he went on inveighing against him, like a Winter Torrent, which bears down Trees and Forests before it, where the Woodmen seldom appear with their Axes.

IN return to this sharp impetuous Raillery, *Rupilius*, like a rude, blunt, surly Vine-dresser, who quarrels with Passengers, and out-rails all he meets, call'd the Merchant all the bitter Names which those Rusticks have very ready at Command. *Persius*, at last, was so grievously stung with the *Italian's* Reproaches, that he cry'd out in a Passion, O *Brutus*, 'tis the Prerogative of your Family to deliver us from Kings; I adjure you by the immortal Gods, that you do not suffer this *Rupilius King* to plague us any longer; hang him, cut his Throat, do any thing with him, there is nothing that will better transmit your Name to future Ages, than so glorious an Action.



SATIRE VIII.

I WAS formerly the Trunk of an old useless Fig-tree; the Carpenter was long in Dispute with himself what to do with me: One while he thought of making me a Bench, then again he resolv'd I should be a *Priapus*; after much Deliberation, he made me a *God*. From

Maluit esse Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
 Maxima formido : nam fures dextra coercet,
 Obscænoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus : 5
 Ast importunas volucres in vertice arundo
 Terret fixa, vetatque novis confidere in hortis.
 Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
 Conservus vili portanda locabat in arca.
 Hoc miserae plebi stabat commune sepulcrum, 10
 Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
 Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agrum
 Hic dabat : hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
 Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
 Aggere in aprico spatiari ; qua modo tristes 15
 Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.
 Cum mihi non tantum furesque feræque suetæ
 Hunc vexare locum, curæ sunt atque labori,
 Quantum carminibus quæ versant atque venenis
 Humanos animos. has nullo perdere possum 20
 Nec prohibere modo ; simul ac vaga luna decorum
 Protulit os, quin ossa legant, herbasque nocentes.
 Vidi egomet nigra succinctam vadere palla
 Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,
 Cum Sagana majore ululantem. pallor utrasque 25

Fecerat

hence it is that I derive my Divinity, I who am the Terror of the Birds and Thieves; these I fright away with my Staff, and those are so scar'd with my Crown of Reeds, that they dare not come nigh these new Gardens.

To this Place formerly dead Bodies used to be brought, but of the meanest Sort, such whom their Fellow-servants brought hither upon their Shoulders, out of some blind Alley, and on a Hackney-bier. This was the common Burying-place for the most necessitous People, for such as * *Pantolabus* the Buffoon, and *Nonmentanus* the Spendthrift.

It reaches a thousand Foot in Breadth, in Length three hundred; as we are inform'd by an old Inscription, which expresses the Will of the Testator, to prevent his Heirs laying Claim unto it.

THIS melancholy Place, which was so lately full of dead Men's Bones, is now happily chang'd into a healthful Garden, where one may walk upon an airy Terrace.

BUT the Birds and Thieves, which frequent these Walks, are nothing near so troublesome to me, as those who make use of Charms and Poisons to change Men's Affections; the Moon is no sooner risen, than here they flock, to gather Bones and venomous Herbs; nor is it in the Power of my Divinity to prevent them.

It was no longer than last Night that I saw *Canidia*, in a short black Gown with her Petticoats tuck'd up, her Feet naked, and her Hair loose upon her Shoulders; the old Witch *Sagana* was with her; they howl'd horribly as

* Two young profligate Gentlemen, who had spent their Estates in riotous Living, they were both alive when this *Satire* was written.

*Fecerat horrendas aspectu. scalpere terram
 Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
 Cœperunt. cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
 Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.
 Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea: major 30
 Lanea, quæ panis comesceret inferiorem.
 Cerea suppliciter stabat, servilibus ut quæ
 Jam peritura modis. Hecaten vocat altera, seivam
 Altera Tisiphonen. serpentis atque videres
 Infernas errare canes; lunamque rubentem, 35
 Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulcra.
 Mentior at si quid, merdis caput iniquiter albis
 Corvorum; atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatum
 Julius, & fragilis Pediatia, furque Voranus.
 Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes 40
 Umbrae cum Sagana resonârint triste & acutum?*

Utque

they went along, and their pale Faces made them look most hideously.

THEY scratch'd up the Earth with their Nails, and having made a little Pit, they fill'd it with the Blood of a black Lamb, which they tore to Pieces with their Teeth: This done, they solemnly invok'd the infernal Spirits, whom they us'd to consult upon all Occasions. They had two Images, one of Wool, the other of Wax, the woollen tormented the waxen, which was much the least, and which stood, as it were, in a suppliant Posture, like a poor Slave just before his Execution. *Canidia* call'd upon * *Hecate*, *Sagana* implor'd † *Tisiphone's* Assistance. At that Instant you might have seen the Dogs and Serpents of the infernal Regions, running about the Earth. The Moon blush'd, and modestly withdrew her self behind the Sepulchres, that she might not be a Witness of their abominable Incantations.

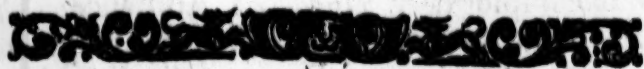
If what I say be not true, may the Crows drop down their Dung upon me, nor may *Julius*, *Voranus*, or the soft effeminate *Pediatia* use me more civilly.

THERE is no Occasion to mention Particulars, how these Sorceresses and the Ghosts entertain'd each other in a very shrill and mourn-

* *Hecate*, a Goddess call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* on Earth, and *Hecate*, or *Proserpina*, in Hell. She is represented with three Heads, upon which Account she is call'd *Triceps* in *Ovid*, and *Tergemina* in *Virgil*. She is said to detain the Souls of unburied People on this Side *Styx* 100 Years, and was therefore call'd *Hecate*, from the Greek Word *ἑκαστα*: She was very skilful in Poisons, and their Antidotes.

† *Tisiphone*, one of the three Furies of Hell, so call'd from the Greek Word *Τίσις*, *Ultio*, and *Φόνος*, *Cades*. This Fiction was invented to represent the unhappy Condition of the Wicked both in this World and the next.

*Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
 Abdiderint furtim terris, & imagine cerea
 Largior arserit ignis? & ut non testis inultus
 Horruerim voces Furiarum & facta duarum? 45
 Nam displosa sonat quantum vesica, pepedi
 Diffissa nate ficus. at ille currere in urbem:
 Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganae caliendrum
 Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
 Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres. 50*



SATIRA IX.

*IBAM ut forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, & totus in illis:
 Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
 Arreptaque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?
 Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam, & cupio omnia
 quæ vis.
 Cum adsectaretur, Numquid vis? Occupo. at ille,
 Noris nos, inquit: docti sumus. Hic ego, Pluris
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Misere discedere quærens,
 Ire modo ocius, interdum consistere, in aurem
 Dicere nescio quid puero. cum sudor ad imos 10*

Manaret

ful Tone ; how they took a Wolf's Beard, and a speckled Serpent's Teeth, and hid them secretly in the Ground ; how the Fire blaz'd with the waxen Image ; how in a just Derestation of their Villanies, I reveng'd my self upon them, by letting, on a sudden, a thundering Fart, which was as loud as the bursting of a Bladder. It was pleasant to see these two old Beldames hurrying towards the City in the utmost Confusion ; their Astonishment was so great, that they left their Tools and Charms behind them, *Camidia* lost her Set of Teeth, *Sagana* her Towre ; I leave you to judge, if a Man cou'd possibly forbear laughing at a Sight which was so very diverting.



SATIRE IX.

AS I was walking the other Day, in the Way that leads to the Capitol, very seriously meditating upon some Trifle or other, as my Custom is ; a Man, whom I only knew by Name, taking me by the Hand very familiarly, ask'd me how I did. Very well, Sir, (said I) for the Season, I am your most humble Servant. Perceiving that he followed me, I ask'd him if he had any farther Business, I have a Mind (replies he) that you should be acquainted with me, I am a Man of Letters. Oh Sir, said I, I esteem you the more. I endeavour'd in the mean time, all the Ways I cou'd think of, to rid my self of him ; sometimes I walk'd fast, sometimes I stood still, then I whisper'd my Servant, the Sweat all this time

The Description of an Impertinent.

running

*Manaret talos; O te, Bolane, cerebri
 Felicem, aiebam tacitus. cum quidlibet ille
 Garriret; vicos, urbem laudaret; ut illi
 Nil respondebam: Misere cupis, inquit, abire,
 Jamdudum video: sed nil agis; usque tenebo: 15
 Prosequar hinc, quo nunc iter est tibi. Nil opus est te
 Circumagi: quendam volo visere non tibi notum:
 Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.
 Nil habeo quod agam, & non sum piger; usque se-
 quar te.*

*Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus, 20
 Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. incipit ille:
 Si bene Me novi, non Viscum plaris amicum,
 Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plaris
 Aut citius possit versus? quis membra movere
 Mollius? inuideat quod & Hermogenes, ego
 canto. 25*

*Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,
 Cognati, quis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam:
 Omnis composui. Felices! nunc ego resto.
 Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
 Quod puero cecinit mota divina anus urna: 30*

Hunc

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running down to my Heels. Oh! *Balanus*, said I to my self, how happy are you in breaking loose from an Impertinent. He continu'd talking at Random to me, he extoll'd the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Rome*; then he commend'd the Streets and Houses; till at length observing that I gave him no Answer, I find, Sir, said he, that you are in Pain to be gone; I have observ'd it for some time; but it must not be, I cannot leave you, where-e'er you go, you shall have me for your Companion. Sir (says I) there is no Occasion for you to go out of your Way; I am going to see a Friend that you are not acquainted with, and his House is at a considerable Distance, on the other Side of the *Tiber*, near *Cæsar's Gardens*. 'Tis no Matter, Sir, said he, I'll go along with you, I am perfectly at Leisure, and I love to be stirring. At this I hung down my Ears, like an Ass over-burden'd. He proceeds, If I know my own Perfections, neither *Viscus* nor *Varius* deserve your Friendship better than my self. I write more Verses, and am readier in my Compositions than any Man living; I dance finely and gracefully; and then for singing, my Voice is so sweet, so agreeably charming, that I move the Envy of *Hermogenes* himself.

HERE I took an Occasion to interrupt him; Have you, Sir, no Mother, or Relations living, who would be glad to see you in Health? Not one, I have laid them all to Rest. The more happy they, said I softly to my self, I am the only remaining Person, O perfect your Work, and do not keep me in Pain any longer; I plainly see that the sad fatal Hour is come, which was foretold me when a Boy, by an old *Sabine* Woman, after she had shook the Fortune-tell-

*Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra:
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque: loquacis,
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.*

*Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quarta jam parte diei 35
Præterita: Et casu tunc respondere vadatus*

Debebat; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.

*Si me amas, inquit, paullum hic ades. Inteream, si
Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura:*

*Et propero, quo scis. Dubius sum, quid faciam, in-
quit; 40*

Tene relinquam, an rem. Me sodēs. Non faciam, ille:

Et præcedere cœpit. ego, ut contendere durum

Cum victore, sequor. Mæcenas quomodo tecum;

*Hinc repetit, paucorum hominum, Et mentis bene
sanæ?*

Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus: haberes 45

Magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,

Hunc

ing * Urn. This Boy, said she, shall never perish by Steel or Poison; neither Coughs, nor Spleen, nor Gout, nor Cholick, shall prove mortal to him; no! he is doom'd to fall by the Tongue of a talkative Man; and therefore if he is wise, it will concern him, when he comes to Age, to avoid all great Talkers.

It was Nine of the Clock, when we drew near to *Vesta's Temple*; as good Fortune wou'd have it, this impertinent Companion was oblig'd, as he had given Bail, to make his Appearance before the Judge. Oh! Sir, said he, for God's sake, if you love me, turn in here a Minute or two. May I die, Sir, if I can be upon my Legs so long, or if I understand any thing of the Law; besides, you know I am engag'd elsewhere. I am in Doubt, said he, whether I shall leave my Cause, or you. Oh! Sir, me, by all Means: No, says he, I am resolv'd not to part from you, and so on he leads. Finding that it was in vain to argue, I march along with him, when immediately he resum'd the Discourse. Pray, Sir, said he, how stands your Interest with *Mæcenas*? *Mæcenas*, I answer'd, is a Gentleman of great Sense, and extremely nice in the Choice of his Acquaintance. He reply'd, You have manag'd your good Luck as dexterously as any Man could do; but you would have a rare Help in your humble Servant, who would be content with the second

* *Divina mota anus urna*. This kind of Divination was in great Repute among the *Gracians*, and from them deriv'd to the *Romans*; the Manner of it was this; a great many Letters or Words were put into an Urn, which being well shook together, they turn'd them out, if they express'd any thing, that was received as an infallible Prediction. See *Monsieur Fontenelle's History of Oracles*, Chap. xviii.

Hunc hominem velles si tradere: dispeream, ni
 Submoffes omnis. Non isto vivitar illic,
 Quo tu rere modo: domus hac nec purior ulla est,
 Nec magis his aliena malis: nil nil officit, inquam, 50
 Ditiior hic, aut est quia doctior: est locus uni-
 Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
 Sic habet. Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
 Proximus esse. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus,
 Expugnabis: Et est qui vinci possit, eoque 55
 Difficilis aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
 Muneribus servos corrumpam; non, hodie si
 Exclusus fuero, desistam; tempora quæram;
 Occurram in triviis; deducam. nil sine magno
 Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit, ecce 60
 Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus, Et illum
 Qui pulchre nosset. consistimus, Unde venis? Et
 Quo tendis? rogat, Et respondet. vellere cœpi,
 Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
 Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. male falsus 65
 Ridens dissimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
 Certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te

Aiebas

Place, if you would introduce him to *Mæcenæ's* Favour. Let me die, if I don't think you would supplant all his other Favourites. To this I return'd, that he was altogether mistaken in our Way of living. There is no Family in *Rome* which is more remarkable for its Integrity than ours; we are perfectly free from those Intrigues and Jealousies with which others are infected; if another there is richer or more knowing than my self, that is no Hindrance to me. Every one has his Place there according to his Merits. What you tell me, he return'd, is very surprizing, and almost incredible. But, said I, it is true. Now, cry'd he, I am more desirous than ever of being intimate with him. 'Tis but making the Trial, a Person of such rare Accomplishments as your self cannot miss of Success. *Mæcenæ* is a Gentleman that is easily won upon, and it is for that Reason that he makes the first Accesses to him as difficult as he can. I will not, continu'd he, be wanting to my self in this Affair, I will bribe his Domesticks, no Repulse shall discourage me, I will seek out the most favourable Opportunities of addressing him; when he appears abroad, I'll attend upon him, and wait his Motions till he returns. You know that there is nothing in Life which we Mortals can attain without Trouble.

While he was upon this, up comes *Fuscus Aristius*, who was my Friend, and who knew him full well: We both stop. As soon as the usual Questions of, whence come you? whither go you? were over, I pull'd him by the Arm, and made other Signs with my Eyes and Head, desiring him to release me; he, like an ill-natur'd Fellow, only smil'd, and would not understand me. This almost fretted me to Death. You hinted the other Day, said I to him, as if
H you

*Aiebas mecum. Memini bene; sed meliore
 Tempore dicam: hodie tricesima sabbata. Vis tu
 Curtis Judæis oppedere? nulla mihi, inquam, 70
 Religio est. At mi: sum paullo infirmior, unus
 Multorum: ignosces: alias loquar. Huncine solem
 Tam nigrum surrexe mihi? fugit improbus, ac me
 Sub cultro linquit. casu venit obuius illi
 Adversarius: E, Quo tu, turpissime? magna 75
 Inclamat voce, E, Licet antestari? ego vero
 Oppono auriculam. rapit in jus: clamor utrimque,
 Undique concursus. sic me servavit Apollo.*

SATIRA

you had something to say to me in private. You say true, I have not forgot it; but another Time will be better: Besides, this is a solemn * Feast-day among the *Jews*; wou'd you offer so gross an Affront to them, as to talk of Business on so great a Day? Oh! I have no Scruple in the World about that. But I have, Sir; excuse my Weakness, 'tis perhaps a Fault in me, but a Fault that many others are guilty of besides my self; have a little Patience, I will take a more favourable Time of discoursing with you.

O the fatal inauspicious Day! He went away in the most barbarous Manner, and left me (as it were) with the Halter about my Neck; but by good Luck this impertinent Fellow's Adversary met him and seiz'd him. O you Rogue! said he, in a menacing Tone, did you think to get away? Sir, will you please to bear Witness. I readily consented. Upon this he hurried him away to the Bar; the Clamour was great on either Side, the People flock'd in from all Parts, which gave me an Opportunity of making my Escape. Thus it was that † *Apollo* preserv'd me.

* The *Jews* celebrated the Passover on the 15th of the Month *Nisan*, which answers to our *April*; that Feast is here call'd *Tricesima Sabbata*, it being just 30 Weeks from the Beginning of their Year, which commences on the first Day of the Month *Tizri*, which is our *September*.

† He alludes to that Passage in *Homer*, where *Apollo* is said to deliver *Aeneas* out of the Hands of *Achilles*.



S A T I R A X.

NEMPE incompósito dixi pede currere versus
Lucili. quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quod sale multo
Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera :
nam sic 5

Et Laberi mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.

Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum

Auditoris: Est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus :

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se

Inpediat verbis lassas onerantibus auris : 10

Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,

Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ ;

Inter-



SATIRE X.

TIS true, * I formerly censur'd *Lucilius's* He justifies the Character he gave of *Lucilius* in his 4th *Satire*. Verses, for their rough and uneven Numbers; and who is so impertinent an Admirer of him as to say the contrary? But then in the same Discourse I commended him for the Fineness of his *Satire*, in which he reproves the *Romans* for their Vices. But notwithstanding I allow him this good Quality, I cannot esteem him as an accomplish'd Poet; for at that rate of judging, the pleasant Farces of † *Laberius* the *Mimick*, wou'd have my Vote for finish'd Pieces.

To move the Laughter therefore of an Audience is not enough, tho' I grant it to be some Degree of Excellence; but there are other Qualifications which we wish for in a Poet: His Language must be concise, so as that the Sentences may run well, and the Ear not be tir'd with too great a Load of Words; it must be sometimes passionate and moving, sometimes lively and cheerful; One while he must act the Part of an Orator, at another Time of a Poet; and, as What Qualifications are requisite to form a Poet.

* The Subject of this *Satire* being the same with the 4th, they will both be better understood if read together.

† *Decimus Laberius*, a Poet, who was particularly happy in writing Farces; he was so fortunate in diverting *Julius Caesar* in one of his Plays, in which he acted himself, that he gave him 500 *Sestertia*, a Gold Ring, and admitted him again into the *Equestrian Order*, which Honour he had forfeited by acting on the Stage. We have nothing of his remaining, but some Fragments of his mimical Pieces, publish'd with those of *Publius Syrus*, who was his Contemporary.

*Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consulto. ridiculum acri
 Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res. 15
 Illi, scripta quibus Comœdia prisca viris est,
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi: quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes umquam legit, neque finius iste,
 Nil præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.*

*At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis 20
 Miscuit. O seri studiorum! quæne putetis
 Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
 Contigit? At sermo lingua concinnus utraque
 Suavior, ut Cbio nota si commixta Falerni est.
 Cum versus facias: teipsum percontor, an & cum 25
 Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli?
 Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque Latini,
 Cum Pedius causas exsudet Poplicola atque*

Corvinus,

Occasion serves, he must put on the Gentleman; he must lay aside Satire, and endeavour to be witty and facetious in Conversation; for it often happens, that to turn Things into Ridicule, is of greater Service, even in the most important Matters, than strongly to inveigh against them.

IN this Particular, the antient Comedians distinguish'd themselves; and in this they deserve our Imitation. But these are contemn'd by the fine *Hermogenes*, nor will *Demetrius*, that Ape of a Poet, vouchsafe to read them; alas! they relish nothing but what is wrote by * *Calvus* or † *Catullus*.

BUT (say they) *Lucilius* was peculiarly happy in mixing Greek Words with Latin ones. Abominable Ignorance! that any Man shou'd admire *Pitholeon* the *Rhodian*, and imagine that there is any thing difficult or extraordinary in his *Epigrams*.

THEY reply again, that a compound Language is more sweet and graceful; as the *Falerian* is more agreeable when mix'd with *Chian*. Tell me thou Poet, if ‡ *Petillius*, when accus'd, were to choose you for his Advocate, would you so far forget that you are a *Roman*, as to reply to the labour'd Speeches of *Poplicola* and

* *Licinius Calvus*, an Epigrammatist, and Writer of Love-verses; he was Contemporary with *Catullus*.

† *Caius Valerius Catullus*, a facetious witty Writer of Epigrams; he translated into Latin Verse whatever was most beautiful and delicate in the Greek Poets; upon which Account he gain'd to himself the Title of Learned. His Epigrams for the most part conclude with a graceful Turn of Thought, which renders them extremely entertaining. He was born at *Verona*, in the second Year of the 173d Olympiad.

‡ *Petillius*, see Sat. IV.

Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita
 Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis? 30
 Atqui ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
 Versiculos; vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
 Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia verâ:
 In silvam non ligna feras insanius, ac si
 Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas. 35
 Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
 Desingit Rheni luteum caput; hæc ego ludo,
 Quæ neque in Æde sonent certantia, iudice Tarpa,
 Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatri.
 Arguta meretrice potes, Dævoque Cbremeta 40
 Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos
 Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum
 Facta canit pede ter percusso: forte epos acer,
 Ut nemo, Varius ducit: molle atque facetum

Virgilio

Book I. HORACE's *Satires*. 105

Corvinus, in an Harangue of foreign Words mix'd with those of your own Country, such as the Inhabitants of * *Canusium* make use of?

IT was once in my Head, who am an *Italian*, to make some *Greek* Verses: As I was intent upon the Work, *Romulus* appear'd to me after Midnight, when our Dreams are true, and desir'd me to desist; 'tis an unpardonable Extravagance, said he, to attempt to encrease the Number of the *Grecian* Poets; it is like carrying Wood to the Forest. Being thus admonish'd, I laid aside my Design.

WHILE the Poet *Alpin* in lofty Numbers murders *Memnon* in a barbarous Manner; while the *Rhine* runs muddy in his Description, I employ my Time in writing Verses, which are neither design'd to be acted over and over again in the Theatre, nor to be recited publicly for some Prize in *Apollo's* Temple, where *Metius Tarpæ*, that excellent Critick, sits as Judge.

YOU only, *Fundanius*, of all Men living, are fit to write *Comedy*; you best can describe a † knavish Servant and a subtle intriguing Courtisan, contriving together to deceive an old Man. *Pollio*, in *Iambicks*, sings the Acts of Kings, which are proper for *Tragedy*. The *Epic* Poem owes its Glory to *Varius*; and the *Rural* Muses are indebted to ‡ *Virgil* for their Charms

* *Canusium*, see *Sat. V.*

† He alludes to the *Andria* of *Terence*.

‡ *Virgil*, the Prince of the Latin Heroick Poets, born at *Andes*, not far from *Mantua*, in the third Year of the 177th Olympiad, and died in the second Year of the 190th, about 19 Years before Christ. He wrote ten *Eclogues*, four Books of *Georgicks*, and twelve *Æneids*: These last were not publish'd 'till after his Death. He was possess'd of all the Graces of Poetry; no Man ever under-

Virgilio adnuerunt gaudentes rure Camene. 45

Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,

Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,

Inventore minor: neque ego illi detrabere ausim

Haerentem capiti cum multa laude coronam.

At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sepe ferentem 50

Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. age, queso,

Tu nihil in magno doctus reprehendis Homero?

Nil

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*. 107

Charms and Graces. *Varro*, and others, have attempted *Satire*, but without Success. This Kind of Writing suits my Genius best; but I do not pretend to equal **Lucilius*, who was the Inventor. Far be it from me to attempt to pluck from his Head that † Garland, which he so justly merited, and which he now wears with so much Applause. But I am charg'd with comparing his Verses to a River, whose Stream was muddy and full of Slime; and with saying, that, tho' there were many Things in them to be approv'd, there were some to be found Fault with.

BUT pray, Sir, tell me, since you are so knowing, Did you never find Fault with any thing in † *Homer*, that incomparable Poet?

understood the Number and Harmony of Versification like himself. He is smooth, majestick, and wonderfully happy in his Characters and Descriptions.

* Tho' *Horace* in this Place seems to make *Lucilius* the first Author of *Satire* in Verse among the *Romans*, he is only to be understood, that *Lucilius* had given a more happy and graceful Turn to the *Satire* of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new *Satire* of his own: For, as Mr. *Dryden* observes, the *Roman* Language, in *Lucilius's* Time, was grown more capable of receiving the *Grecian* Beauties, than it was in the Days of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. See the Character of *Ennius*, Sat. IV. Pag. 41.

† The Statues of the Poets, which were plac'd in *Apollo's* Temple, were crown'd with Laurel.

‡ *Homer*, the most celebrated of the *Greek* Heroick Poets: He flourish'd under *Diognetus* King of the *Athenians*, about 23 Years before *Iphitus* and *Lycurgus* instituted the *Olympian* Games: He wrote divers Poems, which are all lost, (two only excepted) the *Iliads* and *Odysses*. In the first he describes the Strength and Vigour of the Body; in the last, the Subtilty and Policy of the Mind. He was, without Dispute, the vastest, sublimest, and most universal Genius that ever was known in the World, as *Virgil* was the most accomplish'd. See a farther Character of his Writings, in Book I. Ep. 2.

Has

Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acti?
Non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores?
Cum de se loquitur, non ut majore reprehens. 55
Quid vetat & nosmet Lucili scripta legentis
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos & euntis
Mollius, ac si quis, pedibus quid claudere senis
(Hoc tantum) contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos 60
Ante cibum versus, totidem cœnatus? Etrusci
Quale fuit Casi rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse librisque
Ambustum propriis. fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem, 65
Quam rudis & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
Quamque poetarum seniorum turba: sed ille,
Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatos in ævum,
Detereret sibi multa: recideret omne, quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: & in versu faciendo 70
Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos & roderet unguis.

Sæpe

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*. 109

Has not *Lucilius* made several Alterations in * *Accius's* Tragedies? Has he not censur'd some of *Ennius's* Verses, as not coming up to the Dignity of his Subject? when at the same Time he speaks of himself as not superior to those whom he finds Fault with.

THIS is just my Case. What then shou'd hinder me when I read *Lucilius*, but that I may examine whether it was principally owing to his Want of Genius, or to the crabbed inexplicable Nature of the Things he treats of, that his Numbers are as rough and unharmonious, as if a Man should write 200 Verses before Supper, and as many after, not regarding in the least the Variety of their Measures, so they were but Verses? Such a fertile Vein was that of *Cassius* the *Tuscan*, whose Genius for Poetry (if we may call it Poetry) was more rapid, if possible, than a raging Torrent. 'Tis reported of this *Cassius*, that he wrote as many Verses as serv'd him for his Funeral Pile, both they and their Author being consum'd together.

SUPPOSING that *Lucilius* was a pleasant and agreeable Writer; that he is smother and more correct than *Ennius*, who first attempted this kind of Verse (which was unknown to the *Grecians*) and supposing that he is justly preferable to all the Poets that liv'd before him; yet I must say, were he now alive, he wou'd certainly blot out a good many Things; he wou'd cut off Abundance of Superfluities; and when he was making Verses, he wou'd often scratch his Head, and gnaw his Nails to the Quick, taking Pains in his Compositions.

* *Accius*, a Tragick Poet, he liv'd about 50 Years after *Pacuvius*: We have yet the Fragments of above sixty of his Plays; among which are several valuable Pieces.

*Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus: neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus. an tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?* 75

*Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut
audax,*

*Contemtis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
Men' moveat, cimex Pantilius, aut cruciet, quod
Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis ledat conviva Tigelli?* 80

*Plotius, & Varius, Mæcnas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque
Fuscus, & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegata, te dicere possum,*

*Pollio; te, Messalla, tuo cum fratre, simulque 85
Vos Bibule, & Servi, simul his te, candide Furni,
Compluris alios, doctos ego quos & amicos*

*Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc, sunt qualiacumque,
Adridere velim, doliturus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostra. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,* 90

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

I puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

Book I. HORACE'S *Satires*. 111.

HE that would have his Works deserve to be read a second Time, must be often correcting what he writes; he must not affect the empty Applauses of the unthinking Many, but rest contented, if a few good Judges, Souls of the highest Rank and truest Understanding, vouchsafe to read him.

IF you are so vain as to take a Pleasure in repeating your Poems in the publick Schools, I must freely own, that I differ from you. For I say, as *Arbuscula* the Actress did, when she despis'd the common People that hissed her; I am satisfy'd if the Men of Taste and Distinction clap me. Shall such an Insect as *Pantilius* make me uneasy? Shall any thing that *Demetrius*, or the foolish *Fannius* say of me at *Hermogenes's* Table, disturb my Quiet? May *Plotius*, *Varius*, *Mæcenæ*, *Virgil*, *Valgius*, and the good *Ostavius* approve my *Satires*; may *Fuscus* and the *Visci* be pleas'd with what I write; may *Pollio*, whom I do not mention out of Ostentation, and the illustrious *Messalla* give their Votes in my Favour; may *Bibulus*, *Servius*, and *Furnus* that good-natur'd Critick, with many more of my learned Friends, whom I purposely pass over, vouchsafe to commend and applaud my Poems. I desire nothing more than that these my *Satires*, whatever in themselves, may be acceptable to them; and I cannot but say, that it would much concern me to be disappointed of my Expectations. But for *Demetrius* and *Tigellius*, they are not worthy of my Care, I value not their Approbation; let them lament and bemoan themselves among the Female Criticks, their Admirers.

Go, Boy, make Haste and transcribe this *Satire*, and place it with those I have already written.

[112]

Q. HORATII
FLACCI SATIRARUM

LIBER SECUNDUS.

SATIRA I.

SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer,
 & ultra
Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera,
 quicquid

Composui, pars esse putat, similisque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati,
Quid faciam, præscribe: Quiescas. Ne faciam, in-
 quis, 5
Omnino versus? Aio. Peream male, si non
Optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire. Ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Inriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut,

HORACE'S SATIRES.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE *and* TREBATIUS.

Hor. **T**HE Town is divided in their Opinion of my *Satires*; some say, that I take too great a Liberty; that my Raillery is too severe and cutting; others accuse my Compositions, as wanting Strength and Sinews; a Man, say they, might write a thousand such Verses in a Day. Your Advice, * *Trebatius*, what must I do in this Case? *Tre.* Sit still. *Hor.* Do you mean, that I should write no more Verses? *Tre.* I do. *Hor.* May I die, if that wou'd not be the best Way; but I cannot sleep. *Tre.* I have a Remedy for that; anoint your self and swim over the *Tiber* two or three times; drink a Bottle of good strong Wine in the Evening, and take my Word, you will sleep profoundly; but if you needs

* A great and learned Lawyer, who was no less eminent for his Knowledge of the Laws, than for his Goodness and Integrity.

Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te capit, aude 10

Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum

Premia laturus. Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: neque enim quisvis horrentia pilis

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntis cuspide Gallos,

Aut labentis equo describit volnera Parthi. 15

Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret: nisi dextro tempore, Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem:

Cui male si palpere, recalcitret undique tutus. 20

Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu

Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

Cum sibi quisque timet; quamquam est intactus, &

odit.

Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel ictu

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis. 25

Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis.

Book II. HORACE'S *Satires*. 115

must write, if nothing can take you off from Poetry, attempt to sing the Acts of *victorious Caesar*, and you cannot fail of being liberally rewarded. *Hor.* What you advise is the Height of my Ambition; but, Father, I want a Genius; 'tis not for every Poet to describe great *Caesar's* Legions horrid all with ^a Darts, or paint the *Gaul* just breathless and expiring, the broken Spear still reeking in his Wound; or image out the ^b *Parthian* Warriour, when, from his generous Steed, he drops transfix'd and bleeding. *Tre.* But, tho' these Things are above your Reach, yet you may speak of his Justice and Magnanimity; thus it was, that the wise *Lucilius* commended *Scipio*. *Hor.* I'll not be wanting to myself as Occasion offers; ^c *Horace* must observe the soft and happy Season of Address, or in vain hopes to succeed with *Caesar*, who hates nothing more than dull gross Flatterers. *Tre.* How great soever the Danger may be, 'tis infinitely better to hazard the Trial, than to fall foul on the Buffoon ^d *Pantolabus*, or the profligate *Nomentanus*. Every one is conscious of his own Mismanagements; and tho' your *Satire* is not directly levell'd at him, ye he fears the worst, and consequently hates you. *Hor.* But what would you have me to do? *Milonius*, as soon as the Wine is got into his Head, and he begins to see Double, falls to dancing. *Caesar* delights in Horses, while *Pollux* (tho' his

^a The *Pilum*, or Dart, was made of a Piece of Wood about three Cubits long, and a Slip of Iron of the same Length, hook'd and jagg'd at the End.

^b The Poet alludes in this Place to the Defeat of *Pacorus* King of the *Parthians*, who was kill'd by *Ventidius*.

^c See his Letter to *Vinnius Afella*, Book I. *Epist.* XIII.

^d See *Sat.* VIII. Book I.

*Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucill ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.*

*Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim 30
Credebat libris; neque, si male cesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella.*

*Vita senis. sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, an-
ceps:*

*Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus, 35
Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta. sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, & me veluti custodiet en-
sis 40*

*Vagina tectus: quem cur distingere coner,
Tutus ab infestis latronibus? ô pater & rex*

Juppiter,

Twin-Brother) is diverted with nothing but Boxing. As many Men, so many Minds. My Inclinations lead me to *Satire*, and in this I follow *Lucilius's* Example, who was much our Superior in the Art of Poetry. It was his Practice to commit all his Secrets to his Papers, as to his intimate Friends; whatever Accident happen'd to him, whether prosperous or adverse, he never made use of any other Confidants; so that all the Transactions of this old Man's Life are as clearly and distinctly related in his *Satires*, as if they had been drawn in a * Picture, such as those which Men hang up in Performance of a Vow, for their having been deliver'd from Shipwreck. His Steps I follow, I that am a *Lucanian*, or an *Appulian*, I don't know which; for *Venusia*, where I was born, borders on both Provinces, and was a Colony sent thither (as old Story says) when the *Sabines* were driven out of it, with Intent that it might hinder the making Incursions upon the *Roman Territory*, thro' that long uncultivated Tract of Land; if the fierce Nation either of *Apulia*, or *Lucania* should wage War against us. Be this as it will, I will never willingly employ my Pen against any Man living; I will keep it, as I do my Sword, in its Scabbard, to be drawn only in my Defence; but which shall be sheath'd as long as no Enemy is

* It was a Custom for those who had been sav'd from Shipwreck, to have all the Circumstances of their Adventure represented on a *Tableau*, which they hung up in the Temple of that particular God, by whom, as they suppos'd, they had been deliver'd. They likewise represented in *Tableaux* a Detail of their good Success; it being as reasonable to pay God our Acknowledgments for Blessings receiv'd, as to thank him for any signal Deliverance.

Juppiter, ut pereat positum robigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commoritur, (melius non tangere, clamo) 45
Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe.
Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;
Canidia Albuc, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes.
Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat; utque 50
Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera: mirum
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos:
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta. 55
Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, seu, fors ita jusserit, exsul;
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color. O puer, ut sis 60

Vitalis

Book II. HORACE'S *Satires*. 119

near. Grant, O *Jupiter*, Father and King,
that it may rather be consum'd with Rust, and
that I, who, above all Things, am a Lover of
Peace, may never meet with any Provocations!

But if any one shall dare to urge my Rage,
'twere better for him that he had not provok'd
me; I'll set him out in his proper Colours, and
make him a Jest to all the City.

The Danger of
provoking a
Poet.

Cervius the Informer threatens those that offend him, with an Action, or Information. *Canidia* has always her Poisons ready to revenge her self on her Enemies. *Turinus* threatens those whom he is angry with, that they shall lose their Cause, if it comes before him in Judgment. 'Tis common with all, to make use of their utmost Strength and Power against their Adversaries; and in so doing, they do but follow the Dictates of Nature, which are not to be resisted. How this comes about, consider a little with me. The Wolves fight with their Teeth; Bulls with their Horns; and whence is it that they do so, but that they are directed by natural Instinct?

TRUST the profligate *Scæva* with the Care of his long-liv'd Mother; and to be sure he will do her no Injury with his pious Hands: No Wonder, for a Wolf won't kick, or an Ox bite; but he will do what is as bad, he will take Care to dispatch the old Woman, with putting a Dose of Poison in her Honey.

To be short, Whether I am to expect a quiet old Age, or whether Death be now hovering about me; whether I be poor, or rich; whether I lead my Life at *Rome*, or be unhappily banish'd from my Country; whatever my Condition or Circumstances be, I must write *Satires*.

Vitalis metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat. Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui 65
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. 70
Quin ubi se a volgo & scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae & mitis sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque; tamen me 75

Cum

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Tre. O my Son, I am afraid that you are not long-liv'd, that some great Courtier, who is now your Friend, will cast such a cold Look upon you, that you won't survive it. *Hor.* But why do you think so? When * *Lucilius* led the Way in this sort of Writing, and had the Courage to unmask the World, and shew Men such as they really were, not what they falsely appear'd to be. Nay, when *Metellus* and *Lupus* were so severely reprov'd, did *Laelius*, or he who justly took his Surname from his having laid † *Carthage* in Ruins; did these great Men take any Offence at the Freedom of his Wit? Nor were *Lupus* and *Metellus* the only Persons that fell under his Censure; he inveigh'd against all the great Men of *Rome*; neither Rich nor Poor, of what Tribe soever (Virtue and her Followers only excepted) cou'd escape his Reflections: On the contrary, the valiant *Scipio*, and the wise and gentle ‡ *Laelius*, when they withdrew themselves from Crowds and Business to Privacy and Retirement, us'd to trifle and divert themselves with him, while their Herbs and Roots were boiling for Supper. I do not pretend to compare my self with him; whether you regard his Wit, Quality, or Estate, he is much my Superior; but whatever I am, even Envy her self shall confess thus much, that I have convers'd

Good
Men have
no Reason
to be a-
fraid of
Satire.

* See the Note on *Lucilius*, *Sat. x.* Book I.

† *Carthage*, the chief City of *Africa*, upon the Coast of *Barbary*, near *Tunis*; built, as 'tis thought, by *Dido*, was taken and burnt by *Scipio Africanus Minor*, A. U. C. 608. There remains nothing now of this glorious Town, which was once esteem'd the Third of the *Roman Empire*, but the Ruins, which are very considerable.

‡ *Laelius*, a *Roman* Orator, so famous for his Wisdom, that he was nam'd, *The Wise*; *Tully* often mentions him, much to his Advantage.

and

*Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
 Invidia; & fragili quærens inlidere dentem,
 Offendet solido: nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
 Dissentis. Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
 Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti 80
 Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
 Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
 Iudiciumque. Esto: si quis mala. sed bona si quis
 Iudice condiderit laudatus Cæsare? si quis
 Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse? 85
 Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.*



SATIRA II.

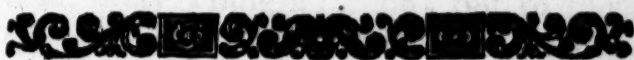
*Q*UÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere
 parvo,

*(Nec meus hic sermo est; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus
 Rusticus, abnormis Sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
 Discite, non inter lancas mensasque nitentis,
 Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum 5
 Adclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:*

and liv'd in Friendship with the greatest Men; and therefore whatever Occasions she shall industriously lay hold on to blast my Reputation, the Attempt shall turn to her own Disadvantage.

THESE are the Motives which encline me to *Satire*, which I cannot but pursue, unless you in your Wisdom, O learned *Trebatius*, shall advise me to the contrary. *Tre.* To deal plainly, I have nothing to object against what you say; however, take this Caution with you, that you may'nt get into a Scrape, for want of knowing what the * Laws wisely ordain; remember that there is one to this Effect: If any Man write ill Verses against another, an Action lies against the Poet. *Hor.* Very well, *If any Man write ill Verses*; but, what if they are good ones? What if *Cæsar* commends them? If a Poet, of an unblemish'd Reputation, falls upon one who deserves Infamy, what then? *Treb.* Why then the Judges will only laugh at the Information, and dismiss it, and you who are prosecuted, will be sent about your Business.

* By the Law of the 12 Tables, he who said or wrote any thing to the Prejudice of any Man's Reputation, was to suffer Death,



S A T I R E II.

GENTLEMEN, if you are desirous of The great Advantages of a temperate Life, come and examine this Truth with me, when your Stomachs are empty, for that only is the proper Season; not when you sit surrounded with Dainties, when your Eyes are dazzled with the Pomp of Luxury, and your deluded Reason chooses the worse, and neglects the better. (I do not speak this of my self, what I now advance is the Doctrine of *Ofellus*, who, tho' un-

Verum hic inpransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus iudex. leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat 10
Militia adsueta græcari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor expulerit fastidia; ficcus, inanis
Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Fa-
lerno, 15
Ne biberis, diluta. foris est promus, Et atrum
Defendens piscis hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quid partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quere 20
Sudando: pinguem vitiiis albumque neque ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

S A T I R E II.

Vix

uninstructed in the Schools of the Philosophers, was nevertheless a very wise and honest Man.) But why must we learn this Fasting? I will give you my Reasons: A corrupt Judge is no proper Person to determine what is Right. Go hunt the Hare, ride the great Horse; or, if this Discipline be too hard for you, who have accustomed your self to the more effeminate *Grecian* Way of living, make a Party at Quoits, or play with the * Balloon; your Intenseness on the Diversion will render the Fatigue insensible to you. When Labour and Exercise have sharpen'd your Appetite, and remov'd the Qualms you languish'd under, you may despise, if you please, plain wholesome Food, and refuse to drink *Falernian* Wine, if it be not softned with *Hymettian* Honey. I dare be bold to say, that under these Circumstances, if the Butler be absent, and the Storms and Winds render Fishing impracticable, a little Bread and Salt will then satisfy a gnawing Stomach. Now, from whence do you think this Satisfaction proceeds? The Pleasure you take in eating depends not on the Dainties, but on your self. Labour and Exercise make every Thing a Ragoo; but to those who are cloy'd and surfeited with high Feeding, even Oysters and Ortelans are tasteless and insipid.

* The Antients had four Sorts of Balls: 1. The *Follis*, or *Balloon*; which they struck with their Arms guarded with a wooden Bracer; if the *Balloon* was little, they us'd only their Fists; 2. The *Pila Trigonalis*, which was like our *Tennis*-Balls; to play with this, three Persons stood in a Triangle, striking it round one to the other; he that let it fall first was the Loser. 3. *Paganica*, a Ball stuff'd with Feathers. 4. *Harpastum*, a harder Kind of Ball, which they play'd with, dividing into two Companies, and striving to throw it thro' one another's Goals, which was the conquering Cast.

*Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
 Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro 25
 Rarâ avis, Et picta pandat spectacula caudâ.
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quicquam, num vesceris
 ista,*

*Quam laudas, pluma? cocto num adest honor idem?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa;
 Inparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto. 30
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
 Captus hiet? pontisne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci? laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum; in singula quem minuas palmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo 35
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Fejunus raro stomachus volgaria temnit.
 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*

Vellem,

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I DO not expect to prevail so far (so fond are Men of Superfluities) but that when Peacock and Fowl are set upon the Table, you will rather gratify your Palate with the Peacock. 'Tis indeed a rare and costly Bird; the Beauty of its Tail is very delightful; but what is that to the Goodness of it? Can you eat those Feathers which you so much admire? or does its Beauty continue after it is boiled? 'Tis plain therefore that you are deluded with the Appearances of Things; for in Reality, there is not the least Difference between Peacocks and other ordinary Fowls. But granting this: How can you pretend to distinguish by your Taste, whether the Pike you are now eating, was taken in the Sea, or in fresh Water? If in fresh Water, whether it was caught at the Mouth of the *Tiber*, or between the Bridges? I must deal frankly with you, these Things to me are unconceivable. You commend a Mullet of three Pound Weight; how ridiculous is this, when you must cut it to Pieces, before you can eat it? Why do you admire it purely for its Bigness? and yet at the same time if a well-grown Pike be serv'd up at Table, you express your Dislike of it, and what is the Reason, but that Pikes are naturally large, and Mulletts little?

A Stomach that is seldom empty, loaths the most common ordinary Food; but, says the Glutton, it delights me to see a prodigious Mullet serv'd up in a prodigious *Dish; such a one is a
fit

* The Romans in their Entertainments were very fond of using great Dishes: *Sylla* had one of massy Silver of an hundred Pound Weight. *Pliny* tells us, that at that time there were above 500 such Dishes in
Rome.

Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. at vos 40
Præsentès, Austri, coquite horum obsonia. quanquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavolt inulas. necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis, 45
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem
Galloni præconis, erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo 50

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fit Companion for * *Harpies*. But, O ye South Winds, come and taint the Meat of these rapacious Mortals! Yet why do I implore your Assistance? The Boar and Turbot, how fresh soever, are nauseous to them; their Stomachs are cloy'd with over-much Plenty, insomuch that having eaten as long as they cou'd, they are forc'd to have Recourse to Turnips and Salads to restore their Appetite.

BUT, Thanks to Heaven, the Rich sometimes feed as coarsly as others; even Eggs and black Olives, than which nothing is more common, find a Place at their Tables. It is but of late Years, when † *Gallonius* had a Sturgeon serv'd up at his Table, that the People exclaim'd against it as an unpardonable Extravagance; and why did they do so? did not the Sea afford at that Time as many Turbots as now?

BOTH the Stork and Turbot were secure enough, till *Sempronius Rufus* brought 'em into Repute; who, when he stood to be *Prætor*,

Rome. They proceeded at last to such an Height of Extravagance, that in the Time of *Claudius*, one *Dru-sillanus Rotundus* had a Dish call'd *Promulsis*, which weigh'd above 500 lb. and *Vitellius* had one of that prodigious Bigness, that it was call'd *Minerva's* Buckler.

* *Harpies*, fabulous Monsters, so call'd from the Greek *ἁρπάζειν*, to snatch, or ravish; they were said to dwell in Islands partly by Sea, and partly by Land; they are feign'd to be Fowls with a Virgin's Face, and Bear's Ears; their Bodies like Vultures, and their Hands like hooked Talons; *Virgil*, *Æneid* III. mentions three of them, *Aello*, *Ocypite* and *Celano*.

*Virginei volucrum Vultus, fœdissima Ventris
Proluvies, uncaque manus, & pallida semper
Ora fame.*

† *Gallonius*, a Person so infamous for his Gluttony, that his Name became a Proverb, and was generally us'd to signify a Man that minded nothing but his Belly.

*Si quis nunc mergos suavis edixerit affos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.*

*Sordidus a tenui victu distabit, Osello
Judice. nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. Avidienus, 55*

*Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennis oleas est, & silvestria corna,
Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum, &
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natalis, aliosve dierum. 60*

*Festos albatu celebrat) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, veteris non parcus aceti.*

*Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urguet lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque 65
In neutram partem cultus miser. hic neque servis,
Albucii senis exemplo, dum munia didit,*

Sævus

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was rejected by the People upon the Account of his Gluttony; and shou'd any one now maintain that roasted Cormorants eat very deliciously; the *Roman Youth* are so addicted to Luxury, that they soon wou'd put the Doctrine in Practice.

IN *Ofellus's* Judgment, there is a mighty Difference between a sordid and frugal Life; to what Purpose are we careful in shunning one Extream, if we run into another? Thus *Avidienus* (who was nick-nam'd the Dog, and nor without Reason) feeds on wild Cornels and Olives that are five Years old; the Wine which he offers to the Gods, is sowre; his Oil stinks abominably, even that which he uses on the greatest Festivals, or when cloath'd in * White he celebrates his Nuptials, or regales his Friends on the Day of his Nativity, is no better; and yet he pours it upon his Colworts out of his large Horn-Crewet, and takes Care to add Vinegar enough to them.

WHAT Diet must a wise Man then make use of? Which of these Examples ought he to follow? Keep the Mid-way, both Extreams are equally dangerous; he must be so clean as not to give Offence; and as he ought not to run into Excess, so on the other Hand he must not be too frugal and sparing in his Entertainments. He must not imitate old *Albucius*, who was so exact when he treated his Friends, that he appointed his Servants their particular Ports, which if any one neglected, he was sure of being pu-

* The Romans always wore white Gowns on Holy Days, and publick Festivals; the Difference between the *Toga Alba* and *Toga Candida* was this; the first was the natural Colour of the Wool, the other an artificial White.

*Sævus erit; nec sic ut simplex Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque mag-
num.*

*Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantaque secum 70
Adferat. in primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi federit. at simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
75*

*Lenta feret pituita. vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cæna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque adfligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori 80
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas 85
Inbecilla volet. tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer & validus præsumis, mollitiem? seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.*

*Rancidum aprum antiqui landabant: non quia
nasus
Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes 90
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam*

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nish'd. Neither must he be so careless as *Nævius*, who serv'd his Guests with greasy Water. This Extravagance is as blameable as the other.

Now learn the Advantages of a temperate Life. I begin with that of Health, which is much impair'd by Variety of Meats. Reflect with your self how much better you are, when you eat but one Sort; but when Fish and Fowl, roast and boil'd are blended together, the greatest Part of 'em turns to Choler, which, mixing with Phlegm, puts the Stomach into Disorder. Observe how pale a Man comes from a Table set out with great Variety; nay, when the Body is over-charg'd with the Excesses of the foregoing Evening, the Mind, that Particle of divine Breath, is made heavy, and, as it were, immers'd in Matter. Whereas the sober temperate Man, after having taken a slight Repast, lays himself securely down to sleep, and rises in the Morning with Strength and Vigour to his accustomed Labours. Besides, this abstemious Man leaves room to exceed a little sometimes, and feed better than ordinary, whether it be on some annual Festival, or to help his Appetite, when he finds it falling off, and himself decaying; or when infirm old Age begins to come upon him, which requires a softer and more tender Treatment. But, if in the Strength and Prime of Life, you give your self up to an easy delicate Way of Living, what will you do in the Time of Sicknes and old Age?

OUR wise Forefathers us'd to commend the Flesh of a Boar, which had a musty Taste; not that they had not Noses as well as we, but they thought, as I suppose, that in case a Friend came some Days after it was drest, it was bet-

*Integrum edax dominus consumeret. hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.*

*Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque 95
Grande ferunt una cum damno dedecus. adde
Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum; cum deerit egenti
As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Furgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna, 100
Divitias habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo? 105
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper eunt res.
O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne*

Ad

ter that he should have some of it, tho' a little rank, than that the Master himself should eat it all, when fresh and good. I wou'd to God it had been my Fate to have liv'd in those early Ages of the World, when such good and honourable Men were in Being.

AGAIN, as to Reputation, have you any Regard for that? No Poetry or Musick is more exquisitely charming than for a Man to hear himself well spoken of; and can you be ignorant that Turbots and other costly Dishes, besides the Expence, entail a Blemish upon your good Name? Add to this, that such Extravagancies will draw upon you the Displeasure of your Relations. Your Neighbours are incens'd, and you become uneasy and insupportable to your self; in vain, in vain will you wish for Death, when your Necessity will be so great, that you won't have wherewith to purchase a Halter, to put an End to your Misery.

Go (perhaps the Glutton will say) read these Lectures to the wretched *Transius*, he, poor Man, has Occasion for them; but as for me, I have a large and plentiful Estate, as much as will defray three King's Expences. If this be your Case, why do you not find out some better Way to dispose of what you have to spare? Why are so many Men of Merit oppress'd with Poverty, and you so rich? Why do the antient Temples of the Gods lie all in Ruin? Wretch that you are, why do you not sacrifice some Part of your Treasure to the Good of your Country? Can you imagine that you only of all Mankind are destin'd to enjoy a constant Prosperity? O shou'd your happy Fortune change, with what Scorn and Derision wou'd

*Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri, 110
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?*

*Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus
Ofellum*

*Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc accisis. videas metato in agello
Cum pecore & gnatis fortem mercede colonum, 115
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quicquam, præter olus fumosæ cum pede perne.
Ac mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus convivæ per imbrem
Vicus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis, 120
Sed pullo atque hædo: tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplici ficu.
Post hoc ludus erat cupa potare magistra.
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,*

Ex-

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your Enemies insult you ; how wou'd they triumph over your Misfortunes ?

AGAIN, in Times of Danger and Difficulty, which of the two, think you, is most capable of providing for his own Security ? he who has brought upon his Mind, and his pamper'd Body, many artificial Wants ; or he who has led a frugal Life, who fearing the worst, has, like a wise Man, as it were in Times of Peace provided for War.

THAT what I have said may make the greater Impression on your Minds, give me Leave to tell you, that when I was young, I knew this *Ofellus* perfectly well, and that he observ'd the same Frugality and Temperance and Moderation in his prosperous Circumstances, as he now does in a meaner Condition.

YOU may see this honest Farmer in his little Field, feeding his Flock, and speaking thus unto his Children :

COLWORTS and Bacon were my constant Food upon every ordinary Day, unless the Rules of Civility oblig'd me to act otherwise : But if a good old Friend, whom I had not seen for a long Season, came to make me a Visit ; or if by Chance a Neighbour stept in, to pass away an Hour or two in rainy Weather, I bid them welcome. And even then I did not send to *Rome* for Fish, but I treated my Friends with a Kid and Pullet ; Nuts, Figs, and Raisins were my second Course. Dinner being over, we drank what we pleas'd, and offer'd Libations to the Goddesses * *Ceres*, that our Corn might en-

* *Ceres*, the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, she was the first who taught Men how to till the Ground and sow Corn. They who wou'd know more of the Mythology of *Ceres*, will do well to consult the 6th Tome of *la Bibliothèque Universelle*, where this Fable is explain'd at large.

Explicituit vino contractæ seria frontis. 125

Sæviat atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;

*Quantum hinc inminuet? quanto aut ego parcius,
aut vos,*

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc novus incola venit?

Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille; 130

Illum aut nequities aut vafri inscitia juris,

Postremum expellet certe vivacior heres.

Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. quocirca vivite fortes, 135

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.



SATIRA III.

SI raro scribes, ut toto non quater anno

Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens,

Iratus tibi, quod vini somnique benignus

Nil dignum sermone canas: quid fiet? at ipsi

Satur-

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crease, and Harvests ripen ; in Hopes of which the spritely Wine made us gay and cheerful.

LET Fortune execute her Rage upon me, I defie her Malice, she cannot reduce me to a lower State. Tell me, O my Sons, Whether I or You have lived the worse, since this new Inhabitant seiz'd on my Revenues? I call him an Inhabitant ; for Nature has appointed neither him, nor me, nor you, to be real Proprietors of what we call our own. He has turn'd me out, and the Time will come, when, either by his Debaucheries, or thro' his Ignorance of the Quirks of the Law, he himself shall be expell'd : But if none of these happen, his surviving Heir will most certainly eject him. This Farm, which now goes by *Umbrenus's* Name, was once in my Possession, but no one can properly call any thing his own ; the Profits of it are mine, and yours, and his. It concerns us, therefore, to quit our selves like Men, and to be above the Power of Misfortune.



SATIRE III.

Damasippus and Horace.

Dam. IF you'll write so seldom, as not to call ^{The Poet} for Paper four Times in a Year, but ^{is here ac-} consume your Time in correcting your Verses, ^{cus'd of} and in fretting at your self, that, by sleeping ^{being la-} zy. and drinking overmuch, you do nothing considerable: What will be the Consequence? You retired into the Country, to avoid being present at

Saturnalibus huc fugisti sobrius. ergo 5
Dic aliquid dignum promissis. incipe. nil est.
Culpantur frustra calami, inmeritusque laborat
Iratis natus paries Dīs atque poëtis.
Atqui voltus erat multa & præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto. 10
Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro,

Eupolin

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at the Feast of * *Saturn* ; now you are at Leisure, be just to your Promise, and produce something extraordinary. Come, Sir, begin. What ? Have you nothing to say ? In vain you lay the Fault upon your Pen ; What have the Walls been guilty of, that they shou'd feel the Effects of your Fury ? You seem'd to threaten, that when you were free from Cares and Trouble, and quietly settled in some little warm Cottage, then great Matters might be expected from you. If not ; to what Purpose did you incumber your self with † *Plato* and ‡ *Menander* ?

Why

* The Original of this Festival is unknown. *Macrobius* tells us, that it was celebrated in *Italy* long before the Building of *Rome*. As to the Manner of the Solemnity, besides the Sacrifices and other Parts of publick Worship, there were several lesser Observations which deserve to be taken Notice of : As, first, the Liberty which was given to Servants of being very free with their Masters ; this was done in Memory of the Liberty enjoy'd under *Saturn*, when the Names of Servant and Master were unknown to the World. Besides this, they sent Presents to one another among Friends. No War was to be proclaim'd, no Offender executed. The Schools kept a Vacation, and nothing but Mirth and Freedom were to be met with in the City. They kept at first only one Day, which was the 14th of the *Kalends* of *January*, but the Number was afterwards encreas'd to Three, Four, Five, and, some say, Seven Days.

† *Plato*, the Chief of the *Academick* Sect, born at *Athens* in the 87th *Olympiad* ; he was *Socrates*'s Scholar, under whom he made considerable Improvements in Moral Philosophy. He was so desirous of Knowledge, that he travell'd into *Egypt*, where he attain'd the Knowledge of the *Jewish* Religion. Several Fathers of the Church, by observing the Conformity of his Doctrine with that of the Old Testament, have given him the Title of the *Athenian Moses*.

‡ *Menander*, a Comick Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th *Olympiad* ; he is said to be the Prince of New Comedy ; *Plutarch* prefers him to *Aristophanes* both for Judgment and Stile ; he wrote 108 Comedies which are all lost, excepting some Citations from antient Authors.

See

*Eupolin Archilochus? comites educere tantos?
Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?
Contemnere, miser. vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia, aut quicquid vita meliore parasti 15
Ponendum æquo animo. Di te, Damasippe, Deaque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore. sed unde
Tam bene me nosti? Postquam omnis res mea Janum
Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis. olim nam quærere amabam, 20
Quo vaser ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære;*

Quid

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Why were ^a *Eupolis* and ^b *Archilochus* made your Companions? Why did you bring their Works down with you? Do you think to appease the Malice of your Enemies by leaving off writing? But you are mistaken, you will only be despised for it. You must either resolve to banish Idleness, that beautiful Inchantress, or quietly renounce the Reputation you have gain'd by your Performances. *Hor.* May the Gods, *Damasippus*, send you a good ^c Barber for the Advice you have given me; but, prithee Man, How came you to know so much of me and my Behaviour? *Dam.* Since I stock-jobb'd away my Fortune with the Bankers, who live in the Middle of ^d *Janus's* Street, having little or no Business of my own, I now mind other People's. Formerly I traffick'd in every thing that was antient. It was my Business to find out, Whether a Cistern of *Corinthian* Brass was so antient as that *Sisyphus* might have wash'd

See his Fragments publish'd by *Le Clerc*, with *Dr. Bentley's* Remarks.

^a *Eupolis*. See *Sat. IV. Book I.*

^b *Archilochus*, a Greek Iambick Poet, born at *Paros*, in the 3d *Olympiad*; he was so Satirical upon *Lycambes*, who having promis'd him his Daughter, marry'd her to another, that he caus'd him to hang himself.

^c It was usual with the Philosophers to wear long Beards; upon which they set no ordinary Value: Our Poet, therefore, in return to *Damasippus* for his kind Instructions, very handsomly ridicules him in wishing him a good Barber.

^d ——— *Postquam omnis res mea Janum Ad medium fracta est.* — Near the Temple of *Janus* there was a Street which took the same Name, inhabited for the most part by Bankers and Usurers; it was very long, and divided by the different Manner of *Janus Summus*, *Janus Medius*, and *Janus Imus*.

in

Quid sculptum infabre, quid fustum durius esset :
 Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum :
 Hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus
 Cum lucro noram : unde frequentia Mercuriale 25
 Imposuere mihi cognomen compita. Novi ;
 Et miror morbi purgatum te illius. Atqui
 Emovit veterem mire novus ; ut solet, in cor
 Trajecto lateris miseri capitisve dolore :
 Ut lethargicus hic cum fit pugil, & medicum ur-
 guet. 30
 Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut libet. O bone, ne te
 Frustrere : insanis & tu, stultique prope omnes,
 Si quid Stertinius veri crepat ; unde ego mira
 Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
 Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam, 35
 Atque a Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
 Nam, male re gesta, cum vellem mittere operto
 Me capite in flumen ; dexteræ stetit, & Cave faxis
 Te quicquam indignum : pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
 Insanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi. 40

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in it; whether this Statue was carv'd by a masterly Hand; or that cast with all the Softness that the Mould might give it: I was skilful enough to set an immense Price upon a choice Statue: I often bought fine Houses and Gardens, and sold them to Advantage, insomuch that wherever I went, I was call'd by the People *Mercury's Favourite*.

Hor. I know it very well, and am much surpriz'd to find you cur'd of so desperate a Malady.

Dam. 'Twas a desperate one indeed, but another of a different Nature has happily remov'd it; thus the Head-ach and Pleurisy do frequently change Places, and settle in the Stomach; and a Man that has a Lethargy does often grow frantick and beat his Physician.

Hor. So you do not beat me, be as frantick as you please.

Dam. O good Sir, you quite mistake your Accord: self; both you and all other Fools are mad, oring to the
 * *Stertinius* is not to be believ'd. 'Twas from Opinion
 him that I learn'd these excellent Precepts; of the Sto-
 'twas he that advis'd me to let my Beard grow, icks, all
 as a distinguishing Mark of Wisdom and Pru-men are
 dence; he it was that persuaded me to go away mad in
 from *Fabritius's* Bridge, in such a Temper and some De-
 Disposition of Mind as became a Philosopher. gree or
 other.
 For you must know, that my Affairs going very ill, I went thither with an Intent to plunge my self headlong into the River, when, as good Luck wou'd have it, *Stertinius* came to me, and dissuaded me from committing so infamous an Action; Why, said he, shou'd you be so fearful of being reputed a Mad-man, by those who are mad themselves?

* *Stertinius*, a Stoick Philosopher.

L

LET

*Primum nam inquiram, quid sit furere : hoc si erit
in te*

Solo ; nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.

*Quem mala stultitia, & quemcunque inscitia veri
Cæcum agit, insanum Chryssippi porticus & grex
Autumat. hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges, 45*

Excepto sapiente, tenet. nunc accipe quare

Desipiant omnes, æque ac tu, qui tibi nomen

Insano posuere. velut silvis, ubi passim

Palantis error certo de tramite pellit,

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit ; unus utrique 50

Error, sed variis inludit partibus : hoc te

Crede modo insanum ; nihilo ut sapientior ille,

Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. est genus unum

Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis ; ut ignis,

Ut rupis fluviosque in campo ob stare queratur : 55

Alterum & huic varium & nihilo sapientius, ignis

Per medios fluviosque ruentis. clamet amica

Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis pater, uxor,

Hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima ; serua :

Non magis audierit, quam Fuscus ebrius olim, 60

Cum Ilionam edormit ; Catienis mille ducentis,

Mater,

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LET us first consider what Madness is, which being once stated, if, upon the Enquiry, you are found to be the only Mad-man, you may drown your self with my Consent. Now according to the Opinion of * *Chrysippus* and his Followers, every one that is ignorant of the Truth, and is led away by vitious Passions, is really mad. This Definition extends it self to all Mankind, the Wise only excepted. As for the Reasons, why those, who call you a Mad-man, are mad themselves, take them in their Order.

As when two Men have lost themselves in passing thro' a Wood, the one takes to the Right, and t'other to the Left, both go wrong, but they do it by different Ways; so it is with Mankind, he who laughs at you, makes one himself in the Fool's Dance.

THERE are two Sorts of Madness which particularly deserve to be expos'd: The one is of those who feign to themselves imaginary Dangers; who cry out in Confusion, that Rocks, Rivers, and Fires, obstruct their Passage, when they are walking on the Plain. The other Sort is quite contrary to this, but not less extravagant; I mean those who run headlong thro' Fire and Water, who, notwithstanding the Admonitions of their Friends, and the kind Entreaties of their Parents and Relations, to have some Regard to their own Preservation, and to consider the Danger they are in, are as deaf to their Persuasions, as the Actor *Fufius*, who, playing the Part of *Ilione* sleeping, got drunk, and slept so profoundly, that when † *Catienus*, and

* *Chrysippus*. See *Sat.* III. *Book* I.

† This *Catienus* play'd the Ghost of *Polydorus*, who was Son to *Ilione*.

Mater, te adpello, clamantibus. huic ego volgus
Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo:

Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? esto: 65

Accipe, quod numquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam;

Tunc insanus eris, si acceperis? an magis excors

Rejecta praeda, quam præsens Mercurius fert?

Scribe decem a Nerio: non est satis: adde Cicutæ

Nodosi tabulas centum, mille adde catenas: 70

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis;

*Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, &c, cum volet,
 arbor.*

Si male rem gererere insani, contra bene sani est:

Putidius multo cerebrum est (mibi crede) Perilli 75

Dictantis,

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twelve hundred Spectators cry'd out together,
O Mother, come to my Assistance, they were not
able to awake him.

I proceed to shew, that the Generality of Man-
kind are infected with this Kind of Madness.

DAMASIPPUS'S Folly is in buying antient
Statues ; and is not he as great a Fool, who sells
them upon Trust, or lends him Money to buy
them ? If I shou'd say, I will give you Credit
for such a Sum of Money, and never expect to
be paid, Wou'd it be Madness in you to accept
it ? Wou'd it not be a greater Folly to neg-
lect so favourable and unexpected an Oppor-
tunity of enriching your self ? If a Man, who
was going to lend his Money to one of a bro-
ken Fortune, should say, Here, sign a Note for
the Receipt of such or such a Sum from my
Banker *Nerius* : This Note won't hold him fast ;
and if he add to it all the Securities which the
knotty-pated *Cicuta* can invent ; if he tie him
down with a thousand Chains, yet the Knave,
like another * *Proteus*, will break thro' them all
and escape. When you arrest and seize him, he
will laugh so immoderately at you, as to set
every one about you a laughing ; he will be a
Boar, or a Bird, a Stone, or a Tree ; in short,
he will be ever changing his Shape, and appear
in what Form he pleases ; so that you know
not where to have him.

IF a Man is esteem'd to be in his Senses, or
out of them, from the good or ill Management
of his Affairs ; believe me, *Perillius*'s Brains
were much more out of Sorts than yours, when

* *Proteus*, the Son of *Neptune*, King of *Agypt* ; he
could transform himself into all Manner of Shapes ; his
Name, in this Place, is very happily apply'd to an insol-
vent Debtor, who uses a thousand Tricks and Artifices
to elude his Creditor.

Distantis, quod tu numquam rescribere possis.

*Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet *: huc propius me, 80
Dum doceo insanire † omnis, vos ordine adite.*

*Danda est ellebori multo pars maxima avaris:
Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
Heredes Staberî summam incidere sepulcro;
Ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum 85
Damnati populo paria, atque epulum arbitrio Arri, &
Fumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego prave,
Seu recte; hoc volui: ne sis patruus mihi. Credo
Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidisse. Quid ergo
Sensit, cum summam patrimonî insculpere saxo 90*

* The Author here puts into *Stertinius's* Mouth four Heads of Discourse, as so many Species of Madness, *Ambition, Avarice, Luxury, and Superstition*; to which he adds another general one, without any other Name than that of *alius mentis morbus*. He begins to treat of Avarice, v. 82. of Ambition, v. 165. of Luxury, v. 224. of Love, v. 247. and of Superstition, v. 281. which he finishes at v. 295. And therefore those (as some there are) who would change the Places of the several Parts of this *Satire*, seem not sufficiently to have attended to this Division of it, given us by the Author himself.

† Read *omnes vos*.

Heredes

he drew up the Note for that Money which you can never repay him.

O ye that are led away by Ambition! or that are given to Covetousness! ye that are luxurious, profuse, or superstitious! or that languish under any other Distemper of the Mind! draw near in Order, and listen, while I prove, that you all are mad.

I declare, in the first Place, that the Covetous, above all others, stand in need of *Hellebore*; the whole Produce of * *Anticyra* will hardly suffice them. *Staberius* in his Will oblig'd his Executors to inscribe upon his Monument a Detail of his Riches: In Case of Failure, they were liable to the Penalty of diverting the People with two hundred † *Gladiators*; to make such an Entertainment as *Arrius* shou'd approve, and to distribute as much Corn among them as all *Africa* affords in one Harvest. *Whether what I have commanded be well or ill, says Staberius, 'tis nothing to you; I am not your Heir, nor is it your Business to censure my Actions.* I believe that *Staberius* had his Reasons for what he did. *Dam.* What Reasons cou'd he have, in Willing the Particulars of his Estate to be inscrib'd upon

All Men are mad, but the Covetous are more mad than others.

* There were two *Anticyras*, one in *Phocis*, near the Gulph of *Corinth*; the other was near Mount *Oeta* in *Thessaly*: The best *Hellebore* grew in the last, but the Inhabitants of the former were more skilful in preparing it.

† The Heathens had a Custom of killing Persons at the Funerals of Great Men, fancying the Ghosts of the deceas'd to be render'd propitious by human Blood. They afterwards contriv'd to soften this Barbarity with the specious Shew of voluntary Combat: To this Purpose they train'd up their Captives in the Knowledge of Arms, whom, upon the Day appointed for the Sacrifices to the departed Ghost, they oblig'd to maintain a mortal Encounter at the Tombs of their Friends. The first Shew of *Gladiators* was exhibited at *Rome* by *M.* and *D. Brutus*, upon the Death of their Father, A. U. C. 490.

Heredes voluit ? Quoad vixit, credidit ingens
 Pauperiem vitium, & cavît nihil acrius : ut, si
 Forte minus locuples uno quadrante periret,
 Ipse videretur sibi nequior ; (omnis enim res,
 Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris 95
 Divitiis parent ; quas qui construxerit, ille
 Clarus erit, fortis, justus. Sapiensne ? Etiam & rex,
 Et quicquid volet :) hoc, veluti virtute paratum,
 Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
 Græcus Aristippus, qui servos projicere aurum 100
 In media jussit Libya ; quia tardius irent
 Propter onus segnes ? uter est insanius horum ?
 Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.
 Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum,
 Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli ; 105
 Si scalpra & formas non sutor ; nautica vela

Aversus

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his Monument? *Ster.* I will tell you. While he liv'd, he accounted Poverty the worst of Evils, and consequently endeavour'd industriously to avoid it; insomuch that he wou'd have look'd upon himself as a wicked Fellow, had he died but a Farthing poorer than he might have done. His Opinion was that all Things in this World give Place to Money; Virtue, Honour, Glory, and Things Divine as well as Humane. So that he who has a large Stock of it, is Honourable, Couragious, Just, Wise, and even a King, or whatever he pleases.

Now *Staberius* imagin'd that Ages to come wou'd regard his Acquisitions as the just Effects of his Wisdom and Virtue. How unlike to him was * *Aristippus* the Grecian; who, upon his Servants complaining, as they journey'd thro' *Libya*, that the Money they carried was too heavy for them, order'd 'em immediately to throw it away.

Now which of these Two think you was the maddest?

Dam. One doubtful Case won't clear up another. *Ster.* If one that has no Skill in Musick shou'd purchase a Parcel of Guittars and Lutes; if a Man that is nothing of a Shoemaker shou'd stock himself with Paring-knives and Lasts; or, having no Inclination for Traffick, shou'd buy Sails and Anchors and Tack-

* *Aristippus*, the Founder of the *Cyrenaick Sect*, was the Disciple of *Socrates*; he liv'd about the 66th *Olympiad*. He made no Scruple to frequent the Courts of Princes, keep his Mistresses, and fare deliciously; answering those that tax'd him on that Account, that, if it were not a good thing to feast and eat well, People wou'd not practise it on their Holy Festivals. He was an ingenious witty Man, and extreamly happy in his Repartees,

ling

Aversus mercaturis: delirus & amens
Undique dicatur merito. qui discrepat istis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum? 110
Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
Projectus vigilet cum longo fuste; neque illinc
Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum;
Ac potius foliis parvus vescatur amaris:
Si, positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni 115
Mille cadis, nihil est, tercentum millibus, acre
Potet acetum: age, si & stramentis incubet unde-
Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arca;
Nimirum insanus paucis videatur; eo quod 120
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

Filius aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat heres,
Dts inimice senex, custodis, ne tibi desit?
Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,
Unguere si caulis oleo meliore, caputque 125
Cæperis inpexa fædum porrigine? quare,
Si quidvis satis est, perjuras, surripis, anfers
Undique? tun' sanus? populum si cedere saxis
Incipias, servosve tuo quos aere pararis;

Insanum

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ling for Shipping, the People wou'd justly account him mad; and what is he better, who, not knowing how to employ his Money, lays it up in Hoards, and thinks it little less than Sacrilege to touch it?

IF a Man, arm'd with a huge great Club, shou'd stand watching all Day a large Heap of Corn, and yet not dare to touch a Grain, though never so hungry; if rather than do so, he chooses to feed on ordinary Herbs: If, notwithstanding his Cellars are fill'd with Pipes of good Old *Chian* and *Falernian* Wine, this covetous Wretch drinks none but what is sowre: If, being near Eighty Years of Age, he sleeps upon Straw, while his Beds and Blankets lie rotting in a Chest, and are an excellent Banquet for the Moths and Worms: If this Miser seems frantick only to a few, 'tis because the greatest Part of Mankind are themselves infected with his Distemper.

ABOMINABLE Wretch! thus to abuse the Bounty of Heaven; dost thou hoard up thy Money for fear of Want, that thy Son, or perhaps thy Slave, whom thou constitutest thine Heir, may spend it on his Debaucheries? How little would every Day take off from your Possessions, if you would use better Oil for your Colworts, and for anointing your Head too, which for want of it is scurfy and filthy? If Nature is satisfied with so small a Pittance, why do you forswear your self? To what End is this filching? Why do you pillage and plunder others? And as for you, (*addressing himself to another of his Hearers*) do you think your self in your Senses? Shou'd you fling Stones at Peoples Heads, or endanger the Lives of the Slaves you have bought, wou'd not the very Boys and
Girls

Insanum te omnes pueri, clamentque puellæ. 130

Cum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,

Incolumi capite es? quid ni? neque enim hoc facis

Argis,

Nec ferro ut demens genetricem occidis Orestes.

An tu reris eum occisa insaniſſe parente?

Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quam 135

In matris jugulo ferrum tepefecit acutum?

Quin, ex quo est habitus male tutæ mentis Orestes,

Nil sane fecit quod tu reprehendere possis:

Non Pyladen ferro violare, aususve sororem est

Electram: tantum maledicit utrique, vocando 140

Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus & auri,

Qui Veientanum festis potare diebus

Campana solitus trulla vappamque profestis,

Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus; ut heres 145

Jam circum loculos & clavis lætus ovanſque

Curreret. hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis

Excitat hoc pacto: mensam poni jubet, atque

Effundi saccos nummorum, accedere pluris 150

Ad numerandum: hominem sic erigit. addit & illud;

Ni tua custodis, avidus jam hæc auferet heres.

Men'

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Girls pronounce you mad? Can you pretend to enjoy your Reason, and yet be guilty of such execrable Crimes, as to strangle your Wife, and poison your Mother? I know what you wou'd say, that the Fact was not committed at * *Argos*, that your Mother was not slain like † *Clytemnestra*, who fell by the Sword of her Son *Orestes*. Do you think that he run mad after the Murder; and that he was not distracted when he plung'd his Dagger into her Breast? Even from the Time that you suppose him mad, he did nothing for which you can justly reprehend him, he never attempted to kill his Friend *Pylades*, or his Sister *Electra*; 'tis true, that, in his Fits, he call'd her *Fury*, and gave him ill Language, but that was all.

It happen'd one Day that the Miser *Opimius* (who, notwithstanding his many Heaps of Gold and Silver, was so fordidly Covetous, that, on a Festival, he drank nothing but *Veientan* Wine out of a nasty Earthen Pot; at other times, that which was flat and insipid serv'd his Turn) was seiz'd with a Fit of a Lethargy; his Heir immediately, o'erjoy'd at the Accident, fell to rifling his Pockets to find his Keys. An honest faithful Physician, who was call'd in upon this Occasion, brought him quickly to Life again, after this manner. He forthwith order'd a Table to be brought, and several Bags of Money to be pour'd out upon it, then he appointed diverse Persons to count it; by these Means he rais'd *Opimius* to Life again, crying out to him at the same Time, If you don't look out sharp after your Money, your

* *Argos*, a Noble and Antient City of *Peloponnesus*.

† *Clytemnestra*, see Sat. I. Book I.

Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age.

Quid vis?

Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus atque

Ingens accedit stomacho fultura ruenti.

Tu cessas? Agedum, sume hoc ptisanarium oryzae. 155

Quanti emta? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octussibus.

Eheu!

Quid refert, morbo, an furtis pereamve rapinis?

*Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus. Quid
avarus?*

Stultus & insanus. Quid? si quis non sit avarus,

Continuo sanus? minime. Cur, Stoice? Dicam. 160

Non est cardiacus, Craterum dixisse putato,

Hic æger. recte est igitur, surgetque? negabit:

Quod latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.

Non est perjurus, neque sordidus. inmolet æquis

*Hic porcum Laribus. verum ambitiosus & au-
dax. 165*

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greedy Heir will carry it off with him. *What, while I am alive?* says the Old Man. Yes, reply'd the Physician, and therefore if you design to live, bestir your self, and take what I prescribe. *What would you have me to do?* Why, Sir, said the Doctor, your Strength will fail you; you will certainly die without some Nourishment; you must take a good Cordial to strengthen your Stomach: Come, Sir, all Delays are dangerous; drink this *Ptisane*. *But what will it cost?* The Price is inconsiderable. *But pray how much?* Two Shillings, says the Physician; alas! crys *Opimius*, *What availeth it me, whether I am ruin'd by my Distemper, or by the Rapine and Thievery of others?* *Dam.* Who then is a Man in his Senses? *Ster.* He that is not a Fool. *Dam.* But what is the covetous Man? *Ster.* A Madman and a Fool. *Dam.* But what if a Man be not covetous, is he therefore in his Senses? *Ster.* No such Matter. *Dam.* Prithee, Stoick, why? *Ster.* I'll tell you. This Patient, says *Craterus*, is not sick at his Stomach. Is he therefore well? May he rise with Safety? By no means, says the Doctor; because he has a Pleurisy in his Side, or is troubled with Gravel in his Reins. This Man perhaps is neither perjur'd nor covetous; let him offer a Pig to his * Household Gods for so considerable a Blessing; but then he is bold, rash and ambitious. If this Case

* *Lares*, the Household Gods of the Romans, and other Heathen Nations, whose Images they kept in their Houses. They were divided into Publick and Private, the Publick being suppos'd to take Care of, and to be Protectors of Cities, People and Highways, as the Private of particular Houses and Families. They had Feasts kept in Honour of them, and Temples built to them.

*Naviget Anticyram. quid enim differt, balatrone
Dones quicquid habes, an numquam utare paratis?*

*Servius Oppidius Canus duo prædia, dives
Antiquo censu, gnatis divisse duobus*

Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis 170

*Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & perdere vidi;*

Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem:

Extimui, ne vos ageret vesania discors;

Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam. 175

Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penatis,

Tu cave ne minuas, tu ne majus facias id,

Quod satis esse putat pater, & natura coërcet.

Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure-

Jurando obstringam ambo: uter edilis, fue-
ritve 180

Vestrum

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be so, away with him to *Anticyra*; for what Difference is there, whether a Man consume his Estate on Players and Flatterers, or never make use of it?

OPPIDIUS, who was what one might in former Days have called a wealthy Man, had two good old Farms at *Canusum**, which he divided between his two Sons; when he lay upon his Death-bed he call'd both of 'em to him, and address'd them thus. I have observ'd, my *Aulus*, that you, when a Child, were very careless and negligent of your Play-things, you either lost them, or gave them away; but you, my *Tiberius*, acted quite the contrary; you counted your Nuts, and with an Air of Anxiety were solicitous to hide them in some private Place. These different Dispositions have occasion'd your Father abundance of Concern. I am sore afraid, my dearest Children, lest you both be possess'd with a different Madness; lest you, my *Aulus*, shou'd be like *Nomentanus*, and you, *Tiberius*, be so void of Sense, as to imitate the miserable covetous *Cicuta*. I adjure you both by my Household Gods, that you, *Aulus*, do not lessen your Estate, and that you, *Tiberius*, do not encrease it. 'Tis your Father's Opinion that you have enough, and that you ought not to exceed those Bounds which Nature has prescrib'd. I will, moreover, that you take an Oath, never to give up your selves a Sacrifice to Glory and Ambition; if either of you be † *Ædile*

M

or

* *Canusum*, see Book I. Sat. V.

† *Ædilis*, an Officer created to assist the *Tribunes* in the Care of Temples and publick Edifices, in inspecting the publick Stores of Corn and other Provisions; in supervising all the Commodities sold in the Market, and

Vestrum prator, is intestabilis & sacer esto.

In cicere atque faba bona tu perdasque lupinis,

Latus ut in circo spatiere, & aëneus ut stes;

Nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis?

Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu, 185

Astuta ingenium volpes imitata leonem.

*Ne quis humasse velit Ajacem, Atrida, vetas
cur?*

Rex sum: nil ultra quære plebeius: & equam

Rem imperito. at si cui videor non justus, inulto

Dicere, quod sentijt, permitto. Maxime regum, 190

Dē tibi dent capta classē deducere Troja.

Ergo

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or * *Prætor*, may the Curse of his Father fall heavy upon him, and may he be incapable of making a Will, and of enjoying the Privileges of a Freeman. Why shou'd you waste and consume your Goods in fruitless Donations? Why shou'd you madly deprive your self of the Land and Money which your Father left you, only that you may walk in State in the *Circus*, or have a brazen Statue erected to your Memory? Why shou'd you vainly affect those Applauses which † *Agrippa* receiv'd from the People of *Rome*? This is altogether as ridiculous, as when the Fox affected to pass for the Lion.

WHY, ‡ *Agamemnon*, did you issue out an Order, forbidding any Man at his Peril to bury *Ajax*? *Ag.* Because I am a King. It is not for you who are a ^b Plebeian, to ask me a Reason for what I do: Besides, the Command was just, and if any one thinks otherwise, he may safely speak his Mind. *Ster.* Greatest of Kings, may the Gods facilitate your taking of *Troy*, and may your Navy, crown'd with Success, meet with

and in punishing Delinquents in all Matters concerning Buying and Selling; there were at first but Two, but the Number was afterwards encreased to Six.

* *Prætor*, see *Sat.* V. Book I.

† *Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa*, the intimate Friend and Son-in-Law of *Augustus*; he was the greatest General of his Time, and one of the most considerable Men that *Rome* ever had, tho' of mean Parentage.

‡ The Son of *Atreus*, Captain-General of the *Greeks* in their Expedition against *Troy*.

^a *Ajax*, a Famous Commander in the same Expedition.

^b Notwithstanding what *Dr. Bentley* says, I think it should be read *Quaro*, and the whole Sentence be supposed spoken, not by *Agamemnon*, but the Questioner: If it be read *quare*, *Agamemnon* here forbids him to ask Questions, which yet he permits him to do in the next Verse.

Ergo consulere, & mox respondere licebit?

Consule. Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus

Putrescit, totiens servatis clarus Achivis:

*Gaudeat ut populus Priami Priamusque inbu-
mato,* 195

Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere sepulchro?

Mille ovium insanus morti dedit, inclutum Ulixen

Et Menelaum una mecum se occidere clamans.

Tu cum pro vitula statuis dulcem Aulide natam

*Ante aras, spargisque mola caput, inprobe, sal-
sa,* 200

*Rectum animi servas? quorsum? insanus quid enim
Ajax*

Fecit? cum stravit ferro pecus; abstinuit vim

Uxore & gnato, mala multa precatus Atridis:

Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipsum violavit Ulixen.

Verum ego, ut hærentis adverso litore navis 205

Eriperem,

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a happy and prosperous Voyage in its Return to Greece. With your Majesty's Permission, I shall take the Liberty to propose some Questions, and to make my Replies to the Answers you give me. *Aga.* With all my Heart. *Ster.* Why does *Ajax*, that celebrated Heroe, who so often preserv'd the *Grecian Army*, and was next in Valour to *Achilles* himself, lie rotting above Ground? Is it that *Priam* and the *Trojans* may exult, to see that Heroe lie naked and expos'd, by whose good Sword so many of their best and bravest Warriours were depriv'd of the Benefit of being buried with their Ancestors? *Aga.* No such thing I assure you; 'tis because he ran mad, and slew in his Fury a whole Flock of Sheep, crying out, at the same time, that he had kill'd *Ulysses*, *Menelaus*, and my self. *Ster.* And what were you, when, instead of a Heifer, you sacrific'd the lovely charming *Iphigenia* upon the Altar at * *Aulis*? Was you right in your Senses? [or in your right Mind?] *Aga.* Pray explain your self. *Ster.* *Ajax* in a Fit of Madness slew only a few Sheep, and what is that? He offer'd no Violence to his Wife or Son; 'tis true, in his Fury he let fall some unbecoming Imprecations against You and *Menelaus*; but for *Teucer* and *Ulysses*, whom he mortally hated, he never attempted to do them any Mischief. *Aga.* But as for me, my View was only to get my Fleet out of a hostile Port, where it was detain'd by contrary Winds, and for that End I, like a prudent General, endeavour'd

* *Aulis*, a City of *Boeotia*, situated upon the Streight of *Negropont*, famous for a Harbour belonging to it, where *Agamemnon*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and all the *Gracian Captains* rendezvouz'd, before they set Sail for *Troy*.

Eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine Divos.
 Nempe tuo, furiose. Meo, sed non furiosus.
 Qui species alias, veri scelerisque tumultu
 Permixtas, capiet, conmotus habebitur: atque
 Stultitiane erret, nihilum distabit, an ira. 210
 Ajax, cum inmeritos occidit, desipit, agnos:
 Tu, prudens scelus ob titulos cum admittis inanes,
 Stas animo? Et purum est, vitio tibi cum tumi-
 dum est cor?
 Si quis lectica nitidam gestare amet agnam;
 Huic vestem, ut gnatae, paret, ancillas, paret au-
 rum;
 Rufam aut Posillam adpellet, fortique marito 215
 Destinet uxorem; interdicto huic omne adimat jus
 Prætor, Et ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.
 Quid? si qui gnatam pro muta devovet agna,
 Integer est animi? ne dixeris. ergo ubi prava. 220
 Stultitia, hic summa est insania: qui sceleratus,
 Et furiosus erit: quem cepit vitrea fama,
 Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.

Nunc,

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to appease the Gods with Blood. *Ster.* Mad Prince, say 'twas with your own Blood, that you endeavour'd to appease them. *Aga.* Yes, with my own, but that proves not I was mad. *Ster.* He who forms to himself false Ideas of Things, and in Actions of a mix'd Nature is not able to distinguish that which is innocent from that which is criminal, will be esteem'd Mad, and it will be all one whether his Errour arises from Folly or Anger. If *Ajax* without Dispute was mad, in slaying so many innocent Sheep; are you in your Senses, when, out of a vain Desire of Glory, you, like a prudent General (as you say) commit so execrable a Wickedness? Can all be right with you, when your Heart is swell'd with the Vice of Ambition? Shou'd a Man bear a Lamb about with him in a Chariot, richly dress'd, and attended with a suitable Equipage, as if she were his Daughter; should he call her his little Dear, and seek out a proper Husband for her, the Prætor would take away from him all Power of managing his Estate, and give the Care of That and his Person to his sober Relations. And what if a Man, instead of a Lamb, shou'd sacrifice his Daughter? Is he in his Wits? Do not offer to say so: Folly joyn'd with Impiety is Madnels in Perfection; 'tis impossible for any one to be Wicked, and at the same Time not to be Mad. I dare be bold to say, that *Bellona*, who delights in Blood and Slaughter, hath thunder'd that Mortal out of his Senses, who greedily thirsts after honourable Titles, which are as frail and brittle as the Glass it self.

Nunc, age, luxuriam & Nomentanum arripe
mecum :

Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes. 225

Hic simul accepit patrimonii mille talenta,

Edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,

Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba inopia vici,

Cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum

Mane domum veniant. qui cum venere fre-
quentes, 230

Verba facit leno: Quicquid mihi, quicquid & ho-
rum

Cuique domi est, id crede tuum, & vel nunc pete,
vel cras.

Accipe, quid contra juvenis responderit æquus.

Tu nive Lucana dormis ocreatus, ut aprum

Cænem ego: tu piscis hiberno ex æquore verris: 235

Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam. aufer,

Sume, tibi decies: tibi tantundem: tibi triplex,

Unde uxor media currit de nocte vocata.

Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ

(Scilicet ut decies solidum absorberet) aceto 240

Diluit insignem baccam: qui sanior, ac si

Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam?

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IF we proceed to consider the luxurious Man, Reason will tell you that he is as mad as the rest. As soon as *Nomentanus* had got into his Hands a thousand * Talents, which were left him by his Father, he immediately gives Order, that all the Fruiterers, Perfumers, Cooks, Poulterers, Fishmongers, Butchers, Bawds, Pimps, and Buffoons, should attend him at his Levy the next Morning. Accordingly they meet. The Pimp, being the most eloquent Man in the Company, makes a Speech for the rest: *Sir*, says he, *whatever I or my Friends are possess'd of, is entirely at your Service; you may command it when you please.* Now observe the Answer which this wise young Gentleman returns to this Address. Honest Huntsman, says he, I am very sensible of your good Services, you lie booted all Night in the *Lucanian* Snow, to kill a Boar for my Supper. You, Fisherman, notwithstanding the tempestuous Season, provide Fish for my Table, whilst I, unworthy of so great a Blessing, indulge my self in Sloth and Idleness, 'tis very reasonable, that you shou'd both be Partakers with me of my present Fortune, here, Huntsman, take an Hundred Pounds, there's as much for you, Fisherman, but you, my dear Friend, turning himself to the Procurer, shall have three times that Sum.

BUT these Extravagancies are nothing in Comparison of that of young *Æsop*, who took a very valuable Pearl from the Ear of *Metella*, and dissolv'd it in Vinegar, that at one Draught he might swallow the Worth of a Million of Sesterces. Now was not this Action altogether as mad, as if he had thrown it into the River, or the Common-Sewer?

* A Talent is worth of our Money, 137 l. 10 s.

Quinti progenies Arrt, par nobile fratrum,
 Nequitia & nugis pravorum & amore gemellum,
 Luscinias soliti inpenso prandere coëmtas: 245
 Quorsum abeant? sanin' creta, an carbone notati?
 Edificare casas, plostello adungere mures,
 Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa,
 Si quem deletet barbatum, amentia verset.
 Si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare, 250
 Nec quicquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
 Quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
 Sollicitus piores: quæro, faciasne quod olim
 Mutatus Polemon? ponas insignia morbi,
 Fasciolas, cubital, focalia, potus ut ille 255
 Dicitur ex collo furtim carpisse coronas,
 Postquam est inpransi correptus voce magistri?
 Porrigis irato puero cum poma, recusat:
 Sume, Catelle; negat: si non des, optet. amator

Exclusus

THE Sons of *Arrius* were true Brothers in every thing that was foolish and extravagant; so great was their Profusion, that they frequently bought Nightingales at an excessive Price, to gratify their Luxury. What are your Thoughts of such Men as these? Are they in their Senses? Will you absolve 'em, and rank 'em with the Wife, or condemn 'em for their Follies?

IF a Man in Years shou'd make Clay Houses, The Folly of Love. have a little Chariot drawn by Mice, ride upon a Hobby-horse, or play at Even or Odd; wou'd not every one that saw him pronounce him mad? Now if it appears, that it is much more childish for a Man to be in Love, and that there is no Difference between building Castles (which Boys generally do at three or Four Years of Age) and sighing and whining for a jilting Mistress; if this excellent Truth be clearly prov'd, let me ask you, Will you do what *Polemon* did, when he was made a Convert? Will you lay aside the Marks of your Distemper, I mean, your foppish Dress? as he, tho' drunk, is said to have stolen his Garland unobserv'd off from his Head, when he grew wise upon hearing the Discourse of the temperate Philosopher * *Xenocrates*?

IF you offer a little Child some Apples when he is angry, he'll be sure to refuse 'em: Take them, my Dear; no, he won't; but if you say he shan't have 'em, then he'll cry for 'em immediately.

* *Xenocrates*, a Philosopher of *Chalcedon*, the Disciple of *Plato*, he govern'd the School of *Athens* for 25 Years; he was sent Ambassador by the *Athenians* to *Philip* of *Macedon*, and afterwards to *Antipater*; in which Employment he shew'd an extraordinary Prudence and Moderation. He was succeeded in his School by *Polemon*.

Exclusus qui distat? agit ubi secum, eat, annon, 260
Quo rediturus erat non arcessitus; & heret
Invisis foribus: Ne nunc, cum me vocat ultro,
Accedam? An potius mediter finire dolores?
Exclufit; revocat: redeam? non, si obsecret. ecce
Servus non paullo sapientior: O here, quæ res 265
Nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
Tractari non volt. in amore hæc sunt mala: bellum,
Pax rursum. hæc si quis tempestatibus prope ritu
Mobilia, & cæca fluitantia sorte, laboret
Reddere certa sibi; nihilo plus explicet, ac si 270
Insanire paret certa ratione modoque.
Quid? cum Picens excerpens semina pomis,
Gaudes, si cameram percussisti forte; penes te es?
Quid? cum balba feris annoso verba palato,

Ædificante

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THIS is just the Case of a puleing Lover *, when his Mistress has forbid him her House; tho' he knows very well that he shall return thither uninvited; and that, notwithstanding his Protestations never more to enter her Doors, he cannot help hankering about 'em; yet being desir'd, he pretends to debate the Matter with himself, whether he will see her again or not: No, says he, I won't go tho' she calls me; I am resolv'd henceforward to put an End to my Sufferings; she has turn'd me out of Doors, and now she calls me back again, and shall I return? No, tho' even she herself shall come and entreat me. But observe that the Servant is not a little wiser than his Master: Sir, says he, Reason and Moderation are not to be made use of in those Cases, which will not admit of them: 'Tis natural in Love, for War and Peace to succeed each other; and he that endeavours to fix those things, which depend upon the Humour and Caprice of Fortune, which, like the Tides and Tempests, are always changing and in continual Agitation, will succeed no better, than if he attempted to be mad by Rule and Reason.

YOU are strangely delighted, if you hit the Ceiling with the Kernel of an Apple; Are you in your Wits? when, forgetting your Age, you affect to lisp and speak Half-words, the better to ingratiate your self with your Mistress; Are you more in your Senses than the Man that

* These eight Verses are taken from *Terence's Eunuchus*, Act I. Scene I. which our Poet has very happily imitated. Mr. *Ascham* (in his second Book teaching the ready Way to the *Latin Tongue*) speaking of the Use of turning Prose into Verse, says, that *Horace* has so turn'd the Beginning of *Terence's Eunuchus*, that he can never compare these two Places together, and not admire them, p. 125.

Ædificante casas qui sanior? adde cruorem 275
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare. modo, inquam,
Hellade percussa, Marius cum præcipitat se,
Cerritus fuit? an commotæ crimine mentis
Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,
Ex more inponens cognata vocabula rebus? 280

Libertinus erat, qui circum compita ficcus
Lautis mæne senex manibus currebat, & Unum
(Quid tam magnum? addens) unum me surpito
morti,

Dīs etenim facile est, orabat; sanus utrisque
Auribus atque oculis, mentem, nisi litigiosus, 285
Exciperet dominus, cum venderet. hoc quoque vulgus
Chrysippus ponit secunda in gente Menens.

Jupiter,

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builds Houses of Mud? To this Folly of Love add the Cruelty which is often the Effect of it, by which a bad Jobb is made a much worse one, and (as the Proverb has it) a * Sword is put into a Mad-man's Hands. What think you of *Marius*, who, having kill'd his Mistress *Hellas*, threw himself headlong from the Top of a steep Rock; Was he not distracted? Or denying him to be mad, will you condemn him as a wicked Man; and, according to your usual Custom, give Names to Things which differ in Appearance, but are in Effect the same?

THERE was an Old Man, who before he had drank any thing, and after he had regularly wash'd his Hands, us'd to run about the Streets in a Morning, crying out, O ye Gods, grant that I may never die, 'tis a small thing for you to make one Man immortal.

THIS Man cou'd both see and hear perfectly well; but if any Master were to sell him, unless he delighted in being litigious, he cou'd not warrant him sound and perfect; he ought to except his Understanding.

ALL these different Sorts of People are rank'd by *Chrysippus* in the large and numerous Family of the † *Menenij*.

* Πῦρ μαχαίρῃ μὴ σάλευν, stir not up the Fire with a Sword, that is, we ought not to inflame Persons who are already at Variance. See *Dacier's* Life of *Pythagoras*, Symbol the 5th.

† The Family of the *Menenij* was one of the most considerable among the *Romans*; it receiv'd no ordinary Lustre from *Menenius Agrippa*, who triumph'd o'er the *Sabines*, and was particularly famous for appeasing a very dangerous Insurrection, by that celebrated Apologue of the Members of the Body declaring War against the Belly. This Family, in the Time of *Horace*, was fall'n to Decay, insomuch that there remain'd but one Person of it, who was little better than a Fool.

G R E A T

Jupiter, ingentis qui das adimisque dolores,
Mater ait pueri mensis jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit ; illo 290
Mane die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
In Tiberi stabit. Casus medicusve levarit
Agrum ex præcipiti ; mater delira necabit
In gelida fixum ripa, febrimque reducet.
Quone malo mentem concussa ? timore Deorum. 295
Hæc mihi Stertinius, sapientum octavus, amico
Arma dedit, posthac ne compellarer inultus.
Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet ; atque
Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.
Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris ; 300
Quam me stultitiam (quoniam non est genus unum)
Insanire putas ? ego nam videor mihi sanus.
Quid ? caput abscissum manibus cum portat Agave
Gnati infelicitis, sibi tum furiosa videtur ?
Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris) 305
Atque etiam insanum : tantum hoc ediffere, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio. Accipe : primum

Ædificas ;

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GREAT *Jupiter*, saith the Mother, who ^{The Folly and Mad-} givest and takest away our Pains, (her Son lying ^{ness of} ill of a Quartan Ague, which had held him five ^{being Su-} Months) if my Boy get free of his Distemper, ^{perstiti-} he shall stand in the Morning naked in the *Tiber*, ^{ous.} the next Fast-Day. Now when Chance, or the Physician, shall occasion his Recovery, this delirious Mother will be sure to bring the Fever again and kill her Son, by putting him into the cold River. *Dam.* What strange and unaccountable Madness did possess her? *Ster.* She was over-superstitious.

Dam. to Hor.

THESE are the Arms which *Stertinus* the Eighth Wise Man furnish'd me with, that for the future I might be reveng'd upon all those that attack me. Whoever henceforward shall call me Mad-man, I shall return him the same Compliment, and desire him to look into that Part of the Wallet which is behind him. *Hor.* In Recompence for your former Losses, may you now sell every thing for treble Advantage. But pray let me know, since there are several Sorts of Madness, which you think I labour under; for to tell you the Truth, I think that I am right in my Senses. *Dam.* Did * *Agave* think her self mad, when she carry'd her unhappy Son's Head about with her, which she her self had cut off? *Hor.* Well, to make an ingenuous Confession, I am a Fool and a Mad-man too; but what do you take to be my particular Distemper of Mind? *Dam.* I will tell

* *Agave*, the Daughter of *Cadmus* and *Hermione*, Wife of *Echion* the *Theban*, by whom she had *Pentheus*; who, despising the Mysteries of *Bacchus*, was torn Limb from Limb by his Mother, in the midst of her *Bacchanalian* Fury.

Ædificas; hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis: Et idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis 310
Spiritum Et incessum: qui ridiculus minus illo?
An quodcumque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum est,
Tantum dissimilem, Et tanto certare minorem?
Absentis ranae pullis vituli pede pressis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens 315
Belua cognatos eliserit. illa rogare,
Quantane? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuisset?
Major dimidio. Num tantum? cum magis atque
Se magis inflaret; Non, si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris. hæc a te non multum abludit imago. 320
Adde poemata nunc; hoc est, oleum adde camino;
Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis Et tu.
Non dico horrendam rabiem. Jam desine. Cultum
Majorem censu. Teneas, Damasippe, tuis te.
Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores. 325
O major tandem parcas insane minori.

you, in the first Place you build, that is, you are hardly two Foot high, and yet vainly affect to appear as tall as others; when * *Turbo* is in Arms, you laugh at his haughty Strut, and think it not at all agreeable to so little a Body as his is: But is not your Behaviour full as ridiculous? Because *Mecenas* does a Thing, must you therefore do it, who are so very unlike him, and so very unfit to rival him? An Ox by Chance trod on some young Frogs in the Absence of the old one. One that escap'd told his Dam, that a great hugeous Beast trod upon his Brethren, and crush'd them to Pieces. How big was he, said the old one? Was he as big as I am, swelling her self? Bigger by half cries the young one. What, was he so big? reply'd the Dam, swelling her self still bigger and bigger. Oh! Mother, said the Son, forbear your swelling, for you can never be as big as he was, tho' you burst your self with straining.

SEE your Character in this Fable, in which your Picture is drawn to the Life; add to this your Inclination to Poetry, which, consider'd with your other Vices, is like throwing Oil into the Fire; tho' I must confess, that, if ever a Poet was not mad, you are not. I say nothing how subject you are to Passion. *Hor.* I-entreat your Silence. *Dam.* Nor of your Extravagance in your Cloaths, which is much greater than your Estate will bear; nor of your Love to—*Hor.* Good Dear *Damascippus*, confine your self to a Detail of your own Faults, and be not so severe upon me who am but a Youngster in Comparison of you.

* *Turbo*, a *Gladiator* of small Stature, but very courageous.



SATIRA IV.

UNDE, & quo Cati^{us}? Non est mihi tempus
 aventi

Ponere signa novis præceptis; qualia vincant
 Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.

Peccatum fateor, cum te sic tempore lævo

Interpellarim: sed des veniam bonus, oro. 5

Quod si interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox:

Sive



SATIRE IV.

Horace and Catius.

Hor. CATIUS, whence come you? whither ^{Precepts}
 so fast? *Cat.* I have not Leisure to to be ob-
 talk with you at present; I am contriving how serv'd in
 I may make proper Images in my Mind, the making a
 better to retain some new Precepts, in compa-
 rison of which those of * *Pythagoras*, † *Socra-*
tes, ‡ and *Plato*, are not to be mention'd. *Hor.*
 I beg your Pardon for interrupting you so un-
 seasonably; I was infinitely in the wrong for
 doing so; but, if any thing has escap'd you for
 the present, you are so particularly happy both

* *Pythagoras*, a Philosopher of *Samos*, the Author of
 the *Italian* Sect; to avoid the Tyranny of *Polycrates*, he
 left his Country and retir'd to *Crotona*, a Town in that
 Part of *Italy* which is call'd *Magna Græcia*, where he had
 a considerable Share in the Government. He understood
 many Sciences, especially the *Mathematicks*, and was the
 first that took upon him the Title of Philosopher. He
 liv'd in the Reign of *Tarquinius Superbus*, and not in that
 of *Numa*, as is generally believ'd, A. U. C. 240.

† *Socrates*, the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*; who, notwith-
 standing his great Inclination to Study, was not wanting
 upon Occasion to give signal Proofs of his Courage, in
 fighting in Defence of his Country: He was possess'd of
 the whole Train of Vertues, to which he had so habituated
 himself, that they became natural to him. His Thoughts
 of God were awful and rational; he derided the Plura-
 lity of the Heathen Deities; upon which Account being
 accus'd of Impiety by *Anytus* and *Melitus*, he was con-
 demn'd to Death by the *Athenians* in the 95th Olympiad,
 being 70 Years of Age.

‡ *Plato*, see Book II. Sat. III.

Sive est naturæ hoc, sive artis, mirus utroque.
Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem ;
Utpote res tenuis, tenui sermone peractas.
Ede hominis nomen ; simul & Romanus an hospes. 10
Ipsa memor præcepta canam : celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melioris, & ut magis alma rotundis,
Ponera : namque marem cobibent callosa vitellum.
Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris, 15
Dulcior : inriguo nihil est elutius horto.
Si vespertinus subito te oppresserit hospes ;
Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam musto mersare Falerno :
Hoc teneram faciet. pratensibus optima fungis 20
Natura est : aliis male creditur. ille salubris
Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem.
Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno,
Mendose : quoniam vacuis committere venis 25
Nil nisi lene decet. leni præcordia mulso
Prolueris melius. si dura morabitur alvus ;
Mitulus & viles pellent obstantia conchæ,
Et lapathi brevis herba ; sed albo non sine Coq.

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in a natural and artificial Memory, that you will easily recover it. *Cat.* No such thing, I assure you; I was then thinking what Method to pitch upon, the better to retain them. The Maxims are fine and curious, and the Expressions have an Air of Delicacy in them. *Hor.* Pray, who is the Author? Is he a *Roman*, or a *Foreigner*? *Cat.* No Names I beseech you; as for the Precepts, I'll repeat them, if you please.

WHEN you would bring Eggs to Table, remember to make Choice of the long ones; they taste better, and are more nourishing than the round ones, because their Shells have a Male Yolk in them.

THE Colworts that grow in Fields that are never water'd, are sweeter than those which grow in the Gardens without the City-walls, which are tasteless and insipid by being too often water'd.

IF a Stranger come upon you unexpectedly in the Evening, and you design to treat him with a Fowl for Supper, to prevent its being tough, dip it while alive in new *Falernian* Wine, and it will eat extremely tender.

THE best Mushrooms grow in the Meadows, the rest are dangerous.

LET him who wou'd be healthy in Summer, eat ripe Mulberries after Breakfast, which were gather'd before the Heat of the Day.

'T WAS *Ausidius's* Practice to mingle Honey with rough *Falernian*; but in this he was mistaken, for nothing but soft Wine ought to be drunk fasting: The best Draught for the Stomach is soft Wine mix'd with Honey.

IF you are costive, eat Limpins and Cockles; Sorrel mix'd with white *Coan* Wine is an excellent Remedy.

Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliæ lunæ. 30
Sed non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ.
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris:
Ostrea Circæis, Miseno oriuntur echini:
Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.
Nec sibi cænarum quivis temere arroget artem, 35
Non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum.
Nec satis est cara piscis averrere mensa,
Ignarum quibus est jus aptius, & quibus assis
Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva reponet.
Umber, & iligna nutritus glande, rotundas 40
Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem:
Nam Laurens malus est, ulvis & arundine pinguis.
Vinea submittit capreas non semper edulis.

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ALL Shell-fish are best when the Moon is increasing, but they are not equally good in all Places. The Muscles of the ^a *Lucrine Lake* are much to be preferr'd to the ^b *Baian Murret*; ^c *Circe* has the best Oysters, ^d *Misenum* excels in Crawfish, and the luxurious ^e *Tarentines* do justly boast of their large Cockles.

LET no one pretend to understand fine Eating, unless he knows to Perfection the different Taste of each sort of Meat, and how it ought to be dress'd. 'Tis not sufficient for a Man to provide the best Fish at a very great Price, unless he knows which Sort is best to be stew'd, and which, if it were roasted wou'd make the Guests, tho' already satisfy'd, upon seeing them, fall to again with a fresh Appetite.

THEY who dis-relish all flabby Meat, should serve up the wild Boar that feeds on Acorns in the *Umbrian* Forest; the Boars of *Laurentum*, which are fatted in Fenny Marshy Grounds, are not near so good.

THE Kids, which feed on nothing but Vines, are not fit to be eaten.

WHEN a Hare that is so young as not to be past breeding, is serv'd up at Table, if you're

^a The *Lucrine Lake*, famous for its great Plenty of excellent Fish, was between *Baia* and *Puteoli*.

^b *Baia*, a Noble Delicious Town in *Campania*, famous for many stately Villas and Country-Seats, which were round about it; it is parted from *Puteoli* by an Arm of the Sea, about Three Miles in Length, over which the Emperor *Caligula* built a Bridge. It is now fall'n to Decay.

^c *Circe*, a little Town and Promontory in *Campania*, not far from *Baia*.

^d *Misenum*, a little Town and Promontory in *Campania*, not far from *Circe*.

^e *Tarentum*, see *Book I. Sat. VI.*

Fecundæ leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.

Piscibus atque avibus quæ natura & foret ætas, 45

Ante meum nulli patuit quæsitæ palatum.

Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula pro-
mit.

Nequaquam satis in re una consumere curam:

Ut si quis solum hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret:

Quali perfundat piscis securus olivo.

50

Massica si cælo subpones, vina sereno;

Nocturna, si quid crassæ est, tenuabitur aura,

Et decedet odor nervis inimicus: at illa

Integrum perdunt lino vitata saporem.

Surrentina vaser qui miscet fæce Falerna

55

Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ova:

Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.

Tostis marcentem squillis recreabis & Afra

Potorem cochlea: nam lactuca innatat acri

Post vinum stomacho: perna magis, ac magis
hillis

60

Flagitat immorsus refici: quin omnia mavolt,

Quæcumque immundis fervent adlata popinis.

Est operæ precium duplicis pernoscere juris

Naturam. Simplex e dulci constat olivo.

At pingui miscere mero muriaque decebit,

65

Non alia quam qua Byzantia putuit orca:

Hoc

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a Man of an exquisite Palate, carve a Wing for your self.

I WAS the first who cou'd distinguish by the Taste the several kinds of Birds and Fishes; I cou'd also tell what Age they were of.

SOME content themselves with having found out a new sort of Patees, but to employ all ones Care about one thing, is not sufficient; 'tis, as if a Man shou'd be careful to provide good Wine, and at the same Time be utterly negligent what kind of Oil his Fish is drest with.

IF your Massick Wine be thick, set it out of Doors at Night in the Serene, and it will fine it: Besides, the Smell of it, which is so bad for the Nerves, will go off. But if you strain it thro' Linnen, it will lose its Strength, and become flat and insipid.

HE that mingles *Surrentinian* Wine with the Lees of *Falernian*, must remember to fine it down with a Pigeon's Egg; the Yolk will draw all the thick Part to the Bottom.

WHEN you have lost your Stomach with hard Drinking, eat roasted Shrimps, or *African* Cockles; some say Lettice is good, but they are mistaken, it swims in the Stomach, turns sowre, and is not easily digested. Sauages and Bacon are excellent Things to restore a lost Appetite; even the Meat which is sold at the Cooks Shops, how nasty soever, is much better than Lettice.

IT is worth ones while to be nicely inform'd in the Nature of Sauces, of which there are two Sorts, Simple and Compound: The Simple is made of pure sweet Oil only; the Compound is best made of new Wine and the Caveare, which comes from * *Byzantium*, and grows to

* Non aliâ, quàm qua *Byzantia* putruit orcâ.

*Hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis,
Corycioque croco sparsum stetit; insuper addes
Pressa Venafranae quod bacca remisit olivæ.*

Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo: 70

*Nam facie præstant. Venicula convenit ollis:
Rectius Albanam fumo duraveris uvam.*

*Hanc ego cum malis, ego fæcem primus & allec,
Primus & invenior piper album cum sale nigro
Incretum puris circumposuisse catillis. 75*

*Inmane est vitium, dare millia terna macello,
Angustoque vagos piscis urgere catino.*

*Magna movet stomacho fastidia; seu puer unctis
Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurrit:
Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæsit. 80*

*Vilibus in scopis, in mappis, in scobe, quantus
Consistit sumtus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.*

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its proper Degree of Decay in Jars; to these you must add Herbs cut small, and set all together on the Fire; as soon as it boils, put in a little Saffron, and then pour upon it the right *Venafrian Oil*.

THE Apples of * *Tivoli* are fairer and more beautiful than those of † *Ancona*, but not so juicy. The *Venusian* Grapes must be preserv'd in Pots, those of *Alba* are best dried in the Smoke.

I WAS the first who invented the Fashion of serving up these Apples and Grapes in little Dishes; I was also the Author of the delicious Sauce now so much in Request; 'tis an agreeable Mixture of *Anchovies*, *Vinegar*, *White-Pepper* and *Salt*.

'TIS a horrible Crime to lay out a large Sum at Market, and afterwards serve up your Fish in a Dish that is too little for them. It turns a Man's Stomach to have Wine given him in a nasty Glass, which the Valet has handled with his greasy Fingers, which but just before he dipt in the Sauce: Nor is an antient Family-Cup with Dirt, as it were, incorporated into it, less disagreeable. 'Tis no great Expence to provide your selves with Whiting, Brooms and Rubbing-Cloths, but to be without them is a Crime of the highest Nature.

* *Tivoli*, a Town in *Campania*; Latin Authors call it *Tibur*; 'tis about 15 Miles from *Rome*; it is much visited by Travellers for its Paintings, Antiquities, Fountains, Palaces and Gardens; which make it one of the finest Places in *Italy*.

† *Ancona*, a considerable City in *Italy*, seated on the Adriatick Sea, belonging to the Pope; the Emperor *Trajan* built the Harbour, and adorn'd it with a Triumphal Arch, which is still remaining.

*Ten' lapides varios lutulenta radere palma,
 Et Tyrias dare circum inlota toralia vestis;
 Oblitum, quanto curam sumtumque minorem 85
 Hæc habeant, tanto reprehendi justius illis,
 Quæ nisi divitibus nequeant contingere mensis?
 Docte Cati, per amicitiam Divosque rogatus,
 Ducere me auditum, perges quocumque, memento.
 Nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cun-
 cta; 90
 Non tamen interpret tantundem juveris. adde
 Voltum habitumque hominis; quem tu vidisse bea-
 tus
 Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi curâ
 Non mediocris inest, fontis ut adire remotos,
 Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.*

Is it fitting to sweep a Floor of Mosaick Work with dirty Brooms? or to spread a Purple Carpet on a Couch that is not clean? The less Care and Expence there is in these Things, the Fault is the greater, and is more taken notice of by Persons of a good Taste, than if you had been wanting in providing those Dainties, which are only expected at Great Men's Tables.

Hor. O learned *Catius*! I adjure you by the Gods, and by that intimate Friendship with which you honour me, that you carry me where I may hear these Oracles, how distant soever the Place may be. For tho' you repeat them all with a wonderful Exactness, yet forasmuch as you are only an Interpreter, they do not leave so strong an Impression, as if I heard them from the Author himself.

I DEPEND upon you to give me a Sight of this incomparable Man; his Air and Aspect will increase my Satisfaction; you esteem this as nothing, because you have enjoy'd it; but with me 'tis a Matter of no small Importance, who desire with Passion to go as far as to this very Fountain of Science, and to furnish my self with such excellent Precepts, as conduce so much to the Happiness of Life.



SATIRA V.

HOC quoque, Tiresia, præter narrata, petenti

Responde : quibus amissas reparare queam res
 Artibus atque modis. quid rides ? Jamne, dolose,
 Non satis est Ithacam revehi, patriosque penatis
 Aspicere ? O nulli quicquam mentite, vides, ut
 Nudus inopsque domum redcam, te vate : neque
 illic

Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus. atqui
 Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.

Quando pauperiem missis ambagibus horres ;
 Accipe, qua ratione queas ditescere. turdus, 10
 Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi ; devolet illuc,
 Res ubi magna nitet domino sene. dulcia pomæ,
 Et quoscumque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,

Ante

SATIRE V.

* *Ulysses* and † *Tiresias*.

Ulys. **B**ESIDES what you have already told me, *Tiresias*, I beg to be inform'd by you, how I may repair my broken Fortunes : What makes you smile? *Tir.* Is it not enough, thou subtle Fellow, to return to * *Ithaca*, and see again your Household Gods? *Ulys.* Great Prophet, whose Oracles always prove true; you see that I am returning home indeed, as you prophesy'd, but in a naked and indigent Condition : And you are sensible, that at home the Suitors have devoured all my Cattle, and my Corn, and other Provisions : And you know, *Tiresias*, that Virtue and Nobility without an Estate, are not worth a Rush. *Tir.* Since you deal roundly and plainly with me, and give me to understand that you are afraid of Poverty : Take Courage, Man, I will tell you a Secret how to grow rich. If any one makes you a Present of wild Fowls, or of any thing else that is rare and extraordinary, send it immediately to some old rich Man who has no Children. If your Garden produces any thing that is excellent, let him be sure to taste it first, even in

* *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, an Island in the *Ionian* Sea, a famous Commander at the Siege of *Troy*, where he continu'd Ten Years, and was Ten Years more wandering about the Seas, before he return'd to his Kingdom; he was kill'd, thro' a Mistake, by *Telegonus* his Son by *Circe*.

† *Tiresias*, a famous blind Soothsayer,

*Ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives :
Qui quamvis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus 15
Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus ; ne tamen illi
Tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.
Utne tegam spurco Damae latus ? haud ita Trojae
Me gessi, certans semper melioribus. Ergo
Pauper eris. Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo ; 20
Et quondam majora tuli. tu protenus, unde
Divitias, arisque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.
Dixi equidem, & dico. captes astutus ubique
Testamenta senum : neu, si vaser unus & alter
Insidiatorem praeoso fugerit hamo, 25
Aut spem deponas, aut artem inlusus omittas.
Magna minorve foro si res certabitur olim ;
Vivet uter locuples sine natis, improbus, ultro
Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius esto
Defensor : fama civem causaque priorem 30
Sperne ; domi si natus erit, fecundave conjunx.
Quinte, puta, aut Publi, (gaudent praenomine molles*

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Preference to the * *Lares* themselves. Is he a Fugitive or perjur'd Person? Is he of a mean and ignoble Family? Has he murder'd his Brother? What of all this? If he desires your Company, never scruple the Matter, but give him the Wall and go along with him. *Ulys.* What! Must I walk Side by Side with [or Cheek by Jowl with] the infamous *Demetrius*? I behav'd my self quite otherwise at *Troy*; there I always contended with those that were my Betters. *Tir.* Then you will die a Beggar. *Ulys.* Well, I will make my stout Soul bear this too patiently; it has formerly born much greater Evils; but pray, good Prophet, go on to inform me, how I may grow rich. *Tir.* I have already told you, and do tell you again, that you must dexterously insinuate your self into the Affections of old Men, that they may put you in their Wills; and tho' one or two be too cunning for you, and escape the Bait, be not discourag'd, but continue to put my Precepts in Practice. In a Trial at Bar, let the Matter of it be little or great, be sure to be on his Side who is rich and childless, notwithstanding that he be a very wicked Fellow, and brings a litigious Suit against an honest worthy Man; if the other Party be marry'd, if he has Children, or is like to have any, never trouble your self with the Justice of his Cause, or with the Character of the Man, 'tis not worth your while to meddle with it.

WHEN you make your Court to the old rich Man, call him *Quintus*, or *Publius*: The Slave's Ears love to be tickled with such Names as belong only to *Roman* Citizens; tell him that

* *Lares*; See *Sat.* III. *Book* II.

Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum :
Ius anceps novi : causas defendere possum :
Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quam te 35
Contemptum cassa nuce pauperet : hæc mea cura est,
Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis jocus. ire domum, atque
Pelliculam curare jube : si cognitor ipse :
Persta, atque obdura ; seu rubra Canicula findet
Infantis statuas, seu pingui tentus omaso 40
Furius hibernas cana nive conspuet Alpis.
Nonne vides (aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens
Inquiet) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer ?
Plures adnabunt thunni, & cetaria crescent.
Si cui præterea validus male filius in re 45
Præclara sublatus aletur, ne manifestum
Cælibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
Adrepe officiosus, ut & scribare secundus
Heres ; & si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,

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his Vertue, and a thousand other prevailing good Qualities, have made you his Friend; that you understand the most intricate Points of the Law; that you are very successful in pleading; and that you will sooner suffer your Eyes to be torn out, than see him defrauded, tho' it be but of a Nut-shell; that it shall be your particular Care that no Man ridicule him, or do him the least Injury. This said, you may persuade him not to trouble himself any further, but to go home, and take Care of his Health; adding withal, that you will take the whole Care of the Cause upon you. Then you must be sure to be indefatigably industrious; you must persevere and force your Way thro' all Obstacles whatsoever, tho' the Heat or Cold be never so excessive; or (to speak in the Style of the fat-gutted *Furius*) whether the Heat of the Dog-star rends in twain the speechless Statues, or *Jove* in Winter spits down hoary Snow upon the *Alpine* Mountains. Do you not observe, (saith one of the Standers-by to another, jogging his Elbow) how incredibly diligent this Man is; How eager he is in the Service of his Friends? With what Zeal does he plead, and how careful is he to omit nothing which may be serviceable to his Interest? This is the Way to draw Fish to your Net; by this Means your Ponds will never be empty.

THAT it may not appear that you make your Court only to rich old Batchelors, find out somebody who has a Son as well as a large Estate, but let it be such a Son as is of a weakly Constitution; and wind your self by Degrees into the Father's Favour, that he may appoint you his second Heir, that in Case his Son die,

In vacuum venias. perraro hæc alea fallit. 50

Qui testamentum tradet tibi cumque legendum,

Abnuere, & tabulas a te remove memento :

Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo

Cera velit versu : solus, multisne coheres,

Veloci percurre oculo. plerumque recoctus 55

Scriba ex quinque viro corvum deludet hiantem ;

Captatorque dabit risus Nasica Corano.

Num furis, an prudens ludis me, obscura canendo ?

O Laërtiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non :

Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo. 60

Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, si licet, ede.

Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus, ab alto

Demissum genus Ænea, tellure marique

Magnus erit ; forti nubet procera Corano

Filia Nasicæ, metuentis reddere soldum. 65

Tum gener hoc faciet : tabulas socero dabit, atque

Ut legat orabit : multum Nasica negatas

Accipiet tandem, & tacitus leget ; invenietque

Nil

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you may come in for the Whole. This Artifice seldom fails.

IF any one offers you his Will to peruse, be sure to refuse it; but do it however in such a Manner, as to steal a Look over the second Line of the first Page, that you may know whether you are sole Heir, or whether others are join'd with you.

IT frequently happens, that an old cunning * Notary, like *Æsop's* Fox who cheated the Crow, disappoints those Persons who think themselves sure of being his Heirs; and how subtle soever *Nasica* may be, he only gives an Occasion to *Coranus* to laugh at him. *Ulys.* Are you really inspir'd, or do you delude me with ambiguous Predictions? *Tir.* Hear me, *Ulysses*, every thing that I foretell will be, or will not; *Apollo* has given me the Art of Divination. *Ulys.* If then it be lawful, pray explain the Meaning of the Story you told me of *Nasica* and *Coranus*. *Tir.* 'Tis this. When a young Prince, the Terror of the *Parthians*, who derives his Pedigree from the Great *Æneas*, shall be equally powerful both by Sea and Land; it shall come to pass, that the covetous *Nasica*, who never lov'd to pay his Debts, shall give his Daughter in Marriage to the valiant *Coranus*, in Hopes of being Heir to his Estate. *Coranus*, being acquainted with *Nasica's* Design, after some Time gives him his Will to peruse; *Nasica* at first declines it, but being at length prevail'd upon, he reads it over to himself, and finds to his Confusion, that Co-

* *Scriba ex quinque viro*: In the Roman Colonies, there were several inferior Magistrates call'd *Quinque Viri*; they who had gone thro' these Offices, had a Right to be Publick Notaries, whose Business it was to take an Account of the Proceedings in the Courts of Judicature.

Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.

Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier si forte dolosa, 70

Libertusve senem delirum temperet; illis

Accedas socius: laudes, lauderis ut absens.

Adjuvat hoc quoque: sed vincit longe prius ipsum

Expugnare caput. scribet mala carmina vecors?

Laudato. scortator erit? cave te roget: ultro 75

Penelopam facilis potiori trade. putasne,

Perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,

Quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu?

Venit enim (indignum) donandi parca juventus,

Nec tantum veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ. 80

Sic tibi Penelopa frugi est: quæ, si semel uno

De sene gustarit tecum partita lucellum,

Ut canis a corio numquam absterrebitur uncto.

Me sene quod dicam factum est. anus improba

Thebis

Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver 85

Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris talit heres:

Scilicet, elabi si posset mortua; credo,

Quod nimium insisterat viventi. cautus adito:

Neu desis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.

Difficilem & morosum offendes garrulus ultro. 90

Non etiam fileas. Davus sis comicus; atque

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ranus had left him and his Daughter nothing but an unexhaustible Fund of Grief and Sorrow.

I have yet somewhat more to say upon this Subject. When you perceive an old doating rich Fellow to be entirely govern'd by his Man, or Maid-Servant, associate your self with them, commend them to their Master, and they in return will not be wanting in your Commendations. This Method of proceeding is very successful; but it will avail you more to gain a personal Interest in him. If you find that he has an Inclination to Poetry, do not neglect to extol his Verses, tho' never so bad. I will tell you what happen'd when I was an Old Man: A malicious Woman died at * *Thebes*, who by her Will order'd her Heir to anoint her with Oil, and to carry her naked Body upon his Shoulders to her Funeral Pile. She made this Order, as I suppose, with Design that when dead, she might slip out of his hands, who had never stirr'd from her while she was living.

It concerns you much to observe a strict and prudent Conduct; as you must be careful not to neglect them, so on the other hand, you must be equally careful, that you do not tire them with your Importunities. Men in Years are fickle and morose, they hate nothing so much as a prating Fellow; but it does not follow, that you must therefore be eternally silent. The Example of *Davus* in the Comedy, is very worthy of your Imitation; you must affect a Reverential Posture, with your

* *Thebes*, a very magnificent City of Greece in *Bæotia*, which was utterly demolish'd by *Alexander* the Great: It was afterwards repair'd, or rather built by *Cassander* the Son of *Antipater*; it is now an inconsiderable Borough call'd *Stives*, subject to the *Turks*.

Stes capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti.
Obsequio grassare: mone, si increbruit aura,
Cautus uti velet carum caput: extrahere turba
Oppositis humeris: aurem substringe loquaci. 95
Importunus amat laudari? donec Ohe jam!
Ad cælum manibus sublatis dixerit, urgue; Et
Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.
Cum te servitio longo curaue levavit;
Et certum vigilans, Quartæ esto partis Ulixes, 100
Audieris, heres: Ergo nunc Dama sodalis
Nusquam est? unde mihi tam fortem, tamque fide-
lem?
Sparge subinde: Et, si paullum potes inlacrimare,
est
Gaudia prodentem voltum celare. sepulcrum
Permissum arbitrio, sine sordibus exstrue. funus 105
Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. si quis
Forte coheredum senior male tussiet; huic tu
Dic, ex parte tua seu fundi, sive domus sit
Emtor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina. vive, valeque. 110

Head inclining a little on one side; you must conquer him by your Civility; if the Wind blows hard, see that his precious Head be cover'd: If he is in a Crowd, shoulder all about you, till you have brought him safe out of it. If he loves to talk much, hear him patiently: If he delights in his own Commendations, be lavish in his Praises; and be sure that you never leave off extolling him, till, lifting up his Hands to Heaven, he says it is enough. When by his Death you shall at length be freed from this tedious Service; and, being broad-awake, shall hear that *Ulysses* is Heir to the fourth of his Estate, then do not fail to fill the House with Lamentations, crying out in a mournful and passionate Tone, *Demetrius* is no more, the best Friend that I had in the World is dead: where shall I find another Friend so generous and faithful as *Demetrius* was? This done, if possible, shed a Flood of Tears; 'tis requisite also to disguise your Joy under a sad and melancholy Aspect. If his Interment be committed to your Care, let it be sumptuous and magnificent, that all the Neighbours may commend the Pomp and Splendour of it; and if it so happen, that any of the Co-Heirs is something Antient, and has a Consumptive Cough, apply your self to him, say, that you are willing to sell your Part of the Inheritance, be it in Land or Houses, for what he pleases. But imperious * *Proserpine* calls me back to my Abode. Live and be happy.

* *Proserpine*, the Daughter of *Ceres*, and Wife to *Pluto*, whom the Poets feign'd to be King of Hell.



S A T I R A VI.

HO C erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,

Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,

Et paullum silvæ super his foret. auctius atque

Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,

Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera
faxis. 5

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,

Nec sum factururus vitio culpæve minorem:

Si veneror stultus nil horum, O si angulus ille

Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!

O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret! ut
illi, 10

Tthesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum

Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico

Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece
te oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, & cetera præter

Ingenium; utque soles, custas mihi maximus
adsis. 15

Ergo



S A T I R E VI.

A LITTLE Farm, and a pleasant clear Spring; a Garden and a Grove were the utmost of my Wishes; the Gods in their Bounty have exceeded my Hopes, and I am contented. O * *Mercury*, I desire nothing more than that these Blessings may be continu'd to me. If I have neither increas'd my Estate by any base dishonest Practices, nor lessen'd it by Debauchery; If I trouble Heaven with no idle Petitions; if I am not always wishing, that that little Spot of Ground which wou'd make my Garden so uniform and regular, were added to my Possessions; that Fortune wou'd conduct me to some hidden Treasure, as once she did a labouring Hind, who, having † *Hercules* for his Friend, found so much Gold, that he purchas'd the Field which he was ploughing for another. If then I make no unnecessary Prayers, if I am easy and satisfied with my present Condition; Continue, I beseech thee, thy wonted Goodness and Protection to me, and grant that my Cattle may be Fat, and that they and all things else belonging to me may be heavy, except my Understanding.

* *Mercury*, the Son of *Jupiter* by *Maja*, the Patron of the Poets, the Disposer of Riches, and God of the Fields. He is the same with *Sylvanus*.

† *Hercules* the Son of *Jupiter* by *Alcmene*, he was appointed to be *Mercury's* Associate in the Distribution of Riches.

*Ergo ubi me in montis & in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius inlustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri?*

*Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbae.*

*Matutine pater, seu fane libentius audis, 20
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores*

*Instituunt (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium: Romam sponsorem me rapis: Eia,*

*Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem 25*

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

*Postmodo, quod mihi obfit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, & facienda injuria tardis.*

*Quid tibi vis, insane, & quam rem agis? impro-
bus urguet*

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat, 30

Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.

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WHEN, leaving *Rome*, I retire to my little Castle upon a Hill, how can I better employ my Time than in writing *Satires*, in a Stile that comes nearer to Prose than Verse? In this my Solitude, the Charms of Ambition are not able to move me; I find no Inconvenience from the Southern Winds; the sickly Autumn, which is so beneficial to the * Undertakers, affects me not.

O Father of the Morning! or rather *Janus*, if that Name delights thee more; thou, who presidest at the Birth of all Things, and from whom, by the Decree of Heaven, Men are wont to implore a Blessing on their Labours, be thou propitious to my present Undertaking.

YOU hurry me to *Rome* to be Surety for my Friend: Make haste, say you, lest another prevent you in so humane an Action: Let it Rain or Snow, go I must; tho' the Days be short, and the cold North Wind blows dreadfully boisterous, yet no Excuse will be admitted. Having declar'd my self his Bail, in a very loud distinct Voice, which I may probably repent of hereafter; the next Difficulty is, how to get thro' the Crowd: I push those before me, for not going faster. What wou'd this Fellow have, what, are you mad? Surely you are in mighty Haste, says an impudent Fellow, who liberally bestows his Curses upon me; what, cries he, must you throw down all before you, because you have made an Appointment with *Mæcenas*?

* *Libitina*, a Goddess who had a Temple at *Rome*, wherein was kept whatsoever was necessary to Funeral Solemnities, which was bought or borrow'd of the *Libitinarij* as every one had Occasion.

*Hoc juvat, & melli est; ne mentiar. at simul
atras*

*Ventum est Esquillas; aliena negotia centum
Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras. 35*

*De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Inprimat his cura Mæcenâs signa tabellis.*

*Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit, & instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus, 40*

*Ex quo Mæcenâs me cœpit habere suorum
In numero: dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concedere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro
par:*

*Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent: 45
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.*

*Per totum hoc tempus, subjēctior in diem & horam
Invidiæ noster. ludos spectaverit una:
Luserit in campo: Fortunæ filius, omnes.*

Frigidus

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THIS last Expression pleases me; it is Nuts to me, I own, for it is a Folly to dissemble: But this is not all; as soon as ever I reach the *Esquilias*, I am presently beset with a thousand Suitors. *Roscius*, saith one, desires you wou'd not fail of being before Eight at the * *Prætor's Tribunal*. The Secretaries (says another) desir'd me to put you in Mind of coming to Town to Day upon some publick Business that is new and of great Importance: A third presses me to get *Mæcenas* to sign his Papers; if I say, that I will use my best Endeavours, he immediately replies, that I can do it if I please, Sir, I conjure you to give me your Assistance.

It is now near Eight Years since *Mæcenas* first honour'd me with his Friendship, with no other Design, than to take me with him in his Coach, when he went into the Country, to pass away his leisure Hours, with asking and answering little Trifling Questions; as, what is it a Clock? Is the *Thracian Gladiator* as brave as the *Syrian*? The Mornings begin to be cold, they feel it to Purpose, who do not cloath themselves accordingly; with many other Things of the like Importance, which one may safely trust with a Blab-Tongue. From that Time I have been more and more envied; this *Horace*, say they, is Fortune's Favourite, last Night he was at the Play with *Mæcenas*; Ye-

* The Romans, when a Thunder-bolt fell upon a Place without a Roof, took special Care to have a Cover built over it, which they call'd *Puteal*; this had the Name of *Puteal Libonis*, see *Epist.* 19. *Book I.* and *Scribonium Puteal*, it being erected by *Scribonius Libo*, by order of the Senate. The *Prætor's Tribunal*, standing just by, is often signified in Authors by the same Expression.

Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor: 50
Quicumque obuius est, me consulit; O bone, (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Numquid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Tri-
quetra 55

Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.

Perditur hæc inter misero lux; non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque lice-
bit, 60

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jocunda obliviam vitæ?

O quando

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sterday they perform'd their Exercises together in the * *Field of Mars*. If the Report of any ill News be spread about the City, I am presently accosted by all that meet me. Sir, say they, you live at Court; you are acquainted with the Emperor's Ministers, hear you nothing of the † *Dacians*? Nothing at all, Sir. What will you be always mocking [fooling] us? May I die, if I know any Thing. Will the the Distribution of Lands, which *Cesar* has promis'd to his Soldiers, be in ‡ *Sicily* or *Italy*? I protest to them, that I know nothing of these Matters: they wonder at it, and say to themselves, that I am an excellent Man in keeping a Secret.

THUS it is, that I waste away the Day; The not without a thousand Prayers and Wishes; Sweets
O my dear Farm, when shall I see you? When and Plea-
shall I have it in my Power, agreeably to put a Coun-
all Thoughts of Business out of my Head, by try Life.
spending my Time one while in reading old Authors, and another while in dozing and trifling away the Hours? O delicious Bean, thou near

* The *Campus Martius* was a large open Field lying near the *Tiber*, for which reason it is sometimes call'd *Tiberinus*; it was nam'd *Martius*, from its being consecrated by the old Romans to the God *Mars*; here the young Noblemen learn'd the Use of all Sorts of Arms; here they constantly exercis'd themselves in running Races, either with Chariots, or with single Horses.

† The *Dacians* are the Inhabitants of *Hungary*, *Transylvania*, *Valachia*, and all *Moldavia*; all these are contain'd in the Limits of the antient *Dacia*.

‡ *Sicily*, the greatest and most fertile Island in the *Mediterranean Sea*; it was of old joyn'd to *Italy*, but was separated by an Earthquake, or the beating of the Sea; 'tis call'd in Latin *Triquetra*, from its Triangular Form.

O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
 O noctes, cenæque Delim! quibus ipse meique 65
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procacis
 Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,
 Siccat inequalis calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula, seu modicis uvescit letius. ergo 70
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamur; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos: 75
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
 Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit anilis
 Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli
 Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur 80
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;

Asper,

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Relation to the Great * *Pythagoras*, when shall I enjoy you? When shall I feed upon Herbs and sweet Bacon? O charming Evenings! O ravishing Entertainments! with which the Gods might recreate themselves. With these, in the Presence of my Household Deities, I regale my Friends, and give my saucy Servants what is left at my Table. This is our Way and Manner of living; we are under no Constraint of drinking to Excess; here every one is free to fill as he pleases, be it more or less.

IN our Conversation we concern not our selves with other Men's Affairs; we never enquire, whether *Cæsar's Mimick* dances well, or ill. Our Thoughts are employ'd on more useful Matters, such as all wise Men are concern'd to know: We debate with our selves whether Vertue or Riches do most conduce to the Happiness of Life; whether Reason or Interest should principally direct us in the Choice of our Friends; What is the Nature of that which we call Good, and what is the Chief Good.

MY Neighbour *Cervius* diverts us now and then with a pleasant old Tale, that is much to the Purpose, as we talk of these Things. For Instance, shou'd any one, that is ignorant of the Cares and Anxieties which attend upon Riches, commend *Arellius's* great Estate; he presently cries, I will tell you a Story.

ONCE upon a Time a City-Mouse made a Visit to an old Acquaintance in the Country, by whom he was very kindly receiv'd. The

* *Pythagoras* was of Opinion that the Bean was form'd out of the same Corruption as Man, and at the same Time. See his Character, *Book II. Sat. IV.*

*Asper, & attentus quaeritis, ut tamen artum
Solveret hospitiiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:*

Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi 85

Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cena

Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:

Cum pater ipse domus paleâ porrectus in horna

Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

*Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,
amice, 90*

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis?

Carpe viam (mibi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortalis animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est

Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga. quo, bone, circa, 95

Dum licet, in rebus jocundis vive beatus:

Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

Mœnia nocturni subrepere: jamque tenebat 100

Nox medium cæli spatium; cum ponit uterque

In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco

Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;

Multaque

Country-Mouse was of a careful frugal Temper, yet very free in his Entertainments. In short, the best Pease and Oats, which for a long Time had been hoarded up, were immediately produc'd; to these were added a dry'd Raisin and some Scraps of Bacon, which were probably the Relicks of a Country Feast. This Variety of Meat was serv'd up in Order, with Design, if possible, to give a new Appetite to his delicate Guest, who seem'd to touch every Thing with an Air of Disdain; all this while the Master of the House, stretch'd at length upon fresh clean Straw, made shift to feed on Tares and Chaff, leaving the best Provision for his Friend. At last, the City-Mouse being much dissatisfied with his Entertainment, spoke in this manner.

“ How can you endure, my dear Friend,
 “ said he, to live on the Top of this craggy
 “ Mountain? Do you not think, that Cities
 “ and Men are preferable to this barren deso-
 “ late Wilderness? If you do, go along with
 “ me; all Terrestrial Beings are subject to
 “ Mortality; alas! my Friend, Death cannot
 “ be avoided, both the Great and Small, and
 “ all must die; let us therefore be mindful of
 “ the Shortness of our Being, let us live while
 “ Life is continu'd to us, and gratify our selves
 “ with every Thing that is pleasing.

THE Country-Mouse, being charm'd with this Discourse, was easily persuaded to leave his Cell. They both set forward on their Journey together, designing by Night to reach the City. They arriv'd about Midnight, and took up their Quarters in a stately Palace, where the Purple Coverings on the Ivory Beds made a glorious Appearance; but nothing

Multaque de magna superessent fercula cena,
 Quæ procul exstructis inerant besterna canistris. 105
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes: necnon verniliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod adfert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque 110
 Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lætis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi
 vita 115
 Est opus hac, ait, & valeas: me silva cavusque
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

SATIRA

pleas'd our Travellers better than the Remains of an excellent Supper, which lay heap'd in Baskets, one upon another. The City-Mouse, who understood good Breeding perfectly well, had no sooner plac'd his Country-Companion on a Purple Carpet, but, like a good and diligent Host, he plied him with Variety of the choicest Meats, and at the same Time perform'd the Office of a Servant, in tasting every Thing that was laid before him. The Country-Mouse, as he lay upon the Tapestry, was strangely overjoy'd at so happy and unexpected a Change of his Condition, he did all he cou'd to express his Satisfaction; when on a sudden the Door flew open with so terrible a Noise, that they both scamper'd from the Bed they lay upon. They ran about the Room half distracted with Fear; to encrease their Terror, the Mastiff Dogs made the House to shake with their Barking. The Country-Mouse, being a little recover'd from his Fright, was in Haste to be gone; at Parting he told his City Friend, that this Noisy Way of living was by no means agreeable to him, that he wish'd him well, that for his Part, he was going again to his little Cell, where, tho' I feed, said he, on Tares and Vetches, yet I lead a Life secure from Danger, which does more than compensate the Loss of your good Cheer.



SATIRA VII.

FAMDUDUM ausculto; & cupiens tibi
dicere servus

*Pauca, reformido. Davusne? Ita, Davus, ami-
cum*

*Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis: hoc
est,*

Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri

(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra. 5

*Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urguet
Propositum: pars multa natat, modo recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. sæpe notatus*

Cum tribus annellis, modo læva Priscus inani,

Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas: 10

Ædibus ex magnis subito se conderet, unde

Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeste:

Fam



S A T I R E VII.

Davus and Horace.

Dav. HAVING heard you, Sir, a considerable Time with a great deal of Patience, I passionately desire to change a few Words with you, but being your Servant I durst not take so great a Liberty. *Hor.* Is it you, *Davus*? *Dav.* Yes, *Davus*, your Slave that loves his Master, and as to wasting his Goods is free enough from that, that is, not such a Degree as to make you suspect him of being short-liv'd. *Hor.* Well, Sir, You may enjoy the Freedom of the present * Solemnity, our Fathers allow'd it, come, speak your Mind.

Dav. The greatest Part of Mankind are constantly Vicious, they persevere in Wickedness, and are always the same; others again are strangely changeable and inconstant; like those who swim up and down a River, they float as it were, between Good and Evil, one while they are Vertuous, then again they are Vicious.

'Tis observ'd of *Priscus*, that he sometimes wears three Rings on his Finger, sometimes he has none; he knows not what he would be at; sometimes he appears in a Magistrate's Robe, and then presently again in an ordinary Habit. Sometimes he leaves his stately House, and takes a Lodging in such a Hole, as a cleanly Freed-man would blush to be seen coming out

* *Saturnalia*. See Book II. Sat. III.

Jam mæchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
 Vivere: Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
 Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta cheragra 15
 Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret atque
 Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurna
 Conductum parvit, quanto constansior idem
 In vitiiis, tanto levius miser, ac prior * ille
 Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat. 20

Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida ten-
 dant,

Furcifer? Ad te, inquam. Quo pacto, pessime?
 Landas

Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
 Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat, usque recuses:
 Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse, 25
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
 Nequicquam cæno cupiens evellere plantam.
 Romæ rus optas: absentem rusticus Urbem
 Tollis ad astra levis. si nusquam es forte vocatus
 Ad cenam, laudas securum olus; ac, velut us-
 quam 30

Vinctus

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of. He is a Debauchee at *Rome*, and at *Athens* a Philosopher; he is in all Things so inconsistent, that one would think he was born at the Change of the Moon.

VOLANERIUS the Buffoon, being lame with the Gout, (which his Intemperance had justly brought upon him) hir'd a Servant to take up the Dice and throw 'em in his stead. The more steady such a Man as that is in Vice, the less miserable, and the more preferable is his Condition than that Man's, who is sometimes vicious, sometimes virtuous, and (as it were) walks one while on the straight Rope, another while on the slack one.

Hor. SIRRAH, you had best tell me what it is you mean by these Reflections?

Dav. They are meant of you. *Hor.* As how, Rascal? *Dav.* You extol the happy Condition of our Ancestors, you commend their Temperance and Chastity and Moderation; and yet should some Divinity require you to live as they did, you would refuse to do so; either because you do not believe what you say to be true, or that you are not steady in your Resolutions. You are still the same, notwithstanding you pretend the contrary; you stick fast in the Mire, and vainly endeavour to pluck your Feet out of it. When you are at *Rome*, you are all for the Country; when in the Country, then nothing so pleasant as a City Life. When no one has invited you to Supper, then you say, that you love to eat in Quiet, and enjoy your Liberty; then

*Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis amasque,
 Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. iusserit ad se
 Mæcenæ serum sub lumina prima venire
 Convivam, Nemon' oleum fert ocus? ecquis
 Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque. 35
 Mulvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
 Discodunt, etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
 Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:
 Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, addæ, popino.
 Tu, cum sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultro 40
 Infectere, velut melior? verbisque decoris
 Obvolvas vitium? quid, si me stultior ipso
 Quingentis emto drachmis deprenderis? aufer
 Me voltu terrere: manum stomachumque teneto.
 Non sum mæchus, ais. neque ego, bercule fur, ubi
 vasa 45*

*Prætereo sapiens argentea. tolle periculum,
 Jam vaga profiliet frenis natura remotis.
 Tunc mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
 Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque*

Imposita

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then you pretend, that whenever you go abroad, 'tis sore against your Inclinations, but if *Mecenas* sends for you to Supper, tho' it be late, and the Company be just ready to sit down to Table, then, Where's the Oil! quickly: Does no-body hear? Thus you fill the House with Uproar, and make all the Haste you can to *Mecenas's*. *Mulvius* and others, who hang upon you, are oblig'd to sneak away without Supper; I dare not say what they wish you on that Occasion. Perhaps some one will tell me (and I confess it to be true) that I am a Glutton, that I am a smell-Feast, that I am Slow, Lazy, what you will; nay, that I am a Haunter of the Stews. Now supposing all this to be true, if you are as bad as my self, or perhaps worse, why shou'd you reprimand me, as if you were better, who disguise the Baseness and Deformity of your Vices, by I know not what specious glittering Names? Nay, perhaps you will be found to be a greater Fool than your humble Servant that cost you but Fifty Crowns. Lay aside, I beseech you, that surly Countenance, refrain your Passion, and keep your Hands to your self.

You say you are no Adulterer; nor am I a The Slave Thief, when I am so wise as to keep my Hands very of off from Plate, as I go by: But take away the being Danger of Punishment, and Nature will shew Vicious. it self in both of us, when its Restraints are remov'd: Are you fit to be my Master who have so many Passions and Men for your Masters? The *Prætor* with his * Wand may give you your

* The Ceremony of Manumission was in the following Manner. The Slave was brought before the *Prætor* by his Master, who laying his Hand upon his Servant's Head, said to the *Prætor*, *Hunc Hominem liberum esse volo*,
upon

224 Q. HORATII Sat. VII.

Imposita haud umquam misera formidine privet? 50

Adde super, dictis quod non levius valeat: nam

Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos

Vester ait, seu conseruus: tibi quid sum ego?

nempe

Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque

Ducers, ut nervis alienis mobile signum. 55

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui impe-

riosus;

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula

terrent;

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores

Fortis; Et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,

Externi ne quid valeat per laeve morari; 60

In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. potesne

Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? quinque ta-

lenta

Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum

Perfundit gelida: rursus vocat. eripe turpi

Colla iugo: Liber, liber sum, dic age. non quis: 65

Urguet enim dominus mentem non lenis, Et acris

Subiectat

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your Freedom as often as he pleases, but it is not in his Power to deliver you from your Fears.

WHAT I am going to say farther, is of no less Weight and Importance than the former : For if he who is under the Direction of a Slave, be he an Underling (as you Masters call him); or be he a Fellow-Slave; then what am I to you? For you who command me, are a downright Slave to others, and have no more Power over your self than a Puppet which moves by Springs and Wires. *Hor.* Who then is free? *The Description of a Freeman.* *Dav.* The Man that is wise; he who governs himself with an absolute Power; whom neither Poverty, nor Death, nor Chains, are able to affright; who has the Courage to bridle his Passions, and despise Honour; whose Happiness depends only upon himself: Who gathers himself, like a Hedge-Hog, into so round a Shape, that no outward Accident can reach him: In short, upon whom the Attempts of Fortune are unsuccessful. Do you know your self, Sir, by any Part of this Character? Your Mistress teazes you to give her Five Talents; she tires you with her Importunities; shuts you in her Passion out of Doors, throws Water upon you, then cooling a little, she calls you back again. For Shame, for Shame, deliver your self from so infamous a Bondage, and say, I am free. But alas, it is not in your Power to do so;

upon which he let him go out of his Hand; then the *Prætor*, laying a Rod upon his Head called *Vindicta*, said, *Dico eum liberum esse more Quiritum*. After this, the *Lictor* with the *Prætor's* Rod struck the Servant several Blows on the Head, Face and Back, and nothing now remain'd but to receive a Cap in token of Liberty, and to be enroll'd among the Freemen, with the Reason of his obtaining that Favour,

Q

a cruel

*Subjettat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.
 Vel cum Pauſiaca torpes, inſane, tabella;
 Qui peccas minus atque ego, cum Fulvi Rutubæque
 Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror 70
 Prælia, rubrica picta aut carbone, velut ſi
 Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
 Arma viri? nequam & ceſſator Davus: at
 ipſe
 Subtilis veterum judex, & callidus audis.
 Nil ego, ſi ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens 75
 Virtus atque animus cenis reſponſat opimis?
 Obſequium ventris mihi pernicioſius eſt cur?
 Tergo plecttor enim: quæ tu impunitior illa,
 Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, obſonia captas?
 Nempe inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ; 80
 Inluſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
 Corpus. an hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvam
 Furtiva mutat ſtrigili? qui prædia vendit,*

Book II. HORACE'S *Satires*. 227

a cruel Master keeps you under, the Tyrant Passion rides you with Spurs till you are tir'd, and turns you which way he pleases, whether you will or no.

Again, When you gaze upon a Piece of * *Pausias's*, with a Sort of Ecstasie, why are you more to be excus'd than I am, when I gaze on the Prize-fightings of † *Fulvius*, *Rutuba*, or *Placideianus*, which are drawn in Charcoal so exactly to the Life, with all their several Motions and Gestures, that you wou'd think you saw them fighting? Tho' the Folly is the same, yet you pass for a mighty Critick in the Paintings of the Antients, but *Davus* is a Rascal, Loiterer, and what not! I am presently call'd Rogue, if I follow the Scent of a good smoaking Cake; but are you, with all your mighty Virtue and Resolution, able to resist the Temptation when invited to some delicious Supper? 'Tis more dangerous indeed for me to indulge my Appetite, because I am sure of being whipt; but are not you punished too, for being so fond of Dishes that can't be had for a small Expence? You find that continual Feasting brings Bitterness along with it at last, and your Body is so pamper'd and bloated, that its tottering Feet cannot support it. If your Foot-boy by Night steals a Comb, and trucks it away for a Bunch of Grapes, is he guilty of a Fault? and does the

* *Pausias*, a famous Painter of *Sicyone*, the Disciple of *Pamphylus*, Contemporary with *Apelles*.

† It was customary, when any Person design'd to oblige the People with a Fight of *Gladiators*, to set up Bills in publick Places, giving an Account of the Time, Number, and other Circumstances; besides these Bills, they set up great Pictures representing the Manner of the Fight, and the Effigies of some of the most celebrated *Gladiators*, whom they intended to bring upon the Theatre.

*Nil servile gulæ parens habet? adde, quod idem
 Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia recte 85
 Ponere; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro,
 Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam:
 Frustra: nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fu-
 gacem.*

*Unde mihi lapidem? Quorsum est opus? Unde
 sagittas?*

*Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit. Ocius hinc te 90
 Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.*



SATIRA VIII.

UT Nasidieni juvit te cena beati?

*Nam mihi convivam quærenti, dictus hère
 illic*

De medio potare die. Sic, ut mihi numquam

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Man who sells his Estate to gratify his Palate, do nothing mean and servile? Besides, Can you bear being alone, tho' it be but for an Hour? Know you how to employ that little Time that lies upon your Hands? Like an idle Vagabond you fly from your self; you try to drive away Care sometimes with Drinking, sometimes with Sleeping; but all to no Purpose, the unwelcome Companion presses you hard, you cannot fly from it. *Hor.* Where shall I find a Stone? *Dav.* At whom wou'd you throw it? *Hor.* O that I had an Arrow! *Dav.* My Master is either mad, or making Verses. *Hor.* Villain, be gone; if you stay but a Moment, I will send you forthwith to those eight Slaves, who are now working at my Farm.



SATIRE VIII.

*Horace and * Fundanius.*

Hor. I SENT you Yesterday an Invitation, A Description
and Word was brought me, that you went out about One, to take a Repast with the of a Feast.
happy † *Nasidienus*; pray how did you like your
Enter-

* *Fundanius*, an excellent Comedian. See Book I. Sat. X.

N. B. † Notwithstanding that *Dacier* and others have suppos'd this *Nasidienus* to have been a rich, but sordid miserly Roman, and that this Feast shews his Temper, yet nothing in this Satyr shews it, unless the Expressions be forc'd and turn'd from their natural Sense, as they are by *Dacier* for that Purpose. He was a rich Coxcomb, and the Raillery of the Satyr turns upon his cha-

In vita fuerit melius. Dic (si grave non est)

Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca. 5

In primis Lucanus aper: leni fuit Austro

Captus, ut aiebat cenæ pater; acria circum

Rapula, lactucæ, radices, qualia lassum

Pervellunt stomachum, siser, allec, sæcula Coa.

His ubi sublatis, puer alte cinctus acernam 10

Gausape purpureo mensam perterisit, & alter

Sublegit quodcumque jaceret inutile, quodque

Possset cenantis offendere; ut Attica virgo

Cum sacris Cereris, procedit fuscus Hydaspes

Cæcuba vina ferens; Alcon, Chium maris expers. 15

Hic herus; Albanum, Mæcenæ, sive Falernum

Te magis adpositis delectat; habemus utrumque.

Divitias miseras! sed quis cenantibus una,

Fundani, pulchre fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.

Summus ego, & prope me Viscus Thurinus, &

infra

20

Entertainment? *Fun.* I was never better pleas'd in all my Life. *Hor.* If it be not too much Trouble, pray tell me what was the first Dish brought upon the Table. *Fun.* The first was a *Lucanian* Boar, which, as the Master of the Feast inform'd us, was taken in Time, when little or no South Wind was stirring; it was garnish'd with Roots, Radishes, Lettice and Skerrets, which are excellent Things to sharpen the Appetite; the Sauce was Anchovies dissolv'd in the Lees of *Coan* Wine. The first Course being remov'd, a Servant came in and wip'd the Maple Table with a Purple Napkin, while another was employ'd in removing every thing which lay in the Way, and might be offensive to the Guests at Supper. When this was done, his Black, *Hydaspes*, like an *Athenian* Virgin carrying the Vessels of the Goddess *Ceres*, with a solemn Majestick Pace, enter'd the Room, bringing *Cæcuban* Wine along with him; *Alcon* follow'd with some *Chian* that had no Mixture of Sea-Water in it. Upon this our Host said to *Mæcenas*, Sir, If *Albanian* or *Falernian* Wines please you better than these upon the Table, we have both. *Hor.* What a ridiculous rich Fellow this is! But I long to know who were the Company at this Feast, where you were made so much of, *Fundanius*. *Fun.* I lay at the Top of one * Bed, *Viscus* *Thurinus*

characterizing and commending all his Dishes, and his being at a great Expence to make a Feast, where every thing was ill-judg'd and ill-pair'd, both the Dishes and the Guests.

* The Beds on which the *Romans* lay down to eat, were usually of the same Shape and Make; and did generally hold no more than three Persons. Over these they threw a kind of Quilt stuff'd with Feathers, call'd

*(Si memini) Varius, cum Servilio Balatrone
 Vibidius, quos Mæcenæ adduxerat umbras:
 Nomentanus erat super ipsum; Porcius infra,
 Ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas:
 Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, si quid forte lateret, 25
 Indice monstraret digito. nam cetera turba,
 Nos inquam, cenamus avis, conchylia, piscis,
 Longe dissimilem noto celantia succum:
 Ut vel continuo patuit, cum passeris assi, &
 Ingustata mihi porrexerat ilia rhombi. 30
 Post hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem
 Ad lunam delecta. quid hoc intersit, ab ipsa
 Audieris melius. tum Vibidius Balatroni;*

Nos,

Thurinus was next to me, and if I remember right, *Varius* was below him; on another Bed lay *Mæcenas* with *Balatro* and *Vibidius*, whom he brought along with him: The last had on it *Nomentanus* and *Porcius*, with *Nasidienus* lying between them. *Porcius*'s Business was (it seems) to make us laugh at his swallowing down whole Custards at a Mouthful: But *Nomentanus*'s was this, If there was any Rarity which no body took Notice of, to point to it with his Finger, and make the Company observe it. For we, I mean the rest of the Company, in all the Fowl and Fish which we ate of, found a Taste very different from what we were acquainted with; which he soon shew'd me by helping me to some of the Row of roasted Plaise and of Turbot, such as I had never tasted before. He afterwards acquainted me with a considerable Secret; the Apples of Paradise, said he, are reddest when the Moon's in her Decrease; what Advantage that is, he himself best can tell you. Come on, said

Culcitra. On this Carpet were laid *Pulvini*, Pillows or Cushions for the Guests to lean their Backs upon.

As to the Manner of the Entertainment, the Guests in the first Place bath'd with the Master of the Feast, and then chang'd their ordinary Cloaths for the *Vestis Convivalis*, which was a light kind of Frock; the Slaves at the same time pull'd off their *Soleæ*, that they might not dirty the Carpet, which was commonly very rich. As to their Places, the first Man lay at the Head of the Bed, resting the Forepart of his Body on his left Elbow, having a Cushion to prop up his Back; the next Man lay with his Head towards the Feet of the first, from which he was guarded by the Cushion that supported his Back, which commonly reach'd to the Navel of the other Man; the rest were dispos'd in the same Manner. Being settled on the Beds they wash'd their Hands, after which they were serv'd with Garlands of Roses, and other Flowers; the most honourable Place was the middle Bed, and the Middle of that.

Vibidius,

Nos, nisi damnoſe bibimus, moriemur inulti :

Et calices poſcit maiores. vertere pallor 35

Tum parochi faciem, nil ſic metuentis ut acris

Potores : vel quod maledicunt liberius ; vel

Fervida quod ſubtile, exſurdant vina palatum.

Invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota

Vibidius Balatroque, ſecutis omnibus : imi 40

Convivæ læti nihilum nocuere lagenis.

Adfertur ſquillas inter muræna natantis

*In patina porrecta. ſub hoc herus, Hæc gravida,
inquit,*

Capta eſt ; deterior poſt partum carne futura,

His mixtum jus eſt ; oleo, quod prima Venafri 45

Preſſit cella ; garo de ſuccis piſcis Hiberi ;

Vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,

Dum coquitur ; cotto Chium ſic convenit, ut non

Hoc magis ullum aliud ; pipere albo, non ſine aceto,

Quod Methymnæam vitio mutaverit uvam : 50

Erucas viridis, inulas ego primus amaras

Monſtravi incoquere ; inlotos Curtillus echinos,

Ut melius muria, quam teſta marina remittit.

Interea ſuſpenſa gravis aulæa ruinas

In patinam fecere, trabentia pulveris atri 55

Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.

Nos majus veriti, poſtquam nihil eſſe pericli

Senſimus, erigimur. Rufus poſito capite, ut ſi

Vibidius, turning himself to *Balatro*, this Fellow will talk us to Death, and we shall die unreveng'd, unless we drink him dry; upon this he call'd for larger Glasses. The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but *Nasidienus* turn'd as pale as Death; he fear'd nothing so much as your hard Drinkers, either because they are apt to take too great a Liberty in their Railery, or because they lose all their Delicacy of Taste for choice Eating. *Vibidius* and *Balatro* with their large Glasses quickly emptied the Bottles, the rest of the Company follow'd their Example; but the Bottles were little the worse for *Nasidienus* and his two Companions. Whilst the Bumpers went thus merrily round, a Lamprey, with Shrimps swimming in the Sauce, in a large great Dish, was set upon the Table: This Lamprey, said our Host, was taken with Young; when once they have spawn'd they are good for nothing; and then for the Sauce, 'tis made of the purest *Venafrian* Oil, the Pickle of a Lobster, and while it is boiling we pour in some *Italian* Wine full five Years old; but after it has once boil'd, then nothing is so good as a little *Chian* Wine, with white Pepper and some *Lesbian* Vinegar. I was the Man who found out the Secret of boiling green Roquets and *Elicampane*; but *Curtillus* was the first who boil'd Crawfish without washing them in fresh Water, which are better than the *Cavear* which is brought over in stinking Pots from *Byzantium*.

As he was going on, the Hangings fell down upon the Dish, and made a greater Dust than ever the North-Wind was known to raise in all *Campania*. At first we were afraid that it was something worse, but when we saw that there was no Danger, we took Heart again.

Filius immaturus obisset, flere. quis esset
Finis, ni sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum 60
Tolleret? Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus? ut semper gaudes inludere rebus
Humanis! Varius mappa conpescere risum
Vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso,
Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat: eoque 65
Responsura tuo numquam est par fama labori.
Tene, ut ego accipiar laute, torquerier omni
Sollicitudine districtum; ne panis adustus,
Ne male conditum jus adponatur; ut omnes
Præcincti recte pueri contique ministrant? 70
Adde hos præterea casus: aulæ ruant si,
Ut modo; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso.
Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
Adversa nudare solent, celare secundæ.
Nasdienu ad hæc: Tibi Dd, quæcumque preceris, 75
Commoda dent; ita vir bonus es, convivæque comis;
Et soleas poscit. tum in lecto quoque videres

Book II. HORACE'S *Satires*. 237

dienus fell down upon the Bed, weeping and mourning, as if he had lost his only Son: He had continued his Lamentations, had not *Nonmentanus* wisely interpos'd with some Words of Consolation. Oh! Fortune, said he, thou of all the Divinities art our greatest Enemy. How thou takest a Pleasure in sporting with poor Mortals? *Varius*, tho' he put his Napkin to his Mouth, cou'd scarcely refrain from laughing; but *Balatro*, who was wont to railly every thing, immediately reply'd, 'Tis the hard Condition of human Life, that all our Joys are mix'd and unsincere: You must not expect, that Fame can ever do Justice to your Merits. Why shou'd you suffer these Afflictions, to entertain others? Why shou'd you trouble and perplex your self lest the Bread be burnt, or the Sauce ill season'd? That your Servants be decently dress'd; or that they do their Duty in their several Stations? There are many other intervening Accidents which are not less afflicting: For Instance, if the Hangings shou'd fall down, as they did just now; or if a Groom shou'd come stumbling in, and break a Dish. But let this be your Comfort, 'tis with a Master of a Feast, as with a General of an Army, it often happens that Adversity shews his Genius which had never been known in Prosperity. May the Gods (said *Nasidienus* upon this) always hear your Prayers favourably; you are so good a Man, and a Guest so ready to excuse all Faults: This said, he call'd for his * Slippers. Upon this a general Whisper ran

* *Solea*, a Sort of Sandals without any upper Leather, so that they cover'd only the Sole of the Foot, being fastned above with Straps and Buckles: They properly belong'd to the Ladies, and therefore were esteem'd as
scanda-

Stridere secreta divisos aure susurros.

Nullos his mallet ludos spectasse: sed illa

Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti. Vibidius dum 80

Quærit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagena,

Quod sibi poscenti non dentur pocula; dumque

Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo:

Nasidiene, redis mutata frontis, ut arte

Emendaturus fortunam. deinde secuti 85

Mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes

Membra gruis, sparsi sale multo non sine farre,

Pinguibus & ficis pastum jecur anseris albi,

Et leporum avolsos, ut multo suavius, armos,

Quam si cum lumbis quis edit. tum pectore adusto, 90

Vidimus & merulas poni, & sine clune palumbis,

Suavis res, si non causas narraret earum, &

Naturas dominus: quem nos sic fugimus uli,

Ut nihil omnino gustaremus; veluti si

*Canidia adflasset, pejor serpentibus * atris.* 95

* I read *Afris*; for *ater* is not an Epithet for *Serpens*, tho' *atra* be for *Vipera*, as in *Od. l. 3. Book. IV.* but the *African Serpents* are often mention'd by the Poets.

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ran thro' the Company; nothing certainly in Nature cou'd be more diverting, 'twas a perfect Comedy.

Hor. HAD you nothing else to laugh at?

Fun. YES, truly; Ho Boys, said *Vibidius*, are the Bottles all broke, that you give me no Wine when I call for it? While we were laughing at this Jest, which *Balatro* mimick'd admirably well, *Nasidienus* return'd with a joyful Countenance, having by his Wit repair'd his Misfortune; his Boys follow'd him with a prodigious Dish, wherein was a Crane cut up and grill'd with Salt and Flower; the Liver of a white Goose who was fatted with Figs; several Wings of Hares, which (as he said) eat much the sweeter when cut off from the Loins: We had serv'd up too some over-roasted Blackbirds and Pidgeons without Rumps; all which I must confess were very excellent in their Kind, and would have been very grateful to us, if the Master had not been so confoundedly troublesome in his Lectures upon them. We reveng'd ourselves upon him for his tedious Harangues, in rising from the Table without touching a Morfel, as if his Victuals had been blown upon by *Canidia*, whose Breath is worse than that of an *African Serpent*.

scandalous in the other Sex. *Cicero* exposes *Verres* and *Clodius* for wearing them, and we are inform'd by *Livy*, that the Great *Scipio* was censur'd on this very Account.

HORACE'S

Q. HORATII

FLACCI EPISTOLARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad Mæcenatem.

P *PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude,
queris,*

Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non eadem est ætas, non mens. Veianius, armis

Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro; §

Ne

H O R A C E's EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, as my Verses began, they must end with you. I have long since bid adieu to the *Muses*, have gain'd some Reputation, and receiv'd my * Discharge. Why wou'd you bring your Poet again upon the Stage? Alas! I have more of Years, and less of Vigour of Mind about me. † *Vejanus* did wisely in hanging up his Arms in *Hercules's* Temple; he now lives quiet and retir'd in the

* The *Rudis* was a Mark of Favour conferr'd upon those *Gladiators* that came off Conquerors; if the Person that obtain'd it was a Slave, it procur'd him a Discharge from any farther Performance in Publick; if a Freeman, it restor'd him to a full Enjoyment of his Liberty.

† 'Twas a Custom for all Persons when they laid down any Art or Employment, to consecrate the proper Instruments of their Profession to the particular Deity who presided over it; in Conformity to which the *Gladiators*, when discharg'd, hung up their Arms to *Hercules*, who had a Temple by every *Amphitheatre*.

R

Country,

*Ne populum extrema totiens exoret arena.
 Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem ;
 Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.
 Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono: 10
 Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in
 hoc sum:
 Condo, & conpono, quæ mox depromere possim.
 Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
 Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes. 15
 Nunc agilis fio, & mersor civilibus undis,
 Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusque satelles:
 Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.
 Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque 20
 Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus*

Pupillis,

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Country, and is no longer under the miserable Necessity of supplicating the Grace and Favour of the People, when distress'd by his * Adversary.

I HEAR a Voice perpetually sounding in my Ears ; turn an old Horse loose, and do not any longer run Races with him, lest he flag in the Course, and lose the Glory of his former Conquests. For this Reason I now take my Leave of Lyrick Verse, and of all other trifling Amusements whatsoever ; I am now employ'd in searching after Truth, and what we call the *Decorum* in Life ; and in this Search my whole Time is taken up. Something of this Sort I am composing, which I may publish hereafter. Don't ask me what Sect or Party I am of ; for I tie my self down to the Tenets of no one Master in Philosophy, but sail just as the Stream carries me : Sometimes I am all for an Active Life, and plunge my self over Head and Ears in Publick Affairs, following however the Rules of the truest and strictest Virtue : At other times I steal back again into the Precepts of † *Aristippus*, and preferring a pleasant Life before a virtuous one, I try to make my Circumstances comply with my Temper, instead of shaping my Temper to them, as I ought to do. As the Night seems long to an impatient Lover, whose Mistress has deceiv'd him ; as the Day seems slow to the weary Labourer who must work till

* When a *Gladiator* was worsted, he submitted his Arms, acknowledg'd himself conquer'd ; but this was not sufficient to save his Life without the Consent of the People ; and therefore he made Application to them to pity him.

† *Aristippus*, see Book II. Sat. III.

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataq; tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnariter id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque 3
Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocēbit.
Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis:
Non possis oculos quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungui:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis, 30
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.
Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.
Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem. 35
Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator;

Nemo

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Evening; as the Years are heavy and tedious to a Minor who is under the Government of a strict Mother; no less tedious and irksome are the Nights and Days and Years to me, till I can bring my self to the steady Practice of those Precepts, which, if duly observ'd, will be equally profitable both to the Rich and Poor, but if neglected, will be equally ruinous to the Old and the Young.

It remains therefore that I comfort my self, and govern my Life by these following Maxims. If your Eyes are sore, will you neglect to anoint them because you cannot see as far as * *Lynceus* could? Will you refuse to be cur'd of the Gout, because you despair of † *Glycon's* Strength? It is some Satisfaction to have made what Progress we cou'd in Wisdom, when we can go no farther.

ARE you given to Covetousness? Do you thirst after Riches? There are Rules and Precepts which will soften the Passion, and, in a great Measure, take away the Distemper. Are you desirous of Glory? There are certain Remedies, which, upon your carefully reading the Book that contains 'em, ‡ thrice over, will restore you to your self. The Envious and Passionate, the Drunkard, the Debauch'd and Idle Person may be reform'd; nay, even the most

* *Lynceus*, the Son of *Aphareus*, had so piercing a Sight, that, if you will believe the Poets, he cou'd see what was done in Heaven and Hell; the Ground of this Fable was, that he understood all the secret Powers of Nature, Celestial and Terrestrial.

† *Glycon*, a Philosopher, who was very remarkable for his great Strength.

‡ He ridicules the Superstition of the Stoicks, who held the Number 3 to be secret and mysterious.

*Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem. 40*

*Virtus est, vitium fugere; & sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.*

Inpiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos, 45

Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignis:

Ne cures ea, quæ stulte miraris & optas,

Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?

Quis circum pagos & circum compita pugnam

Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes, 50

Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?

Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum est,

Virtus post nummos: hæc Janus summus ab imo

Prodocet, hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque, 55

Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque,

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,

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Brutal Nature may be tamed, if he will but patiently lend an Ear to Instruction.

THE Beginning of Virtue is to avoid Vice, and the first Step to Wisdom is not to be a Fool. Do you not observe what Pains of Mind and Body Men take to escape the two great Evils of Life, Poverty and Disgrace? To avoid being poor, the unwearied Merchant makes a Voyage to the *Indies*, neither Rocks nor Tempests can obstruct his Passage. And won't you submit to hear, and learn, and take Advice from such as are able to give it, that you may be free from all Care about those things, which it is a Folly to admire and long after? What Wrestler wou'd choose to contend in Villages, rather than at the * *Olympick Games*, if he were sure to carry away the Prize without any Difficulty? Silver is not to be compar'd with Gold, nor Gold with Virtue; and yet, 'tis the general Cry from one End of † *Janus Street* to the other, O Citizens! Citizens! get Money, first of all get Money, as for Virtue seek it afterwards: Both Young and Old, with their Bags and Tables on their Arms, sing constantly this Tune. You are a Man (say they) of untainted Integrity, wise, valiant and eloquent; and yet, if you have not Four Hundred Thousand Sesterces, if but Six or Seven Thousand are

* The *Olympick Games* were instituted by *Hercules*, A.M. 2896. They were celebrated every four Years upon the Banks of *Alpheus* near *Pisa* in *Elis*, a Province of the *Peloponnesus*; these Games were restor'd by *Iphitus* 442 Years after their first Institution, about 22 or 23 Years before the Building of *Rome*. The Design of this Institution was to accustom the Young *Gracians* to Running, Leaping, and other Manly Exercises. They continu'd but five Days, the Victor was call'd *Olympionices*; and to be crown'd there, was as glorious as to triumph at *Rome*.

† See Book II. Sat. III.

*Plebs eris, at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic murus abeneus esto, 60
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nenia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus Curiis, Et decantata Camillis?
Isne tibi melius suadet, qui rem facias, rem 65
Si possis recte; si non, quocumque modo rem;
Ut propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupi:*

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wanting, notwithstanding your good Qualities, you shall still be a * *Plebeian*. But the little Boys in their ordinary Pastimes reason much better ; Do well, say they, and you shall be a King. Let us regulate our Conduct by this admirable Precept ; let this be our constant perpetual Security, never to do any thing which will wound our Consciences, and make us to look pale and be asham'd.

Now which is better ? † *Roscius's* Law, or the Boy's Song, which bestows a Kingdom on those that do well ? The † *Curij*, † *Camilli*, and the noblest *Romans*, sung this Song, and their Practice was accordingly. This Man persuades you all he can to get Money, that you may sit nearer to the Stage in the Play-house when † *Pupius's* Plays are acted, which draw
Tears

* See Book I. Sat. I.

† *Lex Roscia*, the Author *L. Roscius Otho*, Tribune of the People, ordain'd, that none should sit in the first Fourteen Seats of the *Theatre*, unless they were worth Four Hundred Thousand Sesterces ; he likewise order'd that no Freeman, or Son of a Freeman, should have the Privilege of being Knighted.

† *M. Curius Dentatus*, a Roman Consul, famous for his Victories over the *Samnites*, *Sabines*, and *Lucanians*. After these Conquests he retir'd into the Country, where he was visited by the Ambassadors of the *Samnites*, as he was boiling Turnips in a Pipkin ; who after some Discourse offer'd him a great Sum of Gold to go into their Interest. *Curius* very generously refus'd their Offer, told them that he preferr'd his Poverty to their Riches, and that his Ambition was not to be rich, but to command those that were so.

† *M. Furius Camillus*, Consul, Military Tribune and Dictator, made himself famous by several considerable Victories ; he deliver'd *Rome* when besieg'd by the *Gauls*, whom, about 23 Years after, he defeated a second time in the Plains of *Alba*, A. U. C. 387.

† This *Pupius* is said to have been peculiarly happy in raising the Passions ; nothing now remains of his
Writings

*An qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum & erectum præsens hortatur, & aptat?*

*Quod si me populus Romanus forte roget, cur 70
Non, ut porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem,
Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit;
Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent,
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum. 75
Bellua multorum est caput. nam quid sequar, aut
quem?*

*Pars hominum gestit conducere publica: sunt qui
Crustis & pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
Multis occulto crescit res fenore. verum 80
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiiisque teneri:
Idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amænis,
Si dixit dives, lacus & mare sentit amorem*

Festinantis

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Tears from the Eyes of the Spectators: He advises you to get it lawfully, if possible; but if that can't be done, to be sure to get it. Another more friendly exhorts you to stand up against Fortune, and oppose her Attempts when she means to oppress you: Which of these two in your Opinion gives the best Advice? If the People ask me whence it comes to pass, that, as I frequent the same Walks, I am not of the same Sentiments with them: Why I do not love and hate just as they do. My Reply is the same which the Fox made to the sick Lion, All the Footsteps are towards your Den, and none from it; this is the thing which makes me afraid. The People is a many-headed Monster, whom or what shou'd I imitate? Some are fond of farming the Publick Revenues, some endeavour with little Presents to catch rich Widows, and old Men in hopes of inheriting their Estate. Others again grow rich by private Usury. All this proves no more than that many Men have many Inclinations, that one loves one thing, and another another: But can you find the Man, who for an Hour together is of the same Mind? If a Person of Distinction say * *Baia* is a sweet delicious Place, in all the World there is not a spot of Ground beyond it, in respect of its lovely and beautiful Situation; the *Lucrine Lake* is presently sensible of the ardent Desires which this Man has to settle there: But the

Writings but those two Verses which were happily preserv'd by *Acron* the Grammarian.

*Flebunt amici & bene noti mortem meam,
Nam populus in me vivo lachrimavit satis.*

* *Baia*, see Book. II. Sat. IV.

Festinantis heri : cui si vitiosa libido 85

Fecerit auspicium ; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis fabri. lectus genialis in aula est ?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cælibe vita :

Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ? 90

Quid pauper ? viden', ut mutat cænacula, lectos,

Balnea, tonsores ; conducto navigio æque

Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

Si curatus inæquali tonsore capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexæ 95

Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga diffidet inpar ;

Rides. quid mea cum pugnat sententia secum ;

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ? 100

Insanire putas sollemnia me, neque rides,

Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere

A prætore dati ; rerum tutela mearum

Cum sis, & prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem

De te pendentis, te suspicientis amici. 105

Ad

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very next Day, if his capricious Humour gives him a Hint, then all the Cry is, Go, Workmen, carry your Tools and Materials to * *Teanum*. Is he marry'd? then nothing appears so agreeable to him as a single Life. Is he a single Man? Who then are so happy as they who are marry'd? What way shall I take to fix this *Proteus*, who is never the same Man? Nor is the poor Man less inconstant; he changes his Lodgings, Beds, Baths and Barbers; he hires a Boat, and grows in a little Time as weary of it, as the Great Men of their own Galleys.

IF my Hair be cut awry, if one side of my Cloak be longer than the other; if my Cloaths be new, and Linnen old, you presently laugh at me; but when I differ so unaccountably from my self in my Opinion, when I condemn what I lately desir'd, and again desire what I just now condemn'd; when I pull down and build up again; when I make square Things round, and round ones square; when my whole Life is high and low, up and down; then you forbear to laugh at me any longer, because so many Thousands are like me, and in all Respects as great Fools as my self. Tho' my Life is a Series of Contradictions, yet in your Opinion I want no Guardian, neither do I stand in need of a Physician; and yet, *Mæcenas*, though you are as it were my tutelary Deity, you are angry with your Friend who admires you, and places his whole Dependance upon you, if but my Nails are ill cut. To conclude, the † Wife
Man

* *Teanum*, a little Village of *Campania*; not far from *Baia*, famous for its hot Baths.

† The *Stoicks* maintain'd that their Wife Man was equal to God, and that he might contend for Happiness with

*Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum;
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est.*



EPISTOLA II.

Ad Lollium.

TROJANI belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi.
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile,
quid non,

Plinius

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Man is inferiour to none but *Jupiter*; He only is free, rich, beautiful and honourable; He is King of Kings; He always enjoys his Health to Perfection, unless it be when he's troubled with * *Flegm*.

with him; our Poet is more modest, he acknowledges God to be the only Wise Being, and that he is the Author and Giver of Wisdom.

* He ridicules the *Stoicks*, who confidently asserted, that the most violent Distempers were not capable of making the least Alteration in the Health of their Wise Men.



EPISTLE II.

To *Lollius*.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Lollius*, while you are pleading at *Rome*, I have carefully read over † *Homer* at ‡ *Præneste*; and I cannot but say, that he teaches us much better, and with greater Perspicuity, what is Honourable, what

† *Homer*, see Book I. Sat. X. This Poet, in respect of his Lessons of Morality, according to the common Philosophical Division of Good into the *Pleasant*, *Profitable* and *Honest*, which *Horace* here lays down, has more fully and clearly instructed us, than the most rigid Philosophers. And therefore it is not to be wonder'd at, if *Greece*, which afterwards gave the Appellation of *Wise* to Men who settled single Sentences of Truth, should give him the Title of the Father of *Virtue*. See Mr. *Pope's Essay on Homer*, p. 55.

‡ *Præneste*, a little Town in *Italy*, about 12 Miles from *Rome*.

Infamous;

Planius ac melius Chrysisso & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi. 5
Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum, & populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam:
Quod Paris, ut saluus regnet vivatque beatus, 10
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere litis
Inter Peliden festinat & inter Atriden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque:
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, & ira, 15
Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.
Rursum, quid virtus, & quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbis
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor, 20
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa

Pertulit,

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infamous; what is profitable, what not, than either * *Crantor* or † *Chrysippus*. Hear what I have to offer in Defence of my Opinion. The Poet in the *Iliads* describes the mad extravagant Passions with which both Kings and People were inflam'd, in the War that broke out between the *Grecians* and *Trojans*; which was occasion'd by the Love of *Paris*, and lasted so long, that the Strength of *Greece* was almost exhausted. ‡ *Antenor*, on the one Part, being willing to put an End to the War, advises that *Helen* should be sent back into *Greece*; but *Paris* declares, that, though his Happiness depended upon it, he wou'd never consent. *Nestor*, on the other Side, endeavours all he can to compose the Difference between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*; they were both extremely hot and furious; but Love, that Tyrant of the Soul, reign'd in the Heart of *Agamemnon*. Whatever Follies are acted by Princes, their Subjects suffer for 'em. Seditions, Intrigues, Love, Anger and Revenge prevail both in the Camp and City. Thus far the *Iliads*.

IN the Person of *Ulysses*, the Poet sets before us an excellent Example of Courage and Wisdom; who, after the taking of *Troy*, travell'd thro' many distant Countries, where he diligently observ'd the different Customs and Manners of Mankind. In his Voyage to *Ithaca*, that he and his Soldiers might arrive there

* *Crantor*, an Academick Philosopher of *Solos*, and Disciple of *Xenocrates*; he writ an admirable Treatise upon Grief, which is much commended by *Cicero*. He flourish'd about the 116th *Olympiad*.

† *Chrysippus*, see Book I. Sat. III.

‡ See the Speeches of *Antenor* and *Paris*, *Iliad*. 7th. l. 348,

Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.

Sirenum voces, & Circae pocula nosti:

Quæ si cum fociis stultus cupidusque bibisset;

Sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis & excors: 25

Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.

Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati,

Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique

In cute curanda plus æquo operata juventus;

Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, & 30

Ad strepitum citharæ cessantem ducere somnum.

Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones:

Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui

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in Safety, he struggled with a thousand inexpressible Difficulties, in all which he came off a Conqueror. You have heard of the * *Sirens* charming Voices, and of † *Circe's* Enchantments: Had our Heroe so greedily drank up the fatal Poison as his Companions did, his Return had been impossible; he had made himself a Slave to an infamous Prostitute, who wou'd have transform'd him into a Dog, or Sow that lies wallowing in the Mire.

THE Bulk of us Mortals are good for nothing but to eat and drink; we are like the Lovers of *Penelope*, like the Debauchees of ‡ *Alcinous's* Court, who spend all their Time in pampering their Bodies; who glory in lying in Bed till Noon, and in lulling themselves to Sleep at Night with Musick.

THIEVES and Robbers take the Pains to rise at Midnight to cut Men's Throats; and won't you awake from your Slumber, to do your self good? If you will not use Exercise when you are well, you'll be forc'd to do so,

* *Sirens*, according to the Poets, were half Women and half Fish; there were but Three, *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucoستا*; the Poets say of them, that by the charming Sweetness of their Singing they stop'd all Travellers, but *Ulysses* by his Prudence happily escap'd them.

† *Circe*, a famous Enchantress, who, being banish'd by her Subjects for poysoning her Husband the King of the *Sarmata*, came to *Italy*, and kept her Residence in a Promontory call'd by her Name; she entertain'd *Ulysses* when his Fleet was cast away upon her Coasts, made the Stars come down from Heaven in his Presence, and transform'd his Companions into different Sorts of Beasts. This Fable is a lively and beautiful Image of sensual Pleasures, which change the bravest Men into Brutes.

‡ *Alcinous*, King of the *Phaaces*, a People of *Corcyra*, who were much given to Luxury and Intemperance.

*Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus: Et ni
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine; si non 35
 Intendes animum studiis Et rebus honestis,
 Invidia vel amore vigil torquere. nam cur,
 Quæ lædunt oculum, festinas demere; si quid
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
 Dimidium facti, qui cœpit habet. sapere aude: 40
 Incipe. qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
 Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
 Labitur, Et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

*Quæritur argentum, puerisque beata creandis
 Uxor; Et incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ. 45
 Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.
 Non domus, Et fundus, non æris acervus Et auri
 Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febris,
 Non animo curas. valeat possessor oportet,*

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to be cur'd of the *Dropſy. If betimes in the Morning, before break of Day, you do not call for your Book and Candle; if you do not ſeriously apply your Mind to ſome uſeful Studies or Buſineſs, Love and Envy will keep you awake, and put you to the Torture. If a Mote be in your Eye, you take it out immediately; and yet you neglect the Cure of your Mind whole Years together. What a ſtrange and unaccountable Procedure is this? The Work is half done that is begun well. Dare to be wiſe, begin this very Inſtant. He that delays to lead a good Life, is like the Clown in the Fable, who, meeting a River in his way, fat down on the Bank till the Stream ſhou'd paſs him; but alas! that flows and will flow on, till Time ſhall be no more.

WE are follicitous to get Money, and a Wife that will bring us a numerous Offspring; we grub up our Woods, and plough the Lands, which were before untill'd, to increaſe our Eſtates. What occaſion has he, who is already bleſt with a competent Fortune, to wiſh for more? Neither Houſe nor Lands, nor Gold, nor Silver, can cure a Fever, or give ſo much as a Moment's Eaſe to a diſtemper'd Mind. † A Man muſt be well both in Body and Mind

* *Curres Hydropicus*, Celfus Book III. Chap. XXIII. ſpeaking of ſeveral Remedies for the Dropſy, has theſe Words. *Multum ambulandum, currendum aliquando eſt.*

† Plato tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour, Riches, and all the other Things call'd Goods, are equally as Evil to the Unjuſt, as Good to the Juſt. Agreeable to which is that excellent Saying of Terence, *Act. 1. Scen. 2.*

*Hac perinde ſunt ut illius animus, qui ea poſſidet:
Qui uti ſcit, ei bona; illi, qui non utitur recte, mala.*

Si conportatis rebus bene cogitat uti. 50
Qui cupit aut metuit; juvat illum sic domus & res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
Auriculas citharæ collecta sorde dolentis.
Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis, acescit.
Sperne voluptates: nocet emta dolore voluptas. 55
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis:
Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens, 60
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis est. animum rege. qui, nisi paret,
Imperat; hunc frenis, hunc tu conpesce catena.
Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister
Ire, viam qua monstret eques: venaticus, ex quo 65
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aula,
Militat in silvis catulus. nunc adhibe puro

Pectore

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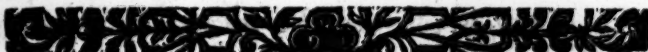
to taste and enjoy the Blessings of Life with Comfort and Satisfaction. If the Vessel be not sweet, the Wine will turn sowre. What Joy can Pictures afford that Man whose Eyes are sore? Are Fomentations grateful to one that has the Gout? Can the softest Musick be pleasing to him who has a Deafness in his Ear? No more can that Man, who is always wrack'd with Desires and Fears, take any Pleasure in his vast Possessions.

ABSTAIN from Pleasure, it is much too dear when purchas'd with Pain. The Covetous Man is always in Want; learn therefore betimes to moderate your Desires. The envious Man sickens at his Neighbour's Prosperity. Envy is one of the greatest Torments; the * *Sicilian* Tyrants, who were Masters in all the Mystery of Cruelty, never invented any thing like it. He that knows not how to govern his Anger, will repent of what he did in the Heat of his Passion, when he breath'd nothing but Fury and Revenge, and wish it a thousand Times undone. What is Anger? 'Tis a meer Madness, tho' of a short Duration. Be Master of this Passion, it will either be your Tyrant or your Slave; hold it in with a Curb, or keep it under with a Chain.

THE tender Colt is easily form'd by the skilful Jocky to obey the Check and Motions of his Rider. The young Hound is taught to hunt in the Forest, by being bred up to open at a Bucks-skin trail'd up and down the Hall.

* No Country was so famous for being oppress'd with Tyrants as *Sicily*: This gave Occasion to the Poet's Expression, who, without doubt, alludes in this Place to the Bull of *Phalaris*, the Cruel Tyrant of *Agrirentum*.

*Pectore verba puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
 Quo semel est inbuta recens, servabit odorem
 Testa diu, quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis; 70
 Nec tardum opperitor, nec præcedentibus insto.*



EPISTOLA III.

Ad Julium Flortum.

***J**ULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
 Claudius Augusti prævignus, scire laboro.
 Thracane vos Hebrusque nivali compede vinctus;
 An freta vicinas inter currentia terras;
 An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur? 5
 Quid studiosa cohors operum struit? hoc quoque curo.
 Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?
 Bella quis & paces longum diffundit in ævum?
 Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora?*

Pindarici

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Acquaint your self with these excellent Maxims while you are young, and your Mind is pure and uncorrupted : Now is the Time to be taught by those who are wiser than your self. A new Vessel will a long Time preserve some Tincture of the Liquor, with which it was first season'd. * I freely declare, that, in the way of Virtue to which I invite you, as I will not wait for you, if you lag behind ; so neither will I endeavour to tread on your Heels, if you get before me.

* 'Tis an excellent Remark of the Emperor *Antoninus*, that the Perfection of Virtue consists in being neither too violent, nor too lazy.



EPISTLE III.

To *Julius Florus*.

I AM in Pain to know what is become of *Tiberius's* Army. Is it in *Thrace*, near the frozen *Hebrus*? Is it on the *Hellepont*? or is he encamp'd in the fertile and delicious Plains of *Asia*? I am no less solicitous to learn how the Men of Letters spend their Time. Who has undertaken to write the Life and Actions of *Augustus*, and to transmit to future Ages the several Wars and Treaties of Peace, which have been happily concluded by our mighty Emperor? What is *Titius* doing, whose Writings, I doubt not, will in a little Time be in every *Roman* Mouth? He disdains the Lakes and Rivers where every one may drink ; to the Fountain-head he goes, and has the Courage to draw from that

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus, 10

Fastidire lacus & rivos ausus apertos:

Ut valet? ut meminit nostri? fidibusne Latinis

Thebanos aptare modos studet, auspice Musa?

An tragica descevit & ampullatur in arte?

Quid mihi Celsus agit? monitus, multumque mo-
nendus, 15

Privatas ut quærat opes, & tangere vitæ

Scripta, Palatinus quæcumque recepit Apollo.

Ne, si forte suas repetitum venerit olim

Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum

Furtivis nudata coloribus. ipse quid audes? 20

Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum

Ingenium, non incultum est & turpiter hirtum.

Seu linguam caufis acuis; seu civica jura

Respondere paras; seu condis amabile carmen:

Prima feres ederæ vittricis præmia. quod si 25

Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;

Quo te celestis sapientia duceret, ires.

Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus & ampli;

Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Debes

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that whence * *Pindar* himself drew. Is he well? Am I sometimes in his Thoughts? Is he, with the Favour of the Muses, accommodating the *Theban's* lofty Numbers to the *Roman Lyre*? or does he rage in the pompous swelling Strain of Tragedy? And how does *Celsus* employ himself? He has been often admonished, and must be so again, that he wou'd work upon his own Stock, and not steal from the Poems in † *Apollo's* Library; lest the Birds return, and take their own Feathers, and he, like the Daw, being stripp'd stark naked, become the Jest of all that know him. And pray tell me what you your self are upon. What Thyme are you gathering? You are a Man of Delicacy and Politeness, you have a lofty and elevated Genius. Whether you are preparing to plead Causes at the Bar, or to give Advice as a *Civilian*; or whether, for Variety, you write some soft and pleasing Verses, you are sure of the first Prize; no one will dare to dispute it with you. But if you could be prevail'd on to forsake those cold Comforts, those poor Antidotes against the Cares of Life, you wou'd ascend up as high as Celestial Wisdom cou'd carry you: This is what we must all apply our selves to, if we desire to be well with our selves and dear to our Country.

* *Pindar*, a Greek Poet, Prince of the *Lyricks*, and Native of *Thebes* in *Bæotia*. He liv'd in the 76th *Olympiad*. He writ a great many Books, none of which are now remaining but the *Odes*, which he compos'd in Honour of those Persons, who won the Prize at the *Olympick*, *Istmick*, *Pythian*, and *Nemean* Games.

† *Bibliotheca Palatina*, a famous Library, built by *Augustus*, upon *Mount Palatine* near *Apollo's Temple*; the greatest Honour which a Poet could attain to, was to have his Works and Statue made sacred, as it were, by being allowed a Place in this Library. See Book I. Sat. IV.

I SHALL

Debes hoc etiam rescribere, Si tibi curæ est, 30
Quante conveniat, Munatius; an male facta
Gratia nequicquam coit, & rescinditur; ac vos
Seu calidus sanguis, seu rerum inscitia vexat,
Indomita cervice feros? ubicumque locorum
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus, 35
Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.



EPISTOLA IV.

Ad Albium Tibullum.

ALB I, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Casti Parmensis opuscula vincat?
An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubris,
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est? 5
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?
Qui sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat; & cui

Gratia,

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I SHALL be glad to know whether you continue your Love to *Munatius* as you ought to do ; or whether the unhappy Difference between you is but imperfectly patch'd up. Whatever was the Occasion of it, whether Heat of Blood, or Want of Experience, I cannot but say, that it is not fit, where-ever you are, that two such worthy honest Gentlemen, who are so nearly related, shou'd live at Variance with each other. I feed a fine young Heifer in my Grounds, which I have vow'd to offer to the Gods upon your happy Return.



EPISTLE IV.

To *Albius Tibullus*.

MY Dear *Tibullus* ! Thou impartial Critick of my *Satires* and *Epistles*, how do you spend your Time in the Country ? Are you writing Volumes greater than * *Cassius*, or do you retire into the Woods, and employ your Thoughts as becomes a wise and virtuous Man ? You don't use to be an unactive Lump : The Gods have given you Beauty ; you have Riches in abundance ; and, which is yet a greater Happiness, you know how to enjoy them.

CAN a tender Mother, who is passionately fond of her beloved Child, wish him better, than that he may have right Ideas of Things, and be Master of an easy graceful Elocution ; that

* See Book I. Sat. X.

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Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde, 10

Et domus, & victus, non deficiente crumena?

*Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.*

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.

Me pinguem & nitidum bene curata cute vises, 15

Cam ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.



EPISTOLA V.

Ad Torquatum.

SI potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,

Nec modica cenare times olus omne patella;

Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

Vina bibes, iterum Tauro diffusa palustris

Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum. 5

Si melius quid habes, arcesse; vel imperium fer.

Jamdudum splendet focus, & tibi munda suppellex.

Mitte levis spes, & certamina divitiarum,

Et Moschi caussam. cras nato Cæsare festus

Dat veniam somnumque dies. inpune licebit 10

Æstivam sermone benigno extendere noctem.

he may be well respected, may enjoy a perfect State of Health, and a clear unspotted Reputation ; that he may feed on clean and wholesome Diet, have a good convenient House, and Money at Command ? Hopes and Cares, Anger and Fears divide our Life ; wou'd you be free from these Anxieties ? think every Day will be your last, and then the future succeeding Hours will be the more welcome, because unexpected.

WHEN you are dispos'd to divert your self with a merry jolly Fellow ; all you have to do is to make me a Visit, I am clean, fat, and in good Condition.



EPISTLE V.

To *Torquatus*.

IF you can lie on *Archias's* Beds, and content your self with a Mess of plain Soop, let me see you in the Evening. My Wine was tun'd when *Taurus* was *Consul* the second time ; 'tis of the Growth of *Minturna* and *Simuessæ* ; if you have better, bring it along with you, or else take up with mine.

My House is in Order, and all Things are ready for your Reception : Lay aside vain Hopes, and the endless Desire of getting Riches ; think on *Moschus's* Cause another Time. To-Morrow is *Cæsar's* Birth-Day ; then it is allowable to sleep in the Morning, and therefore we may better spend the Evening in a lively facetious Conversation.

To

Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?
 Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque severus
 Adfidet insano. potare & spargere flores
 Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi. 15
 Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit:
 Spes jubet esse ratas: ad praelia trudit inertem,
 Sollicitis animis onus eximit. addocet artis.
 Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum? 20
 Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
 Invitus: ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget naris; ne non & cantharus & lanx
 Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminat; ut coeat par, 25
 Jungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,
 Et, nisi cæna prior potiorque puella, Sabinum,
 Detinet, adsumam. locus est & pluribus umbris:
 Sed nimis arta premunt olidæ convivio capræ.
 Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; & rebus omiſſis 30
 Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

To what End are Riches, if we must not enjoy them? To deal frankly with you, that Man is a Fool, who, to enrich his Heirs, starves himself. Crown me with Flowers, bring me Wine, brisk Wine, the ill-natur'd World may think me mad. What mighty Things are done by Wine! It reveals Secrets, turns Hope into Enjoyment; it makes the Coward brave and valiant; instructs the Ignorant in Arts and Sciences; it inspires the Miserable with Joy and Gladness, and makes the Poor to forget his Poverty. Where is the Man, whom a free Glass of Wine does not make eloquent?

I my self will take Care, that all Things be in Order; that the * Carpet and Napkins be clean and neat, and the Pots and Vessels scower'd so bright, that you may see your Face in them. Rest assur'd, that no Man shall be at Table, who reports abroad what is said among Friends. And the Company shall be such as is suitable the one to the other. *Butras* and *Sep-ticius* will both be here; nor will *Sabinus* fail, if a better Supper and a Mistress more engaging do not keep him from us. There will be Room at Table for more Guests, but the present Season consider'd, it will be inconvenient to have too full a Table. Let me know your Pleasure how many you wou'd have; lay aside Business, and while your Clients throng your Gate, steal out at the Back-door, and get rid of them.

* The Romans on their Beds laid a Kind of Quilt stuff'd with Feathers, call'd *Culcitra*; over this, in ancient Times, they threw a Goat-skin, which was afterwards chang'd for the *Stragulum*, a Carpet which they sometimes call'd *Toral*, as belonging to the *Torus*.



EPISTOLA VI.

Ad Numicium.

NIL admirari, prope res est una Numici,
 Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
 Hunc solem, & stellas, & decedentia certis
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
 Inbuti spectent. quid censes, munera terræ? 5
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos?
 Ludicra, quid, plausus & amici dona Quiritis?
 Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis & ore?
 Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus: 10
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
 Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem:
 Si, quicquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
 Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui; 15
 Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
 I nunc, argentum & marmor vetus, æraque &
 artis

Suspice:



EPISTLE. VI.

To *Numicius*.

THE only Way to be perfectly and constantly happy, is to admire nothing. There are those who can behold the Sun and Stars, which move in a regular orderly Course, and the certain invariable Succession of Seasons without any Concern. What think you then? The Riches which the Earth and Sea produce, Plays and Shows, Applause and Favour among the People of *Rome*, how ought they to be regarded by us? This is certain, that he who fears the contrary to these, admires them as much as he who desires them. The Passion is equally troublesome to both, they are equally affrighted at every unhop'd for, unexpected Accident. It matters not, whether Joy or Sorrow, whether Fear or Hope has the Possession of our Hearts, if when any thing happens either good or ill, which was wholly unlook'd for, we presently cast our Eyes down upon the Ground, and grow into Statues. Shew me the Man that is wise and just; whenever he carries his Desires too far, in straining even Virtue it self beyond its due Limits, he ceases to be so. Now, if you please, admire Riches; gaze on the Marble Statues of your Ancestors, doat on your curious brazen Vessels, extol the Works of celebrated Artists, and be passionately in Love with your purple Garments adorn'd

He lays down some Rules how to make ourselves happy.

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*Suspice: cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus mane forum, & vespertinus pete tectum; 20*

*Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, & (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.*

*Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas:
Defodiet condetque nitentia. cum bene notum 25*

*Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conspexerit Appi;
Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit & Ancus.*

*Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una potest dare; fortis omissis 30*

*Hoc age deliciis. virtutem verba putes, &
* Lucum ligna? cave ne portus occupet alter:*

*Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas;
Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro &
Tertia succedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum. 35*

*Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, & amicos,
Et genus, & formam, regina Pecunia donat;*

* It was usual with the common People to attribute a kind of Divinity to Groves.

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with Gems and precious Stones : Rejoyce that the Eyes of Thousands were upon you when you spoke in publick; go to the *Forum* early in the Morning; return late in the Evening, lest *Mutus*, who had a plentiful Fortune with his Wife, be richer than your self. How unbecoming is it, that one of so mean and obscure a Birth shou'd be admired by you, and not rather you be admir'd by him? O my *Numicius*, the Things which are hidden shall in due Time be reveal'd; and those which now appear so pompous and magnificent shall vanish into nothing; even you, who are known by your splendid Equipage in *Agrippa's Portico*, and on the *Appian Road*, must at last retire to that Place where *Numa* and *Ancus* are gone before you. If you languish under any sharp Distemper, seek immediately for a Remedy. Wou'd you live a happy and contented Life? Who wou'd not do so? Bid a long and last Adieu to Pleasures, apply your self to Virtue, 'tis Virtue alone that can make you happy. But if you look upon Virtue as an empty Name, if you laugh at all Religion, make Haste, lest another get to Port before you, and the Profits of your Voyage come to nothing. Endeavour to make up your Estate a Thousand Talents, get another Thousand, add a Thousand more, and then, that the Number may be even, make them four Thousand.

* MONEY, forsooth, is the Sovereign Goddess of the Universe; she creates a Man Friends, makes him Noble and Eloquent, Charming and

The
Power of
Money.

* All this Paragraph and the following ones are Ironical, or rather spoken according to the Sentiments of *Numicius*, not of *Horace*.

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex.

Ne fueris hic tu. chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt, 40

Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,

*Quæ possum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot
habebo,*

Mittam. post paullo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnis.

Exilis domus est; ubi non & multa supersunt: 45

Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. ergo,

Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum;

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

Si fortunatum species, & gratia præstat;

Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, lævum 50

Qui fodicet latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere: Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:

Cui libet is fascis dabit; eripietque curule

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Beautiful; the fairest Ladies with the greatest Fortunes are not able to withstand the powerful Addresses of a wealthy Man. The King of *Cappadocia* had a Thousand Slaves, but little or no Money: Be sure not to be like him. 'Tis reported of *Lucullus*, that being ask'd to lend the Players a hundred Cloaks, Where, said he, shall I have so many? However, I will see what I have, and of those you may be sure. Enquiry being made, he immediately sent Word, that he had Five Thousand, and that he wou'd lend them part, or all of 'em. That House is but very ill furnish'd, where there are not a great many superfluous Things, of which the Master knows nothing, which Rogues and Thieves may steal away, and Nobody the wiser.

IF after all this you persist in your Opinion, that the Happiness of this Life consists in Riches, endeavour to be rich; let this be your first and last Thought too. If Honour and Popularity are the only Happiness, provide your self a * Servant, who can inform you of every Citizens Name; let him go along with you, and instruct you by some secret Sign; or other, to reach your Hand to this or that Citizen thro' the Crowd. This Man, saith he, has a very good Interest in *Fabius's Tribe*; that Man in the *Velian*; make him your Friend and you'll certainly be *Consul*; 'tis in vain for any

* They who stood Candidates for any Office, us'd all the Arts of Popularity; in their Walks round the City, they took the meanest Persons by the Hand, and not only us'd the more familiar Terms of Father, Brother, Friend, and the like, but call'd them by their own proper Names; in this Service they had usually a Monitor to assist them, who whisper'd every Body's Name in their Ears.

Cui volet inportunus ebur : Frater, Pater, adde :
 Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque facetus adopta. 55
 Si bene qui cenat, bene vivit ; lucet : eamus
 Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut olim
 Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos
 Differtum transire Forum Campumque jubebat ;
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret 60
 Emtum mulus aprum. crudi tumidique lavemur,
 Quid deceat, quid non, oblii ; Cærite cera
 Digni ; remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulixæi :
 Cui potior patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
 Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque, 65
 Nil est jocundum ; vivas in amore jocisque.

Vive,

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Man to hope to be *Ædile* unless he pleases. You must make your Addresses with a smiling Countenance; call him Father or Brother, and be so skillful as to give him that Title of Relation which his Age will best admit of.

IF Happiness consists in good eating and drinking; let us make it our Business, as soon as Day breaks, to gratifie our Appetites; let us mind nothing but Fishing and Hunting. Such was *Gargilius's* Way of Living, who, with his Dogs and Horses, Toils and Spears, affected to pass in the Morning thro' the crowded *Forum* with a Mule laden with a Boar, which was not taken, as they imagin'd, but bought for that Purpose. Let us upon a full Stomach bathe our selves; what are the Rules of Decency to us? The * *Censor* may brand us for infamous Persons, he may do as he pleases; let us imitate the lewd Companions of *Ulysses*, who chose to riot in unlawful Pleasures, rather than return to their Native Country.

IF then (as *Mimnermus* pretends to maintain) there is nothing pleasing and delightful in Life, but Love and Raillery; let Love and Raillery be our constant Entertainment. Adieu,

* *Carites*, a People of *Tuscany*, who, for preserving the sacred Relicks of the *Romans* when the *Gauls* had taken the City, were dignified with the Name of *Roman Citizens*; but revolting afterwards, and being conquer'd by the *Romans*, they continu'd to them the Privilege of being Citizens, in Remembrance of their former Services; but to make 'em an Example, lest others shou'd presume to commit the like Crimes, they depriv'd them for ever of the Right of Suffrage. Hence the *Censors* Tables, where they enter'd the Names of such Persons as for some Misdemeanour were to lose their Right of Suffrage, had the Name of *Carites Tabula*.

*Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis;
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.*



EPISTOLA VII.

Ad Mæcenatem.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure fu-
turum,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,

Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;

Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timent,

Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque 5

Designatorem decorat liëtoribus atris:

Dum pueris omnis pater, & matercula pallet;

Officioque sedulitas, & opella forensis

Adducit febris, & testamenta resignat.

Quod si bruma nives Albanis inlinet agris; 10

Ad mare descendet vates tuus, & sibi parcat,

Contractusque leget: te dulcis amice, reviset

Cum

live well and be happy. If you know any better Maxims, be so kind as to impart them: If not, follow my Example, and make use of these.



EPISTLE VII.

To *Mæcenas*.

My LORD,

I Promis'd to stay but Five Days in the Coun-try, and tho' you was pleas'd to expect me all *August*, yet I still have fail'd you. If you have any Regard for my Health, I must beg of you to allow me the same Liberty as you wou'd do, in case I were sick; since I fear to be so, while the Autumn continues. The * Undertakers are now full of Employment; Fathers and Mothers are in great Concern for their Children: Besides, Attendance and Business; at this critical Season, are of dangerous Consequence; they occasion Fevers, which proving oftentimes Mortal are the fatal Cause of many Wills being open'd.

The Poet makes his Excuse to *Mæcenas* for not waiting upon him according to his Promise.

WHEN Winter comes on, if *Mount Alba* is cover'd with Frost and Snow, your Poet designs to retire nearer to the Sea, with a firm Resolution to cloath himself warm, indulge much, and study little. As soon as the Swallows and the soft West Winds give Notice of

* See Book II, Sat. VI.

Cum zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine prima

*Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber iubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.* 15

Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

Non invisa feros pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.

Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

Prodigus & stultus donat quæ spernit & adit. 20

Hæc seges ingratos tulit & feret omnibus annis.

Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus?

Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis?

Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.

Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes 25

Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:

Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, &

Inter vina fugam Cinaræ mærerere protervæ.

Forte per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam

Repperat in cumeram frumenti, pastaque, rursus 30

Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;

Macra cavum repetes artum, quem macra subisti.

Hæc

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the Spring, he will not fail to see you again, if he hears nothing to the contrary.

ALL that I have is from your Bounty; how different is your Treatment from that of the *Calabrian* Inn-keeper, who entertain'd his Guests with choaky Pears! Pray, Sir, eat, says the Host. *Guest*. I have eat enough. *Host*. However take some. *Guest*. You are very liberal. *Host*. They will be no unacceptable Present to your Children. *Guest*. I thank you as much as if I had them. *Host*. Do as you please, Sir; what you leave shall be given to the Hogs.

He acknowledges his Generosity, and is very thankful for his Kindness to him.

'Tis common for Fools to be very profuse of what they do not value; such Prodigals as these make Men ingrateful, and will always do so: But a wise and liberal Man, who understands Mankind, and knows the value of what he gives, declares his Presents are for none but the deserving. I will therefore endeavour to merit your Favours; you shall have no Occasion to think me ungrateful; but, if you wou'd always have me with you, give me back my former Strength and Vigour, my black curl'd Locks, my easy Smile, and graceful Elocution; let me sweetly complain, as the Cups go round, of the cruel, rigorous, charming *Cinara*, who will not hear me.

ONCE upon a Time, a half-starv'd Mouse wriggled himself thro' a Chink into a Basket fill'd with Corn; having feasted very liberally, he endeavour'd to get out again, but in vain: To whom a Weasel, who stood leering afar off, gave this Advice; If you hope, Sir Mouse, ever to get out, you must stay till you're as lean as when you came in.

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno :

Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec 35

Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

Sæpe verecundum laudasti : Rexque, Paterque

Audisti coram, nec verbo parcus absens :

Inspice, si possum donata reponere letus.

Haud male Telemachus proles patientis Ulixei ; 40

Non est aptus equis Ithace locus, ut neque planis

Porrectus spatiis, nec multæ prodigus herbae :

Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,

Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut inbelle Tarentum. 45

Strenuus & fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis

Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam

Dum redit, atque foro nimium distare Carinas

Jam grandis natu queritur ; conspexit, ut aiunt,

Adrasum quendam vacua tonsoris in umbra 50

Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.

Demetri, (puer hic non læve jussa Philippi

Accipie-

IF any one thinks fit to make the Application of this Fable to me, I am ready to resign all my Possessions. When I praise a Peasant's quiet Life, 'tis not because I am surfeited with Plenty; no! my *Mæcenæ*, 'tis my Love of Liberty which makes me desire it, which I wou'd not exchange for all the Riches in *Arabia*. You have often commended me for my Modesty; I said in your Presence, that you were a King and Father to me, and in other Places I have done you Justice. Try me, Sir, If I am not willing to restore what your Bounty has given me. 'Twas an excellent Reply of young * *Telemachus*, when *Menelaus* would have presented him with some fine Horses; Sir, said he, " I do not know what to do with them; there are no Plains in *Ithaca*, Pasture and Forrage are very scarce; pray keep your Present, it is much fitter for your self than me.

MEAN things best become mean Men; *Tibur* and *Tarentum*, the sweet and peaceful *Tibur* and *Tarentum* delight me more than the Palaces of *Rome*.

PHILIP, a great and eminent Lawyer, as he went home one Day from Pleading, full of Complaints, that the *Forum* and † *Carinas* were too distant from each other for a Man in Years, as he was, saw a Freed-Man in a Barber's Shop, who was paring his Nails in a very careless negligent Manner. *Demetrius*, said he, (this was his Foot-boy, and knew how to take a Message

* *Telemachus*, the Son of *Ulysses* by *Penelope*. His Speech to *Menelaus* in *Homer*, *Odyss.* Book 4. is here very happily translated by our Poet, as you may see by comparing 'em together.

† *Carinas*, a Street of *Rome* between *Mount Esquiline* and *Mount Calius*.

*Accipiebat) abi, quere, & refer; unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quove patrono.*

It, redit, & narrat, Volteium nomine Menam 55

Præconem, tenui censu, sine crimine natum,

Et properare loco & cessare, & querere & uti,

Gaudentem parvisque sodalibus & lare curto,

Et ludis & post decisa negotia Campo.

Scitari libet ex ipso, quodcumque refers. dic 60

Ad cenam veniat. non sane credere Mena:

Mirari secum tacitus. quid multa? Benigne,

Respondet. Neget ille mihi? Negat improbus, & te

Negligit, aut horret. Volteium mane Philippus,

Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello, 65

Occupat, & salvere jubet prior. ille Philippo

Excusare laborem & mercenaria vincla,

Quod non mane domum venisset; denique quod non

Providisset eum. Sic ignovisse putato

Me tibi, si cenas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo 70

Post nonam venies: nunc i, rem strenuus auge.

ut

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very well) Go, enquire, and bring me Word who that Man is; let me know his Father, Family, Condition and Patron. The Servant went and return'd in a trice, and told his Master, that the Man's Name was *Vulteius Mena*, by Profession a Cryer, of a small Estate, but of honest Parents; one who perfectly knew how to work and to be idle, to get and to spend too: He usually kept Company with none but his Equals, had a little House of his own, and, when Business was over, never scrupled to divert himself with a *Comedy*, or in taking a Walk in the *Campus Martius*. I wou'd hear what you say, from himself, said *Philip*; go, and invite him from me to Supper. *Demetrius* went, and came back and told his Master, that *Mena* was so surpriz'd at the Invitation, that he wou'd not believe him; nevertheless he return'd his Thanks in a very civil obliging Manner. What, did he refuse me, cry'd *Philip*? Sir, reply'd *Demetrius*, he either fears or neglects you.

THE next Morning *Philip* happen'd to meet him, as he was selling Frippery to the poorer People: He immediately address'd him, and bad him good Morrow. *Vulteius*, being all in Confusion at so unexpected an Honour, began to excuse himself, that the Meanness of his Trade, to which he was a Slave, prevented his waiting on him in the Morning, and that he beg'd his Pardon for not seeing him first. I will easily excuse you, said *Philip*, upon Condition that you sup with me in the Evening. *Vulteius* made Answer, that he was at his Service. I usually, said *Philip*, eat after Three; in the mean time I wou'd advise you to mind your Business, and to get what you can.

190 Q. HORATII Epist. VII.

*Ut ventum ad cenam est; dicenda, tacenda locutus
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. hic ubi sæpe
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva; jubetur 75
 Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis, aruum cælumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare. videt, ridetque Philippus:
 Et sibi dum requiem, dum risus undique quærit,
 Dum septem donat sestertia, mutua septem 80
 Promittit; persuadet, uti mercetur agellum.
 Mercatur. ne te longis ambagibus ultra
 Quam satis est morer; ex nitido fit rusticus, atque
 Sulcos & vineta crepat mera: præparat ulmos:
 Immoritur studiis, & amore senescit habendi. 85
 Verum ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;
 Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædis.
 Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philip-
 pus;
 Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris 90*

Esse

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SUPPER-TIME being come, *Vulteius* went according to his Promise; he talk'd at Random of a thousand Things, and at length took Leave. *Philip* perceiving that *Mena* (like a Fish that nibbles at the Bait) was constantly at his Levé, and that he was always a sure Guest at Supper, gave him an Invitation to pass the * Holidays with him in the Country. Accordingly into the Country they went; *Vulteius* being mounted on an excellent Pad, cry'd out in a Rapture, Oh the sweet Air! Oh the delicious *Sabine* Fields! *Philip* was exceedingly pleas'd to see his Transports, and, as he studied his own Ease and Pleasure, immediately gave him Seven Thousand Sesterces, and promis'd to lend him as much more, provided he wou'd buy a little Farm that was near his Seat, and settle in the Country. *Vulteius* accepts of *Philip's* kind Offer, and buys the Farm. To make short of the Story, the Citizen turns Farmer, and now all his Discourse is of Vines and Furrows, and planting of Elms; He almost kills himself with Pains, and grows Old with the Pursuit after Riches. But at last his Sheep were stol'n; his Kids dy'd; his Harvests were bad; his Oxen were kill'd with working too hard. Being quite discourag'd with so many Losses, he rises at Midnight, mounts his Horse, and goes to *Philip* in the utmost Confusion; who seeing him make such a rough and clownish Figure, said, *Vulteius*, you take too much

* *Latina Indicta*; Festivals celebrated upon Mount *Alba*; in Memory of a Treaty of Peace concluded between the Romans and the *Hernici Volsci*, and the other People of *Latium*. These Feasts continu'd four Days; the Time of their Celebration was at the Pleasure of the *Consul*.

*Esse mihi. Pol me miserum, patrone, vocares;
Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.*

*Quod te per Genium dextramque, Deosque Penates,
Obsecro, & obtestor; vitæ me redde priori. 95*

*Qui semel aspexit, quantum dimissa petitis
Præstent; mature redeat, repetatque relicta.*

*Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede, verum
est.*



EPISTOLA VIII.

Ad Celsum Albinovanum.

*C*ELSO gaudere & bene rem gerere Albinovano,
Musa rogata, refer, comiti scribæque Neronis.
Si quæret, quid agam; dic multa & pulchra mi-
nantem,

*Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter: haud quia grando
Contuderit vitis, oleamve momorderit æstus; 5
Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in agris:
Sed quia mente minus validus quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum:
Fidis offendar medicis, irascar amicis,
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno. 10*

Quæ

Pains, you are over sollicitous. *Mena* reply'd,
O my Patron, if you will call me by my proper Name, say I am a poor and miserable Wretch: But I conjure you by the Gods, by your own Right Hand and happy *Genius*, restore me again to my former Condition. As soon as ever any Man has found, that the Way of Life which he has quitted is preferable to that which he is in, let him make haste back to it, and take it up again; for this is a sure Maxim, that every one should examine his Capacity, and direct himself accordingly.



EPISTLE VIII.

To *Celsus*.

GO, Muse, to *Celsus*, *Nero's* Secretary;
you will find him among that Prince's Retinue; say that I wish him all Health and Happiness. If he asks you, how I do, tell him, that after all the fair Promises I have made, I live neither a good Life nor a pleasant one: It is not because my Vines or Olives are utterly ruin'd by the Hail and Heat; nor because my Flocks, who feed abroad in distant Pastures, are in a languishing Condition; but being distemper'd more in Mind than Body, I cannot endure to hear of a Remedy. I chide my Friends, and am angry with them, when, like faithful Physicians, they endeavour to awake me from my Lethargy. I eagerly pursue

Quæ nocuere sequar, fugiam quæ profore credam:

Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus, Tibure Romam.

Post hæc, ut valeat; quo pacto rem gerat & se;

Ut placeat Juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.

Si dicet, Recte: primum gaudere, subinde 15

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento;

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.



EPISTOLA IX.

Ad Claudium Neronem.

SEPTIMIUS, *Claudi, nimirum intelligit
unus,*

Quanti me facias. nam cum rogat, & prece cogit

Scilicet, ut tibi se laudare & tradere coner,

Dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis;

Munere cum fungi propioris censet amici; 5

Quid possim, videt ac novit me valdius ipso.

Multa quidem dixi, cur excusatus abirem:

Sed timui, mea ne finxisse minora putarer,

Disimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni.

Sic

sue what is hurtful to me, and as eagerly avoid that which is good. I am so inconstant, that when I am at *Rome*, I want to be at *Tibur*; when at *Tibur*, I wish to be at *Rome*. Having told him all this, inform your self concerning his Health; enquire how Affairs go with him? whether he is a Favourite with the Prince and Court? If he says, he is; Congratulate him upon it; and then be careful gently to remind him, that as he behaves himself under his good Fortune, so shall we, his Friends, behave our selves towards him.



EPISTLE IX.

To *Claudius Nero*.

My Dear Prince,

ONE wou'd imagine, that none but *Septimius* knows what a Value you have for me; for when he importunes, and even forces me to recommend him to your Favour, as one worthy to attend upon your Highness, who choose none but the Deserving; when he fancies that I have the Honour of an intimate Friendship with you, he, forsooth, knows better than I do, the Interest which I have in you. I us'd a great many Arguments why I ought to have been excus'd from venturing upon it; but in Truth I was afraid of being thought to represent your Regard for me as less than it is, and to dissemble my Power with you, that I

He recommends his Friend *Septimius* to *Claudius's* Favour.

Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ, 10
Frontis ad urbanæ descendi præmia. quod si
Depositum laudas ob amici iussa pudorem;
Scribe tui gregis hunc, Et fortem crede bonumque.



EPISTOLA X.

Ad Fuscum Aristium.

URBIS amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus.
Ruris amatores, hac in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles: at cetera pene gemelli,
Fraternis animis: quicquid negat alter, Et alter:
Adnuimus pariter: vetuli notique columbi, 5
Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, Et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo Et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo.

Utque

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might the better promote my own private Interest: And thus avoiding the being reproach'd with a Crime of a worse Sort, I submitted to put on a little Town-Assurance *. But if you can excuse the laying aside of Modesty, when it is only to comply with the Commands of a Friend, receive *Septimius* into your Retinue, and believe me, when I assure you that he is a Man of Courage and Virtue.

* I fancy that the Phrase of *frontis urbana premia* was used by some Poet of the Age, and that *Horace* brings it in here as a ridiculous one: A thing which the Criticks think he has done more than once in his Writings.



EPISTLE X.

To *Fuscus Aristius*.

I WISH my Friend *Fuscus* all imaginable Happiness; you love the Town and I the Country; but let us not be the less dear to each other, since in all Things else our Sentiments are the same. Never two Brothers had more Affection for one another. Our Harmony is like that of two kind Turtles, who, Time out Mind, have been Mates together. You sit upon the Nest, while the Brooks, and Groves, and Grottoes are my Delight. The very Moment I depart from *Rome*, which you and others commend to the Skies, I am as Happy, and as Great as an Emperor; like some Priest's
He prefers the Country to the City.
 Servant,

Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso; 10

Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,

Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primum;

Novistine locum potiore rure beato?

Est, ubi plus tepeant hiemes? ubi gratior aura 15

Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,

Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?

Est, ubi divellat somnos minus invida cura?

Deterius Libycis olet aut mitet herba lapillis?

Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum, 20

*Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure ri-
vum?*

Nempe inter varias nutritur silva columnas,

Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.

Naturam expelles furca; tamen usque recurret,

Et mala perumpet furtim fastidia victrix. 25

Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro

Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,

Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis;

Quam qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.

Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ, 30

Mutatæ quatient. si quid mirabere, pones

Inventus. fuge magna. licet sub paupere tecto

Reges & regum vita præcurrere amicos.

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Servant, I am cloy'd with Cakes, I prefer good
wholsome Bread to Sweetmeats.

IN order to a pleasant delicious Life, the
first Thing to be consider'd is, where to settle.
What Place can you pitch upon that is prefer-
able to the Country? Is there any Place where
the Winters are warmer? Where a cooler Air
softens the sultry Autumn's Heat, and calms the
Rage and Fury of the Lion, when the scorch-
ing Sun is got into that Sign? Is there any
Place where you can sleep more secure from
Cares? Does not the Colour and Beauty of the
Grass excel your finest *Libyan* Marble? The
Water that is forc'd into Leaden Pipes, is it
purer than that of our murmuring Brooks,
which run in a constant natural Course? How
much are those Seats esteem'd in *Rome*, which
have a Prospect of a sort of Country within
them? How do Men affect to plant Trees be-
tween the Columns of Marble of diverse Co-
lours, by which the noblest Porticoes are sup-
ported? 'Tis impossible to make Nature change
her Biass; if you shut her out at the Door,
she'll come in at the Window, and by Stealth,
as it were, become victorious over all your
false irrational Disgusts. The Merchant who
don't know the Cloth dyed with *Italian* Pur-
ple from the *Tyrian*, will not be more sensibly
a Sufferer, than he who cannot distinguish
Truth from Falshood. He that is too much
elevated in Prosperity, will most certainly be
dejected in an adverse State. If you love any
Thing above Measure, the Loss of it will grieve
you: Fly Greatness; a poor Man in a lonely
Cell, as to the real Pleasures of Life, may be
happier than a King and all his Nobles.

*Cervus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
 Pellebat; donec minor in certamine longo 35
 Inploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit:
 Sed postquam violens victo discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
 Sic qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
 Libertate caret, dominum vehit improbus; atque 40
 Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
 Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim
 Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.
 Lætus sorte tua vives sapienter, Aristi:
 Nec me dimittes incastrigatum, ubi plura 45
 Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
 Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,
 Tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.
 Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ;
 Excepto, quod non simul esses, cætera lætus. 50*

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ONCE upon a Time, the Stag, having got the better of the Horse, drove him out of the Common; the Horse, to be reveng'd, implor'd Man's Assistance, and gladly suffer'd himself to be bridled: But his Revenge cost him dear; for tho' by this Means he subdu'd his Enemy, yet he found afterwards that he could not get the Rider off from his Back, or the Bit out of his Mouth. And thus, whosoever sells his Liberty, which is more precious than Gold, thro' the Fear of Poverty, gives up to another the Mastery of him, and is a Slave for Life, because he knows not the Art of being happy with a little. If a Man's Circumstances don't fit him, he will find them like his Shoes, if too big for his Feet, they will trip him up; if too little, they will pinch him. O *Aristius*, if you are wise, live contented with your Condition. If ever I lay up more than what is sufficient, and don't stop my Hand, I give you Leave to reprimand me. Money is every Man's Master, or his Slave; but it is much better that it should follow, than lead him.

P. S. FROM behind the Temple of the Goddess * *Vacuna*: I want nothing to compleat my Happiness, but your good Company.

* *Vacuna*, the Goddess of the Peasants. She was very favourable and propitious to those who sought their Quiet; they celebrated her Feast in *December*.

EPISTLE



EPISTOLA XI.

Ad Bullatium.

QUID tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Las-
bos?

Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi regia Sardis?
Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minorane fa-
ma?

Cunctane præ Campo & Tiberino flumine sordent?

An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una? §

An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?

Scis, Lebedus quid sit: Gabiis desertior atque

Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem;

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis,

Neptunum procul e terra spectare furem. 10

Sed neque qui Capua Romam petit imbre lutoque

Aspersus, volet in caupona vivere; nec qui

Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,

Ut fortunatam plene præstantia vitam:

Nec si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto, 15

Idcirco navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.

Incolumi Rhodos & Mitylene pulchra facit, quod

Penula



EPISTLE XI.

To *Bullatius*.

BULLATIUS, how were you pleas'd ^{A Man} with *Cbios* and *Lesbos*? What are your ^{may be} Thoughts of *Samos* and *Smyrna*, of *Colophon* ^{happy in} and *Sardis*, where the mighty *Cræsus* kept his ^{any Place.} Court? Do they exceed the common Report, or come short of it? Are they not all much inferiour to *Rome*? Have they any Thing that equals our *Campus Martius*, or the celebrated *Tiber*? Were you not charm'd with the Cities in *Asia*? Had you not rather settle at *Lebedos*, than expose your self anew to the Fatigues of Travelling by Sea and Land? *Bull.* You know well enough what a Place *Lebedos* is; *Gabii* and *Fidene* are not so unpeopled as that is: And yet I could wish to take up my Abode there, and to see nothing of the raging Ocean but from a Distance, forgetting all my Acquaintance, and being forgotten by them. *Hor.* But yet they who in travelling from *Capua* to *Rome* arrive at an Inn all wet and dirty, tho' they find it a convenient Place, do not desire to settle there: A good Fire and a Bath may be very acceptable to one whose Limbs are benum'd with Cold, but they do not compleat the Happiness of Life. Because you have been tost in a Tempest at Sea, must you therefore sell your Ship when you come to Land? If you have entirely conquer'd your Passions, neither *Rhodes* nor *Mitylene*,

304 Q. HORATII Epist. XI.

*Penula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,
 Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
 Dum licet, ac voltum servat fortuna benignum, 20
 Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos absens.
 Tu, quamcumque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
 Grata sume manu; neu dulcia differ in annum:
 Ut, quocumque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
 Te dicas. nam si ratio & prudentia curas, 25
 Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert;
 Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare cur-
 runt;
 Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. quod petis, hic est,
 Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus. 30*



EPISTOLA XII.

Ad Iccium.

FRACTIBUS Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis,
 Icci,
 Si recte frueris; non est ut copia major

lene, how charming soever, are of any more Use than a Cloak in Summer, and a Silk Waistcoat when it snows, *Tiber* in Winter, or a Fire in *August*. While you enjoy a prosperous Fortune, and have all that you can wish for at your Command, if I may advise you, return to *Rome*: There you may be lavish in your Panegyrics of *Rhodes*, *Chios* and *Samos*. Be thankful to the Gods for the happy Moments they bestow upon you; enjoy the present Pleasures, and do not defer them to another Time. Let every Place be still the same to you, and rest contented wherever you are. For if Reason and Prudence only take away Cares, it is not the happy Situation of any Town that will cure you; in vain you cross the Seas, the Climates are different, but your Mind is the same. The Pains which we take are all to no Purpose, they are a kind of laborious Idleness; we compass Sea and Land in Pursuit of Happiness; and yet what you seek is at Home, it is even to be found at *Ulubrae*, if you can keep your Passions under Subjection.



EPISTLE XII.

To *Iccius*.

IF you make a right Use of the Fruit you He advise
gather from the Lands which you hold of
* *Agrippa* in *Sicily*, you are sufficiently happy: Friend

to be contented
Away

* *Agrippa* having entirely defeated the Younger *Pompey* in a Sea-Fight near *Messina*, *Augustus* in Recompence
for

306 Q. HORATII Epist. XII.

Ab Jove donari possit tibi. tolle querelas:
Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus.
Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis, nil 5
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
Si forte in medio positorum abstemius, herbis
Vivis & urtica; sic vives protenus, ut te
Confestim liquidus fortune rivus inaret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit, 10
Vel quia cuncta putas una virtute minora.
Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos
Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore ve-
lox?
Cum tu inter scabiem tantam & contagia lucri

Nil

Away with Complaints; for he that wants nothing, cannot be Poor: If you are but provided for Back and Belly, and have all the Necessaries of Life, 'tis not in the Power of *Jove* himself to make you richer. If it be true *, that in the midst of what you possess, you live sparingly and temperately upon Herbs, you will live on still after the same manner, even though † Riches should come rowling in hastily upon you; either because it is not in their Power to alter your Nature, or because it is your settled Opinion that these are not to be regarded in Comparison of Virtue. Do we wonder that *Democritus*, when his Soul was, as it were, gone; Abroad from his Body, to search into the Secrets of Nature, left his Field as a Prey to his Neighbours Cattel? And is it not much more wonderful, that, in this avaritious degenerate Age, when Men, as I may say, infect each other with the Love of Money, you shou'd so entirely withdraw your Mind from the Things of this World, as to give up your

for so great a Service, bestow'd upon him several considerable Lordships in *Sicily*.

* *If it be true, &c.* This Place has hitherto been misunderstood by the Commentators and Interpreters of *Horace*, but is here set right by rendring *ut, tho'*; a Sense which is frequently given to it in good Authors, and even in *Horace* himself; as might be shewn by Instances, if there were Occasion: The 10th and 11th Verses are (according to this Interpretation) good Reasons why Increase of Riches would not alter *Iccius's* Temper. But as this Passage is commonly understood, they are no Reasons at all for any thing said before.

† The Poet alludes in this Place to *Pactolus* and *Tagus*, the one a River of *Spain*, whose Source is in *Castile* on the Borders of *Arragon*; the other of *Libya*, now call'd *Sarabat*; both celebrated by the Poets for their Golden Sands.

368 Q. HORATII Epist. XII.

Nil parvum sapias, & adhuc sublimia cures: 15
Quæ mare conpescant caussæ: quid temperet an-
num:

Stellæ sponte sua, jussæne vagentur & errent:
Quid premat obscurum lunæ, quid proferat orbem:
Quid velit & possit rerum concordia discors:
Empedocles, an Stertiniam deliret acumen. 20

Verum seu piscis, seu porrum & cæpe trucidas,
Uttere Pompeio Grospho, &, si quid petet, ultro
Defer: nil Grosphus nisi verum orabit & æquum.
Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest.
Ne tamen ignores, quo sit Romana loco res: 25

Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis
Armenius cecidit: jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit, genibus minor. aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno defundit Copia cornu.

EPISTOLA

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self to the sublime Study of Nature, to know what it is that bounds the Sea, and occasions such an agreeable Variety of Seasons; to know, whether the Planets move of themselves, or act in Obedience to some higher Cause? You carefully enquire, what occasions the constant regular Increase and Decrease of the Moon, and what is the Nature and Power of the Elements, which, tho' always at Variance with one another, unite together in preserving the Universe: Whether * *Empedocles* or *Stertinius* the *Stoick* has given the best Account of these Matters. But whether you delight to feed on Fish, or Onions and Garlick are your only Entertainment, afford my Friend *Grosphus* a kind Reception. If he ask any Favour, grant him his Request; assure your self, that *Grosphus* is so wise and modest a Man, that he will ask you nothing but what is very just and reasonable. Surely Friends must be a Drug, when good Men are suffer'd to be in Want!

I cannot conclude without acquainting you with the present Condition of our Affairs: *Agrippa* has entirely conquer'd the *Spaniards*; *Tiberius* the *Armenians*; *Phraates* on his Knees has submitted to *Cæsar*, and own'd himself his Vassal. We have here in *Italy* a very plentiful Harvest.

* *Empedocles*, a Philosopher of *Agrigentum*, now *Gergenti* in *Sicily*; he liv'd about the 84th *Olympiad*.



EPISTOLA XIII.

Ad Vinnium.

UT proficiscentem docui te sæpe diuque,
 Augusto reddes signata volumina, Vinni;
 Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet:
 Ne studio nostri pecces, odiumque libellis
 Sedulus inportes, opera vehemente minister. 5
 Si te forte meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ;
 Abjicito potius, quam quo perferre juberis
 Clitellas ferus inpingas, Asinæque paternum
 Cognomen vertas in risum, & fabula fias.
 Viribus uteris per clivos, flumina, lamas. 10
 Victor propositi simul ac perveneris illuc,
 Sic positum servabis onus: ne forte sub ala
 Fasciculum portes librorum, ut rusticus agnum,
 Ut vinosa glomus furtivæ Pyrrhia lænæ,
 Ut cum pileolo soleas conviva tribulis. 15
 Neu volgo narres te sudavisse ferendo
 Carmina, quæ possint oculos aurisque morari

Casaris,



EPISTLE XIII.

To *Vinnius*.

ACCORDING to the many repeated Instructions which I gave you, before you went from me, see that you remember to deliver my Poems seal'd to *Augustus*; and that by no means you present him with them, unless he be well, in good Humour, and desirous to know the Contents of my Packet; but more especially take Care, lest by being too officious you do me a Disservice.

IF you find your self overcharg'd with the Load of my Papers, throw them away, rather than stumble in *Cæsar*'s Presence; lest the Courtiers, alluding to your Father's Name, say you are an Ass, and make you the Subject of their Mirth and Raillery. Use all your Strength in passing o'er the Mountains, Bogs and Rivers; and, when you come to Court, so order your self as to conceal my Poems; do not carry them under your Arm, as a Peasant carries a Lamb to the Market; or as a Guest his Cap and Slipper, when he returns from a Neighbour's Feast; or, as drunken *Pyrrhia*, who carry'd the Bottom of Yarn she had stol'n, in so publick a Manner, that the Theft was discover'd.

BUT above all, tell not every Passenger, how much you have sweated in carrying such Verses, as may possibly engage even *Cæsar* himself to hear or read 'em. I conjure you, *Vin-*

*Cæsaris, oratus multa prece, nitere. porro
Vado, vale: cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.*



EPISTOLA XIV.

Ad Villicum Suum.

VILLICE silvarum & mihi me reddentis
agelli,

*Quem tu fastidis habitatum quinque focis, &
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere Patres;
Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro: & melior sit Horatius, an rus. §*

*Me quamvis Lamie pietas & cura moratur
Fratrem mærentis, raptō de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter; tamen istuc mens animusque
Fert, & avet spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in Urbe beatum. 10
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio fors.
Stultus uterque locum inmeritum caussatur inique.*

nus, to proceed on your Journey; go, fare you well; be sure that you don't stumble and lose your Errand by the way.



EPISTLE. XIV.

To his Bailiff.

BAILIFF, who hast the Care of my Woods and of my Farm, the Place to which when I retire from Business, I am myself again; the Place, which, tho' you undervalue it, had antiently five Families in it, and us'd to send as many good Housekeepers up to **Varia* upon every publick Meeting: Come, Bailiff, let you and I make a Trial, which of us is most industrious, you in Weeding my Fields, or I my Mind; and whether *Horace* or his Lands are best cultivated. Tho' my Love to *Lamia*, who is sensibly afflicted at his Brother's Death, detains me at *Rome*; yet my Heart is with you: I long for nothing more, than to break thro' those Barriers which keep me here. You place your Felicity in a City-Life, but 'tis the Country alone, that can make me happy. He who envies his Neighbours Circumstances, is dissatisfied with his own. We are both in the wrong to lay the Blame upon the Place were we are. Alas! the Fault is in

He gives his Reasons, why he prefers the Country to the City.

* *Varia*, a little Village in the Country of the *Sabines*, situated between the *Tiber* and *Horace's* Seat.

*In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit umquam.
 Tu mediastinus tacita prece rura petebas:
 Nunc Urbem & ludos & balnea villicus optas. 15
 Me constare mihi scis; & discedere tristem,
 Quandocumque trabunt invisa negotia Romam.
 Non eadem miramur: eo disconvenit inter
 Meque & te. nam quæ deserta & inhospita tesqua
 Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit; & odit 20
 Quæ tu pulchra putas. fornix tibi & uncta popina
 Incutiunt Urbis desiderium, video; & quod
 Angulus iste feret piper & tus ocius urva;
 Nec vicina subest vinum præbere taberna
 Quæ possit tibi; nec meretrix tibicina, cujus 25
 Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis: & tamen urgues
 Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
 Disjunctum curas, & strictis frondibus explēs:
 Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,
 Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato. 30
 Nunc age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
 Quem tenuēs decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
 Quem scis immunem Cinaræ placuisse rapaci,
 Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,*

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the Mind; and the Mind, you know, cannot fly from it self. When you were the lowest of my Menial Servants, how often did you pray to be my Country-Bailiff? Now you are so, you grow weary of your Place, and desire again to be at *Rome*. You know very well, that in this Particular I am much more constant; whenever I am forc'd away to *Rome* by that odious Thing called Business, I go with a sad and aking Heart. Our Inclinations are entirely different, we cannot admire one and the same Thing. Nothing is so disagreeable to you as the Country, to you it seems a Desert; but to me, and to those who delight in Solitude, 'tis irresistibly charming; they and I can't endure to live at *Rome*, but you esteem it as your only Happiness. You long to enjoy a Bottle and a Mistress, and that is the Reason why you wish to be there. You complain that my Lands will sooner bring forth Frankincense and Pepper, than the generous Grape; that there is no Publick-House to supply you with Wine; nor kind fair Minstrel to provoke your Heaviness to dance to her hoarse untuneable Voice. You are moreover oblig'd to till the Ground, which Time out of Mind has been neglected; you must fodder the Oxen when loosned from the Plough; and what is yet more, in Rainy Weather, when you hop'd to enjoy a little Ease, you must dam up the Rivers to prevent Inundations.

Now learn the Reasons, why you and I cannot accord: 'Tis confess'd, that formerly I lov'd to be Gay; fine Cloaths and powder'd Hair were my Delight; the covetous *Cynara* entertain'd me *gratis*; I oftentimes spent whole Nights in drinking, but now a little Supper
contents

316 Q. HORATII Epist. XIV.

*Cena brevis juvat, & prope rivum somnus in
herba.* 35

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam

Limat, non odio obscuro morisque venenat:

Rident vicini glebas & saxa moventem.

Cum servis tu urbana diaria rodere mavis. 40

Horum tu in numerum voto ruis: invidet usum

Lignorum & pecoris tibi calo argutus & horti.

Optat ephippia bos: piger optat arare caballus.

Quam scit uterque libens, censebo, exerceat artem.



EPISTOLA XV.

Ad C. Numonium Valam.

*Q*UAE sit hiems Velie, quod cælum, Vala,
Salerni,

*Quorum hominum regio, & qualis via: (nam mi-
hi Baias*

Musa supervacuas Antonius: & tamen illis

Me

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contents me: I covet no greater Happiness than to sleep on the Banks of some peaceful Stream. 'Tis no Shame for a Man to have been extravagant, but to continue so.

WHEN I am in the Country, no Man envies my Condition; I live secure from poisonous Tongues, nor does any one, that I know of, hate me in secret: My Neighbours smile when they behold me working in my Fields: You, on the contrary, want to be in Town to eat with my Footmen; They, on the other side, envy your Condition, and wish they had Horses and Woods and Gardens, to make use of as they pleased. The Ox wou'd be Saddled, and the lazy Horse wou'd go to Plough; but 'tis my Advice, that every one shou'd diligently mind his own Business.



EPISTLE XV.

To his Friend Vala.

I AM about to leave * *Baie* and its Waters; He desires to
† *Antonius Musa* advises me against them. be in-
The Inhabitants are much incens'd against me, form'd of
the Con-
veniencies of the Place, whither he designs to retire for his
Health.

* See Book II. Sat. IV.

† *Antonius Musa*, a *Græcian*, Physician to *Augustus*, whom he cur'd of a dangerous Fit of Sickness by Bathing; In Recompence of which Cure the *Romans* erected a Statue to him, near that of *Æsculapius*. He was the first Physician that advis'd the Use of the Cold Bath.

because

Me facit invisum, gelida cum perluor unda
 Per medium frigus: sane murteta relinqui, 5
 Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
 Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit; invidus aegris,
 Qui caput & stomachum subponere fontibus audent
 Clusinis, Gabiosque petunt & frigida rura.
 Mutandus locus est, & deversoria nota 10
 Præteragendus equus. Quo tendis? non mihi Cumas
 Est iter aut Baias; læva stomachosus habena
 Dicet eques: sed equis frenato est auris in ore.)
 Major utrum populum frumenti copia pascat;
 Collectosne bibant imbris, puteosne perennis 15
 Jugis aquæ: (nam vina nihil moror illius oræ:
 Rure meo possum quidvis perferre patique:
 Ad mare cum veni, generosum & lene requiro,

Quod

Book I. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 319

because I use the Cold Bath in the Winter. They complain of my leaving their Myrtle Groves, and neglecting their Waters, which by reason of their Sulphur are deservedly famous for curing of the Gout. They cannot bear that any sick Persons shou'd use the cold Baths of ^a *Clusium* and ^b *Gabij*. To calm their Resentments, I resolve to remove, and my Horse must not stop at the usual Stages. I shall grow angry with him by the Way, and turning my Bridle to the Left, shall cry, Whither would you go? I don't design for ^c *Cumæ* or *Baia*: But I shall be a Fool for talking to him, for it is the Rein only that can make him understand me. Tell me therefore, good *Vala*, is the Winter kind at ^d *Velia* and ^e *Salernum*? Is the Air healthy? What sort of People are the Inhabitants, and which is the readiest Way to go thither? Does *Velia* or *Salernum* abound most in Corn? How is their Water? Do they keep it in Cisterns, or have they Plenty of Wells? As for the Wine of those Parts, I have no great Opinion of it: I can make shift with any in the Country, tho' never so ordinary; but when I come to a Sea-Port Town, give me some no-

^a *Clusium*, now *Chiusi*, a City of *Tuscany*, where King *Porfenna* kept his Court.

^b *Gabij*, a little City situate between *Praneste* and *Rome*.

^c *Cumæ*, a small Town not far from *Baia*, famous for several curious Antiquities, particularly for the *Grotto* of the *Sibylla*.

^d *Velia*, a City of *Lucania*.

^e *Salernum*, now *Salerno*, a City in the Kingdom of *Naples*, which was a *Roman* City and Colony call'd *Urbs Picentorum*. The School of the Physicians, which is kept here, is deservedly famous for the great Men it has produc'd, and for the Book of Verses known by the Name of *Schola Salernitana*.

320 Q. HORATII Epist. XV.

Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet
In venas animumque meum, quod verba mini-
stret, 20

Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.)
Tractas uter plaris lepores, uter educet apros;
Utra magis piscis & echinos æquora celent;
Pinguis ut inde domum possim Phæaxque reverti:
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos adcredere, par est. 25

Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter absuntis urbanus cæpit haberi;
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præsepe tæneret;
Inpransus non qui civem dignosceret hoste;
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere sævus; 30
Pernicies & tempestas barathrumque macelli,
Quicquid quæ fierat, ventri donaret avaro:
Hic, ubi nequitie fautoribus & timidis nil
Aut paullum abstulerat, patinas cenabat omasi,
Vilis & agnina; tribus urfis quod satis esset: 35
Scilicet ut ventres lamna candente nepotum

Diceret urendos corrector Bestius. idem
Si quid erat nactus prædæ majoris, ubi omne
Verterat in fumum & cinerem, Non hercule minor,
Aiebat, si qui comedunt bona: cum sit obeso 40
Nil melius turdo, nil volva pulchrius ampla.
Nimirum hic ego sum: nam tuta & parvula laudo,

Cum

ble Wine, which will drive away my Cares, inspire my Heart with Hope and Gladness, and make me eloquent. Are there many Hares and Boars in these Places? Are their Seas well stock'd with Fish? Have they Plenty of Cray-fish? As I have no small Confidence in you, I desire to be fully inform'd in these Particulars, that, at my Return, I may appear as plump and healthy as if I had liv'd at *Alcinous's* Court.

MÆNIUS having squander'd away his Estate, set up for a Wit; he had no constant Eating-place, but was forc'd to dine where he cou'd: When he was hungry he wou'd be very scurrilous, at such times he spar'd neither Friend nor Foe, all were alike to him; he was the very Ruin and Destruction of the Market, whate'er he got, he spent upon his Belly. When he met with little or nothing abroad, from those who lov'd to encourage Extravagance, or who sometimes gave him a Meal's Meat out of Fear of him, he wou'd devour as much Guts and Garbage as wou'd serve Three Bears; and then, putting on a serious Air, like another *Bestius*, he wou'd say, that no *Epicure* deserv'd to live, that their Bellies shou'd be scar'd with a red-hot Iron, as a Punishment for their Luxury. At other times when he glutted himself with better Fare, I do not wonder (said he) that Men spend their Estates in eating well; for certainly, nothing in the World can be more excellent than an Hog's Hamslet, and a fine fat Thrush. Thus it is with me. When I am forc'd to feed on coarse homely Food, I praise a quiet frugal Life, and like a Philosopher seem perfectly contented with my Condition; but when I sit at a great Man's Table,

Y

who

322 Q. HORATII Epist. XV.

*Cum res deficiunt; satis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contingit & unctius; idem
Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum 45
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.*



EPISTOLA XVI.

Ad Quintium.

NE perconteris, fandis meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo pascat herum, an baccis opulentet olive,
Pomisne, an pratis, an amicta vitibus ulmo;
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter & situs agri

Continui montes; ni dissociantur opaca 5
Valle: sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,
Lævum decedens curru fugiente vaporet.
Temperiem laudes. quid, si rubicunda benigni
Cornu vepres & pruna ferunt? si quercus & ilex
Multa fruge pecus, multa dominum juvat um-
bra? 10

Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum.
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infermo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.
Hæ latebræ dulces, & (jam si credis) amœnæ, 15
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.

Tu

who eats nothing but what is exquisitely fine; they only, then say I, are wise and happy, who lay out their Money in Lands and Houses, and are Masters of large and plentiful Estates.



EPISTLE XVI.

To *Quintius*.

Dearest QUINTIUS,

TO prevent your Enquiries concerning my Farm, whether it yields me Hay or Corn in Plenty; or whether it abounds in Olives, or Apples, or Vines, I here send you a Description of it. 'Tis pleasantly situated between Two Mountains, which are divided by a fruitful Valley; the Right is to the East, the Left to the West; the Climate is exceeding temperate, it is neither too hot, nor too cold. Did you but see how my Quicksets abound with Sloes and Cornels, how my Oaks give Plenty of Acorns to my Cattel, and to me a sweet and delightful Shade; you wou'd think your self at the charming **Tarentum*. Here is also a Fountain, which is large enough to give Name to a River, not *Hebrus's* Waters are purer, or cooler; it has, over and above, this extraordinary Quality, that it is very good for the Head and Cholick. It is this sweet and delicious Solitude, which preserves me in Autumn from all Diseases.

The Description
of his
Farm.

* See Book I. Sat. VI.

324 Q. HORATII Epist. XVI.

Tu recte vivis, si curas esse quod audis.
Factamus jam pridem omnis te Roma beatum.
Sed vereor, ne cui de te plus quam tibi credas;
Neve putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum: 20
Neu, si te populus sanum recteque valentem
Diſſitet, occultam febrem sub tempus edendi
Diſſimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Si quis bella tibi terra pugnata marique 25
Dicat, & his verbis vacuas permulceat auris;
Tene magis saluum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo, qui consulit & tibi & Urbi,
Juppiter: Augusti laudes agnoscere possis.
Cum pateris sapiens emendatusque vocari; 30
Respondesne tuo, dic sodes, nomine? nempe
Vir bonus & prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.
Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, si volet, auferet: ut si
Detulerit fascis indigno, detrabet idem.
Pone, meum est; inquit: pono, tristisque rece-
do. 35

Idem,

Book I. HORACE's *Epistles*. 325

YOU are truly happy, if you endeavour to be what Men say you are. It is a long Time since all *Rome* spoke of you, as a happy Man. I am mightily afraid, that you believe what others say of you, rather than your self; and that you think a Man may be happy tho' he be neither Wise nor Good. What if others are pleas'd to say you look well, must you therefore dissemble your Fever so long, till the Fit seizes you at Supper? It is owing to a false and vitious Modesty that Fools often conceal their Sores, so that no * Care is taken of them. Shou'd any one flatter you so far as to say, that you have gain'd considerable Battles both by Land and Sea; and wish that *Jupiter*, who preserves the City in preserving you, may still keep us in Suspence, whether you are more zealous of the Safety of the *Romans*, or they of yours. Shou'd any one, I say, address you in this Manner, you wou'd presently reply, that such Praises as these belong only to *Augustus*. But when they give you the flattering Titles of Wise and Good, tell me, my *Quintius*, how can you take them, as if they were your Due? *Quin.* O! very easily, I am pleas'd with the Character, and am as much delighted with being thought a Wise and Good Man, as you your self can be. *Hor.* But the People who give you these flattering Titles, can take them away as their Fancy moves them: As they make a Man *Consul*, and remove him at Pleasure. Come, say they, lay down your good Cha-

Advice
concern-
ing a
happy
Life.

* *Curare ulcus* and *sanare ulcus* differ much; the last signifies to heal a Sore, the first only to dress it, or take Care of it. So *Hor. Ep. l. 2. Ep. 2. 150* — Fugeres radice vel herba proficiente nihil curarier.

326 Q. HORATII Epist. XVI.

*Idem, si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum,
 Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum,
 Mordeat opprobriis falsis, mutemque colores.
 Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
 Quem, nisi mendosum & medicandum? vir bonus
 est quis?* 40

*Qui consulta Patrum, qui leges juraque servat;
 Quo multæ magnæque secantur iudice lites;
 Quo res sponse, & quo causæ teste tenentur.
 Sed videt hunc omnis domus & vicinia tota
 Introrsus turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ.* 45

*Nec furtum feci, nec fugi, si mihi dicit
 Servus: Habes pretium; loris non ureris, aio.
 Non hominem occidi: Non pasces in cruce corvos.
 Sum bonus, & frugi: venit negitatque Sabellus.
 Cautus enim metuit foveam lupo, accipiterque 50
 Suspectos laqueos, & opertum milius hamum.
 Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore:*

*Tu nihil admittes in te, formidine pœnæ.
 Sit spes fallendi, miscebis sacra profanis.
 Nam de mille fabæ modiis cum subripis unum, 55
 Damnum est, non facinus, mihi pacto lenius isto.*

Vir

Book I. HORACE's *Epistles* 327

racter; it is we who gave it you: I lay it down,
 but must I do it with Grief and Dejection?
 And so, if the People should on the other
 hand report, that I am a Thief, that I lead a
 lewd and infamous Life, that I murder'd my
 Father; shall I suffer such Calumnies as these
 to move me, shall they make me turn pale, or
 create in my Face the least Disorder? To be
 pleas'd with a good Name, and to be afraid of
 a bad one, when we don't deserve either, shews
 that we have Faults which ought to be cor-
 rected. Who then is a good Man? *Quin.* He,
 who obeys the Laws of the Senate, and invio-
 lably adheres to the Rules of Justice; who is
 chosen Arbitrator in the greatest Matters;
 whose Truth and Integrity are so well known,
 that they always are sure of gaining their Cause
 for whom he appears as Witness. *Hor.* And
 yet this wise good Man you speak of, notwith-
 standing his formal specious Appearance of be-
 ing a just and upright Man, is known by his
 Domesticks to be a Knave at the Bottom, and
 is generally thought such by all the Neighbour-
 hood. If my Servant say, I am no 'Thief, nor
 did I ever desert your Service: I reply, 'tis
 well; you have escap'd being whip'd. I am
 no Murderer; if you were, you would be cru-
 cified. If he continues, I am a good and ver-
 tuous Man; that I deny: For the Wolf, Hawk
 and Kite are afraid of the Snares which Men
 lay for them. They that are good, refrain from
 Vice out of Love to Vertue; but you refrain
 for Fear of being punish'd. Cou'd you be sure
 of passing undiscover'd, not the Temples of
 the Gods wou'd then escape you. If from a
 thousand Bushels of Beans you steal but one,
 the Damage is less to me, but the Crime is not

328 Q. HORATII Epist. XVI.

*Vir bonus, omne forum quem spectat & omne tri-
bunal,*

Quandoque Deos vel porco vel bove placat,

Fane pater, clare, clare cum dixit; Apollo:

Labra movet metuens audiri; Pulchra Laverna, 60

Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri:

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.

Qui melior servo, qui liberior sit avarus;

In triviis fixum cum se demittit ob assem,

Non video. nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque: por-

ro 65

Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit umquam.

Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deseruit, qui

Semper in augenda festinat & obruitur re.

Vendere cum possis captivum, occidere noli:

Serviet utiliter: sine pascat durus aretque: 70

Naviget, ac mediis hiemet mercator in undis:

Annonæ profit, portet frumenta penusque.

Vir bonus & sapiens audebit dicere, Pentheu

Rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique

Indignum

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so to you. That Oracle of the Law, whom you lately mention'd, who is so much respect-
ed in all the several Courts of Justice, when he offers a Hog or Ox in Sacrifice, cries with a loud and audible Voice, hear me, Father *Janus*, O *Apollo* hear me! then, shutting his Lips, he mutters to himself, "Beauteous **Laverna*! grant me the Art of deceiving Mankind; let the World believe me Just and Honest, and let all my wicked fraudulent Practices be buried in Darkness. And then for the Covetous Man, in what Respects is he better than a Slave, when, in passing the Streets, he sopsly stoops down to take up a Penny that is nail'd to the Ground? In Truth there is little Difference between 'em, they are both Slaves, he that is Covetous lives in Fear, and Fear and Slavery are one and the same Thing. The Man that perpetually fatigues himself, and impairs his Health in heaping up Riches, is like a Soldier that has lost his Arms, and deserted from his Colours; he has basely quitted the Cause of Vertue, and is good for nothing: Whereas your Slave, so you do not kill him, may be serviceable to you in many Respects; you may sell him if you please, or you may employ him in feeding your Cattel, and manuring your Lands: In the Winter he may make a Voyage, improve your Revenues, and return home laden with Corn and Provisions for the Necessities of Life. To conclude, he only is truly Wise and Good, who (like *Bacchus* in the Tragedy) dares say to *Pentheus* King of *Thebes*, What Punishment will you inflict on

* *Laverna*, the Patroness of Thieves, she had a stately Temple at *Rome*, she was adored in *Greece* under the Name of *Praxidica*.

me,

330 Q. HORATII Epist. XVI.

Indignum coges? Adimam bona. Nempe pecus,
rem,

75

Lectos, argentum: tollas licet. In manicis &
Compedibus sævo te sub custode tenebo.

Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet. opinor,
Hoc sentit; Moriar. mors ultima linea rerum est.



EPISTOLA XVII.

Ad Scævam.

QUAMVIS, Scæva, satis per te tibi consu-
lis, & scis

Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;

Disce, docendus adhuc quæ censeret amicus: ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit: tamen aspice, si quid
Et vos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur. 5

Si te grata quies & primam somnus in horam
Delectat; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
Si lædet caupona; Ferentinum ire jubebo.

Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;

Nec

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me, who am innocent? *Pen.* I will take away your Goods. *Bac.* You mean my Beds and Money and Cattel, you may take them. *Pen.* I will confine you close Prisoner, load you with Irons, and appoint you a hard and cruel Goaler. *Bac.* A God, when I call, will give me a Deliverance. I suppose that he means this, *I will die*: Death is the End of all our Miseries.



EPISTLE XVII.

To *Scæva*.

THOUGH you know well enough by this Time how to behave your self among your Superiours, yet vouchsafe to learn of me, for still you are unacquainted with the Sentiments of your Friend upon this Matter: Tho' I must own that it is like a Blind Man's pretending to shew the Road; yet however see if I have not something to offer on the Subject, which you may think worth the putting in Practice. If you desire to take your Ease, and sleep till Seven or Eight in the Morning; if you cannot endure the Clattering of Coaches, nor the more tumultuous roaring Noise, which usually abounds in all Publick Houses, take my Advice and retire to * *Ferentino*. For it is not the rich Man only who is Happy; nor was he

He advises his Friend *Scæva*, how he ought to demean himself in the Company of great Men.

* *Ferentino*, a small Village in *Italy*, about ten Miles from *Agnania*, which was formerly a very considerable City, but now almost ruin'd.

Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit. 10

Si prodesse tuis, paulloque benignius ipsum

Te tractare voles; accedes ficcus ad unctum.

Si pranderet olus patienter; regibus uti

Nollet Aristippus. Si sciret regibus uti;

Fastidiret olus, qui me notat. utrius horum 15

Verba probes & facta, doce: vel junior, audi

Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia. namque

Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt;

Scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu: rectius hoc &

Splendidius multo est. equus ut me portet, alat

rex,

20

Officium facio: tu poscis vilia rerum,

Dante minor; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res,

Tentatem

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a miserable one who lived and died in an obscure Retreat. But if you desire to serve your Friends, and give a little more Indulgence to your self, frequent the Tables of the Great ^a. If ^b *Aristippus*, said *Diogenes*, knew how to dine on Herbs, he wou'd not be so often at great Men's Tables. *Aristippus* reply'd; if ^c *Diogenes* knew how to make his Court to Princes, he wou'd soon disdain his Dinner of Herbs. Which of these two was in the right? Either tell me your Opinion, or learn from me, who am older than your self, why I give my Vote for *Aristippus*. I divert the Great, said *Aristippus* to the *Cynick*, and am plentifully rewarded; you divert the common People, and have nothing for your Pains. I make my Court, and eat with Princes; ^d you beg your Bread from Door to Door, and tho' you pretend that you want for nothing; yet by accepting the Alms, you shew your self poorer than those who relieve you. As for ^e *Aristippus*, all Stations,
Condi-

^a *Tables of the Great*. The Latin is *unctum*, which signifies a Feast, or delicious Entertainment, as in *Art. Poet.* v. 422.

Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit.

^b See Book II. *Sat.* III.

^c *Diogenes*, a *Cynick* Philosopher born at *Sinope*, A. U. C. 341. He embrac'd a voluntary Poverty, and liv'd in a Tub. See the Particulars of his History and Sayings in *Diogenes Laertius*, l. 6.

^d In Case, says *Epicurus*, our wise Man shou'd be reduc'd to want the common Necessaries of Life, yet will he not with the *Cynicks* betake himself to the common Refuge of Begging, but rather undertake the Instruction of others in Wisdom, and by so doing act according to the Dignity of his Prudence, and at the same time deservedly accommodate himself with what he wants, from those that have Abundance.

^e There is no Condition that does not fit well upon a wise Man. For this Reason I shall never quarrel with
a Phi-

Tentantem majora, fere praesentibus equum:

Contra, quem duplici panno patientia velat, 25

Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.

Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum;

Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet;

Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.

Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angui 30

Vitabit chlamydem; morietur frigore, si non

Rettuleris pannum: refer, & sine vivat ineptus.

Res gerere & captos ostendere civibus hostis;

Attingit solium Jovis & cælestia tentat.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est. 35

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet: esto!

Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter? atqui

Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. hic onus

horret,

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Conditions, and Circumstances of Life sat well on him : He was commonly trying to mend his Fortune, yet was always contented with what it was. But on the other hand, as for that Fellow, wrapt round with Patience, and a double-breasted Great-Coat, I mean *Diogenes*, I should wonder much if any other Way of Life should become him. The first will never stay to put on his best Cloaths, but will pass thro' Places of the greatest Resort with a Thread-bare Coat on his Back, and yet both Parts will become him, that of a Beau, and that of a Sloven. But shou'd you offer a Scarlet Cloak to *Diogenes*, he wou'd shun it as he wou'd a Dog or Serpent ; rather than wear it, he wou'd go in his Shirt and die with Cold : Give him his Weather-beaten Cloak again, and let him suffer for his Folly.

To gain great Victories, and to ride in Triumph thro' the City of *Rome* with a Train of Captives, are Things so truly great and glorious, that they make a Man almost equal to the Gods. Nor is it a mean and ordinary Accomplishment to be able to please Great Men ; few there are who know how to do so. He that doubts of Success, chooses to sit still, and not expose himself. Agreed. But what will you say of him that succeeds ? Is he not a very gallant Man ? Either here or no where the Person is to be found that we are enquiring after. The one is afraid that the Enterprize is too

a Philosopher for living in a Palace, but shall at the same Time not excuse him, if he can't content himself with a Cottage. I shall not be scandaliz'd to behold him in the Apparel of Kings, provided he has not their Ambition. *Monsieur Evremont in his Reflections upon the Doctrine of Epicurus.*

great ;

336 Q. HORATII Epist. XVII.

Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus: 40

*Hic subit, & perfert. aut virtus nomen inane est,
Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.*

Coram rege suo de paupertate tacentes

*Plus poscente ferent. distat, sumasne pudenter,
An rapias. atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.* 45

Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,

Et fundus nec vendibilis nec pascere firmus,

Qui dicit; clamat, Victum date. succinit alter,

Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus, haberet 50

Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

*Brundisium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœ-
num,*

Qui queritur salebras & acerbum frigus & imbris,

Aut cistam effractam & subducta viatica plorat;

Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpe catellam, 55

Sæpe

great; that neither his Strength nor Courage is sufficient: The other boldly undertakes the Matter, and is crown'd with Success. Now you must confess, that Virtue is only an empty Name, or that he who knows how to make his Address to Men of Quality, deserves both to be commended, and rewarded for it.

THEY who say nothing of their Poverty before their Patron*, will get more than the Importunate and Craving. And even when a Present is made you, there is a wide Difference between catching greedily at it, and receiving it modestly: This is a Precept of the highest Importance. He who says, I have a Sister unprovided of a Fortune; my Mother is poor; I cannot live on the Income of my Estate, and am so tied up, that I cannot sell it; says, in effect, Give me somewhat to subsist me. Another starts up, and immediately subjoins, Let me I beseech you, Sir, share in your Bounty. But if the Raven would eat his Meat in Quiet, he wou'd have more of it; and no one wou'd enter into Contest with him, or envy his good Fortune.

A MAN of Quality makes an Invitation to one that waited on him at his Levee, I shall be glad, Sir, says he, of your Company to *Brindes* or *Surrentum*, 'tis a sweet Place. The Man replies, the Weather is cold, the Ways are bad and plashy, that his Cabinet was lately broke open, and his Money stol'n. He that expresses himself after this manner; gives us to understand what he wou'd be at, and his Reward is accordingly. It is with him as with

Z

Women

* *Their Patron.* *Coram Rege suo*, so I read, and not *suâ*, as if it were to be joyn'd with *paupertate*. If Horace had said

338 Q. HORATII Epist. XVII.

*Sæpe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis : uti mox
 Nulla fides damnis verisque doloribus adfit.
 Nec semel inrisus triviis attollere curat
 Fracto crure planum. licet illi plurima manet
 Lacrima ; per sanctum juratus dicat Ostrin, 60
 Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum :
 Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.*



EPISTOLA XVIII.

Ad Lollium.

*S*I bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
 Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum.
 Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit atque
 Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.
 Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus, 5
 Asperitas agrestis & inconcinna gravisque :
 Quæ se commendat tonsa cute, dentibus atris ;

Dum

Women of the Town, who by often pretending imaginary Losses, make their real ones to be disbeliev'd. He that has once been soundly laugh'd at for relieving a Cheat, will be very cautious that he be not couzen'd a second Time. The impotent Vagrant may cry his Eyes out; he may swear by **Osiris* that he is no Deceiver; hear me ye cruel-hearted Men! instead of relieving him, the whole Neighbourhood immediately cry out upon him; Get you gone you Rascal to those that do not know you.

* *Osiris*, the Patron of Vagrants; he is the same as *Apis* and *Serapis*; by *Osiris* some understand the Sun.



EPISTLE XVIII.

To *Lollius*.

IF I know any thing of your Temper, *Lollius*, you are too sincere to flatter your Friends. A Friend in all his Actions and Behaviour is as different from a Flatterer, as a virtuous Lady, both in her Dress and Conversation, from a Woman of the Town. But there is a Vice quite opposite to this, which is more insupportable: I mean a clownish, disagreeable, uncultivated Roughness of Behaviour, which

He advises his Friend how to get the Love of all his Acquaintance.

said *Coram Rege sua*; &c. then *Rex* should have signified a King in general; but he is in this Epistle speaking of the Arts of making Court to the Great among the Romans; and Patrons were called the *Reges* of their Clients; so Horace tells *Macenas*;

———*Rexq; Paterq;*

Mudisti coram.———Epist. 7. v. 37.

Z 2

under

340 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII.

Dum volt libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

*Virtus est medium vitiorum, & utrimque redu-
ctum.*

Alter in obsequium plus æquo pronus, & imi 10

Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,

Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit;

Ut puerum sævo credas dictata magistro

Reddere, vel partis mimum tractare secundas:

Alter rixatur de lana sepe caprina, & 15

Propugnat nugis armatus: Scilicet ut non

Sit mihi prima fides? &, vere quod placet, ut non

Acritur elatrem? pretium ætas altera sordet.

Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus;

Brundisum Minuci melius via ducat, an Appi. 20

Quem damnosa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,

Gloria

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under the Disguise of Virtue and plain Dealing, takes a Liberty of treating all Mankind with Insolence and Brutality.

ALL Vice consists in Extremes, which are direct Contraries; and are either the Defect or Excess of some Virtue; so that there are not only two Vices to every Virtue, but both are Extremes running counter to each other. Between these are the Paths of Virtue, which lie strait forward, and like *Parallel Lines* never interfere. True Virtue is the Medium between two Extremities. The Parasite is all Complaisance to the rich Man, at whose Table he is, and is ever playing upon those who sit on the lowest Couch at Dinner: He pays such a Regard even to the Nod of the Master of the Feast, so catches up his Words and repeats them, that you would think him like a School-boy saying his Lesson after his Master, or rather like one who acts an inferior Part in a Play, and does it in such a Manner as to set off the principal Actor. The other rude unconvertible Mortal, having little or no Knowledge of the World, and being over-full of himself, disputes about Trifles. What, says he, shall I not be believ'd sooner than another? Shall I not freely speak my Thoughts? Were I to live a hundred Years longer, on Condition I were silent, I wou'd much rather choose to die, than be debarr'd of the Liberty of maintaining my Opinions. Now what do you think was the Occasion of all this Heat? Why, 'twas only, whether *Castor* or *Docilis* was the best Fencer; whether the *Minucian* or *Appian* Way is the shorter or better Way to *Brindes*.

NOTHING is more common, than for a rich Man to hate those of his Acquaintance,

342 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII.

*Gloria quem supra vires & vestit & unguet,
 Quem tenet argenti fitis inportuna famelque,
 Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga, dives amicus,
 Sæpe decem vitiis instructior, odit & horret: 25
 Aut si non odit, regit; ac, veluti pia mater,
 Plus quam se sapere & virtutibus esse priorem
 Volt: & ait prope vera; Meæ (contendere noli)
 Stultitiam patiuntur opes: tibi parvula res est:
 Arta decet sanum comitem toga: desine mecum 30
 Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicumque nocere volebat,
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa. beatus enim jam
 Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia & spes;
 Dormiet in lucem; scorto postponet honestum
 Officium; nummos alienos pascet; ad imum 35
 Threx erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.*

*Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius umquam;
 Commissumque teges, & vino tortus & ira.
 Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes:
 Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges. 40*

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who have spent their Estates in Play, or on Women; who are Covetous or Ambitious, or affect to live beyond their Circumstances, and choose to do any Thing, tho' never so dishonourable, to avoid being poor. He cannot so much as bear the Sight of them, tho' he himself is guilty of the same, or greater Vices. If he does not detest them; like a tender Mother, he advises them to be better and wiser than himself. And certainly in some Sense, the Counsel which he gives is just and reasonable. My Fortune, saith he, will bear me out in a thousand Follies; you have but a small Income: He that lives upon another's Table (if he is wise) will cut his Coat according to his Cloth; then don't pretend to dress at me.

EUTRAPELUS, an old crafty Courtier, when any one offended him, took his Revenge in the following Manner. He presented the Man with fine Cloaths and a splendid Equipage, These, said he to himself, will fill his Mind with different Ideas; he will affect to live Great, sleep till Noon, take up Money at excessive Interest, and sacrifice his Honour and Conscience to his Pleasures; till at last he is forc'd to turn Gladiator and fight for a Subsistence; or, what is as bad, hire himself to some poor Gardener, to drive his Horse laden with Cabbages to the Market.

BE not over-sollicitous to be made acquainted with your Friend's Secrets; but if, unask'd, he entrusts you with them, let not Wine or Provocations force you to betray him. Neither censure others, nor commend your self. If your Friend at any Time asks you to go a Hunting, let not the Muses be your Excuse. Such a Pretence as this created a Difference be-

344 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII.

*Gratia sic fratrum geminorum Amphionis atque
 Zethi dissiluit; donec suspecta severo
 Conticuit lyra. fraternis cessisse putatur
 Moribus Amphion: tu cede potentis amici
 Lenibus imperiis: quotiensque educet in agros 45
 Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta canesque;
 Surge, & inhumanae senium depone Camena,
 Cenes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus emta:
 Romanis sollemne viris opus, utile famæ,
 Vitæque, & membris: præsertim cum valeas, & 50
 Vel cursu superare canem, vel viribus aprum
 Possis. adde, virilia quod speciosius arma
 Non est qui tractet. scis quo clamore coronæ
 Prælia sustineas campestria: denique sevam
 Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tulisti 55
 Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum signa refigit
 Nunc; &, si quid abest, Italiam adjudicat armis.*

tween * *Zethus* and *Amphion* who were Twins, nor had they ever been reconcil'd, had not *Amphion* laid aside his Musick, and comply'd with his surly humourfome Brother. When your powerful Friend does but mention his Mind, obey it as readily as if it was a Command: When he leads out his Dogs and Horses to the Field, let Poetry be neglected, which renders you unfociable; get up and hunt, and be in with the formost, and enjoy with Pleasure your Portion of the Prey.

HUNTING is a noble and generous Recreation, the *Romans* love it; 'tis Reputable and Healthy; it makes the Limbs more pliant and active: But above all Things, 'tis most proper for you, who enjoy the Prime and Bloom of Youth. No Man handles his Arms with a better Grace, in Swiftnefs you excel the fleetest Hounds, and in point of Strength, the fiercest Boars are nothing to you. With what Applause do you perform your Exercises in the Field of *Mars*? When you were little better than a Boy, you made with Honour a Campaign in *Spain*, under that famous and renowned General, whose victorious Arms have recover'd our Banners from the *Parthian* Temples, and, if any thing is wanting to compleat his Glory, are now advancing to subdue the few remaining Parts of the Universe, which refuse

* *Zethus* and *Amphion*, the Twin-Sons of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, their Inclinations were extreamly different; *Zethus* lov'd Hunting, and *Amphion* delighted in nothing but Musick; but as *Zethus* was of a rough and savage Disposition, and consequently had no Ear for Musick, he cou'd not endure that his Brother *Amphion* shou'd play upon the Harp; he quarrel'd so often with him about it, that at last *Amphion* was oblig'd for Quietnefs to bid adieu to Harmony.

346 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII.

Ac ne te retrahas, & inexcusabilis abstes;
Quamvis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque
Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno. 60

Partitur lintris exercitus: Actia pugna,
Te duce, per pueros hostili more refertur:
Adversarius est frater; lacus Hadria: donec
Alterutrum velox victoria fronde coronet.
Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te, 65
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.

Protenus ut moneam, (si quid monitoris eges tu)
Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, sæpe videto.
Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est:
Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures; 70
Et semel emissum volat inrevocabile verbum.

Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla puerve,
Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici:
Ne dominus, pueri pulchri caræve puellæ
Munere te parvo beet, aut incommodus angat. 75
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice: ne
mox

Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus: ergo,
Quem sua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.
At penitus notum si tentent crimina, serves 80

Tuterisque

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to submit to the *Roman* Power. It wou'd be an unpardonable Fault in you, wholly to abstain from this noble Recreation: For tho' no Man observes a just *Decorum* more strictly than your self, yet in the Country, you do not disdain to amuse your Thoughts with youthful Diversions. You divide a little Army of Boys into two Parts; each has an equal Number of Vessels: You command the one, and your Brother the other; the *Lucrine* Lake serves you instead of the *Adriatick*; here you fight o'er again the Battle at * *Actium*, and never give over, till one Side is victorious. This Condescension to your Brother's Inclinations will gain you Friends, and engage other Men to approve of yours. One more Piece of Advice I am to give you (if there be any Advice that you want) which is, that you be very careful of what you say of other Men, and to whom you say it. Shun all inquisitive curious Persons; they are commonly Tatlers; and a Word once spoken can never be recall'd.

It concerns you also to be very cautious whom you recommend; lest you happen to be put to the Blush for the Miscarriages of others. Shou'd this be your Case, (for we are all fallible, and sometimes recommend unworthy Persons) as soon as you are convinc'd that he is blameable, don't pretend to take his Part that has thus deceiv'd you: But if you are well as-

* *Actium*, a Promontory of *Epirus*, now *Capo Figulo*. Near this Place *Augustus* overcame *Marc Antony*, built the City *Nicopolis* in Memory of the Victory; instituted the *Actian* Games to be solemniz'd every five Years, and repair'd the Temple of *Apollo*, new dedicating it to *Mars* and *Neptune*. This Battle was fought A. M. 4024, about 30 Years before *Christ*.

348 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII

*Tuterisque tuo fidenter praesidio: qui
Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te post paullo ventura pericula sentis?
Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet:
Et neglecta solent incendia sumero vires.* 85

*Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici:
Expertus metuit. tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura.*

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosus,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnarumque remissi:* 90
*Potores liquidi media de luce Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamvis
Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.*

*Deme supercilio nubem: plerumque modestus
Occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi.* 95

*Inter cuncta leges & percontabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes:
Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet:* 100

Quid

sur'd that he is unjustly accus'd; speak up for him, and defend him, for he relies on you as his Patron and Friend. When your Neighbour's House is set on Fire, you run great Risque of losing your own; the Flames will spread, unless speedily extinguish'd.

To attend upon the Great, seems pleasant to those, who know nothing of the Matter; but they who have experienc'd what it is, are afraid of engaging a second Time in so doubtful an Employment. While your Ship enjoys a prosperous Gale, be sure to improve so fair an Opportunity, lest the Wind change, and force you back again into the Port, from whence you set sail.

THEY who are of a gloomy Temper, detest a lively and facetious Man; the lively and facetious abhor a dull and gloomy Gravity. The slothful Man hates him that is active, and is hated by him; they who drink hard, disdain the Man that refuses his Glass; in vain you pretend that the Vapours in the Night are very unwholsome, you must not be so uncomplying.

IN Conversation put on an open and chearful Countenance; generally speaking the Shamefac'd Man passes for a Dull one, and the Silent for a Morose one.

AMONG other things, do not neglect to read the Philosophers; learn from the Wise the invaluable Secret how to lead an easie and contented Life. Let them instruct you how to moderate your Desires, that the Hopes and Fears of things, that can hardly be said to be profitable, may not perplex and disturb your Felicity. They will inform you, whether Virtue is implanted in our Nature, or attainable

350 Q. HORATII Epist. XVIII.

*Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum:
Quid pure tranquillet; honos; an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ.*

*Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus; 105
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc est; etiam minus: & mihi
vivam*

*Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Di:
Sit bona librorum & provisæ frugis in annum
Copia: neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ. 110
Sed satis est orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mi animum ipse pa-
rabo.*



EPISTOLA XIX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

PRISCO si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino;
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. ut male sanos,
Adscripsit

able by Study. They will tell you what it is which lessens our Cares, and makes a Man in Friendship with himself: Whether Riches or Honour, or a private Retirement, where Life insensibly glides away, is the truest Happiness. When I sit on the Banks of *Digentia's* Stream (which supplies the Inhabitants of *Mandela* with Water) than which nothing in Nature is more refreshing; what do you think is the utmost of my Wishes? All that I desire, is quietly to possess the little I have, or even less, if Heaven so pleases; and, for the Time that is yet to come, if any Remainder is yet behind, to live at my own Disposal. Let me have a good Number of the choicest Books, and a Year's Provision before-hand in my Barns: And may I never be toss'd too and fro between Hopes and Fears of what is to happen hereafter;—but I forbear—it is sufficient that I ask of *Jupiter* those Things which he can give, or take away: Let him but grant me Life and Riches; and I will take Care to provide myself with such an Evenness of Temper, as that I may enjoy his Blessings aright.



EPISTLE XIX.

To *Mæcenas*.

Learned MÆCENAS,

IF you believe old *Cratinus*, they who drink nothing but Water, will never make good Poets; the Verses they write, please only for a Time;

Adscriptis Liber Satyris Faunisque poetas;

Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camenæ. 5

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.

Ennius ipse pater numquam nisi potus ad arma

Profiluit dicenda. Forum putealque Libonis

Mandabo ficcis, adimam cantare severis.

Hoc simul edixi; non cessavere poetæ 10

Nocturno certare mero, putere diurno.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus, & pede nudo,

Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;

Virtutemne representet moresque Catonis?

Rupit Iarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua; 15

Dum studet urbanus, tenditque disertus haberi.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. quod si

Pallerem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.

O imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi sæpe

Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus! 20

Liberæ

Time; they quickly perish, and are utterly forgotten.

SINCE *Bacchus* thought fit to rank the Poets with the *Fauns and Satyrs*, the Muses have constantly indulg'd themselves with the Juice of the Grape. Even * *Homer* himself, as is evident from his frequent Encomiums upon Wine, was no Starter from it. Old Father † *Ennius* was likewise sensible of the good Effects of it; he never set himself to write of Battles before he had warm'd and elevated his Spirits with a Glass of good Wine. Let those who drink nothing but Water, mind the Business of the Law; let them not dare to invoke the Muses. I had no sooner said this in Publick, than all the Poets fell to drinking for the Laurel, Day and Night together. What if any one should affect *Cato's* rugged Air, walk without Shoes, and wear, like him, a little scanty Cloak; must it therefore follow, that he can imitate his Virtues? *Hiarbitas*, by endeavouring to emulate ‡ *Timagenes* in his Wit and Raillery, quite ruin'd himself. A Model that is faulty in some Particulars, if those Faults are imitated, is oftentimes of dangerous Consequence to those who form themselves by it. If by Chance I should look pale, I'll warrant that the whole Tribe of Poets would immediately drink Cummin, that their Looks might be like mine. Ye servile Mortals, ye very Herd of Imitators! how often have ye set me a fretting, how often a laughing with your apish Affectations?

* See Book I. Sat. X.

† See Book I. Sat. IV.

‡ *Timagenes*, an Orator of *Alexandria*, was for some Time in great Favour with *Augustus*, which he foolishly lost, by taking too great a Freedom with the Emperor.

354 Q. HORATII Epist. XIX.

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
 Non aliena meo pressi pede. qui sibi fidit,
 Dux regit examen. Parios ego primus Iambos
 Ostendi Latio; numeros animosque secutus
 Archilochi, non res & agentia verba Lycamben. 25
 Ac ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes,
 Quod timui mutare modos & carminis artem:
 Temperat Archilochi Musam pede mascula Sappho;
 Temperat Alcæus, sed rebus & ordine dispar:
 Nec socerum quærit, quem versibus oblinat
 atris; 30
 Nec sponsæ laqueum famoso carmine nectit.
 Hunc ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus,
 Volgavi fidicen. juvat inmemorata ferentem
 Ingenuis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri.
 Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector 35
 Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?*

Non

I was the first, who dar'd to tread in unbeaten Paths, where no Man ever set Foot before me. He that can justly depend upon himself, is fit to lead others. I was the first who attempted *Iambicks* in the *Latin* Tongue: I endeavour'd at the Numbers and Spirit of * *Archilochus*; but not his bitter *Invectives*, which cost *Lycambes* his Life. Nor is the Laurel less my Due for not changing his Measures, since I have happily intermix'd 'em with † *Sapphics* and ‡ *Alcaics*, which soften their Rapidity: Besides, the Subject and Manner of treating it are entirely different. In my Verses there is no Father-in-law inveigh'd against; nor any thing said so Infamous as to make a Spouse hang herself. It is much for my Glory, that I was the first who dar'd to imitate *Archilochus* in *Latin*; and as the thing was before unattempted, I shall take a particular Joy and Satisfaction in being read by Men of Quality.

Now, if you would know the Reason, why some unjust and ungrateful Persons pretend in Publick to censure my Writings, tho' they secretly admire them: 'Tis briefly this. I

* See Book II. Sat. III.

† *Sappho*, a Poetess of the Isle of *Lesbos*; she writ nine Books of *Lyrick* Verses, and was the Inventress of that Kind of Verse which from her is call'd the *Sapphick*. She was particularly happy in the Sweetness of her Verses, in which are some Strokes of Delicacy, which are the finest and most passionate in the World. 'Tis a thousand Pities, says M. Bayle, that *Anacreon* and *Sappho* did not live together: If they had, they ought to have been Husband and Wife; that the World might have seen what would have been the Effect of two such delicate Souls. According to *Calvisius*, *Sappho* flourish'd in the Time of *Nabonassar*, A. M. 3341.

‡ *Alcaeus*, a *Lyrick* Poet of *Mitylene* in the Isle of *Lesbos*, Contemporary with *Sappho*.

356 Q. HORATII Epist. XIX.

*Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor
 Impensis cenarum, & tritæ munere vestis:
 Non ego nobilium scriptorum auditor & ultor,
 Grammaticas ambire tribus & pulpita dignor. 40
 Hinc illæ lacrimæ. Spissis indigna theatris
 Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus,
 Si dixi; Rides, ait, & Jovis auribus ista
 Servas: fidis enim manare poetica mella
 Te solum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti 45
 Formido; &, luctantis acuto ne fecer ungui,
 Displicet iste locus, clamo, & diludia posco.
 Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen, & iram;
 Ira truces inimicitias, & funebre bellum.*



EPISTOLA XX.

Ad Librum suum.

VERTUMNUM fanumque, liber, spectare
 videris:

Scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.

Odisti

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never hunt for popular Applause; I disdain to treat the Mob for their Suffrages, or to purchase their Votes with my cast off Cloaths. I never hear the *Romans* repeat their Verses, nor do I repeat mine. I don't make my Court to the Grammarians, which is the Cause of their Rage against me. If I say, that I am ashamed to have my sorry Lines rehears'd in the Theatre; that 'tis setting a Value upon Things that are Trifles; you railly us, say they; you reserve your Poems for none but *Augustus*; you fancy your self the best Poet of the Age, and vainly imagine that your Numbers alone are Sweet and Harmonious. When they say this, I dare not for my Life be severe upon them, lest, being provok'd, they should tear me in Pieces. I only reply, that the Place is not what I like, and therefore desire that we may not meet; for Contention produces Strife and Passion; and Passion concludes in War and Destruction.



EPISTLE XX.

To his Book.

I FIND, my Book, that you want to be abroad; your Eyes are fix'd on * *Janus* and *Vertumnus*; you long to be neatly bound and gilt, and to lie expos'd in the Booksellers Shops. A modest Child delights to be under the Tuiti-

* Near the Statues of *Janus* and *Vertumnus*, which were plac'd in the *Tuscan* Street, there were a great many Booksellers.

358 Q. HORATII Epist. XX.

Odisti clavis, & grata figilla pudico;
Paucis ostendi gemis, & communia laudas;
Non ita nutritus. fuge quo descendere gestis: 5
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. Quid miser egi,
Quid volui? dices; ubi quid te læserit, & scis
In breve te cogi, plenus cum languet amator.
Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserit ætas. 10
Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere volgi
Cœperis; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertis,
Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,
Qui male parentem in rupis protrusit asellum 15
Iratus. quis enim invitum servare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.

Cum

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- on of his Parents, but you hate to be confin'd; the very Thought of being read only by a few Persons is grievous to you; you were not bred to appear in Publick, and yet you wish for nothing more. Well, my Book, go where you please; but remember that when you are once set out, there is no returning. The Criticks will spend their Malice upon you; and then you will repent of what you have done, and bewail your Misfortune. Even your Admirers will in a little Time grow weary of you, roll you up, and lay you aside. If I am not prejudic'd thro' my Resentment of this your Folly, I will venture to prophesie that at your first Appearance in *Rome*, you will meet with a kind and civil Reception: But when you shall fall into the Hands of the Vulgar, and become contemptible; they will throw you aside for a Prey to the Moths, transport you to * *Utica*; or perhaps employ you to a better purpose, in covering the Packets which go from hence to † *Lerida*. How shall I then laugh at you for not following my Advice? like the Man in the Fable, who when he found that his Ass in spight of all he could do, would fall over the Precipice, e'en push'd him over: For, who would take Pains to save him that will be ruin'd? I foresee likewise, that it will be your Destiny to be thumb'd by some old stammering School-master, who in the Suburbs of the City teaches

* *Utica*, a City of *Africa*, made famous by the Death of *Cato* the Younger, who kill'd himself in this Place.

† *Lerida*, or *Lerida*, a City of *Catalonia* in *Spain*; in the Time of the *Romans* it was the Capital of that Part of *Spain* call'd *Tarraconensis*.

360 Q. HORATII Epist. XX.

Cum tibi sol tepidus plaris admoverit auris ;
Me libertino natum patre, & in tenui re, 20
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris ;
Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas :
Me primis Urbis belli placuisse domique ;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, salibus aptum ;
Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem. 25
Forte meum ſi quis te percontabitur ævum ;
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe Decembris,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lallius anno.



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Boys to read. * Whensoever the excessive Heat of the Sun brings you in a large and numerous Audience; be sure to acquaint them, that, tho' I was the Son of a Slave made free; yet by my Learning I improv'd my Fortunes and advanc'd my Condition. By this Means you will add to my Merit, what you take from my Birth. You may tell 'em further, that I had the good Fortune to please the greatest Men in *Rome*, both Generals and Statesmen; that my Stature was small; that my Hairs were grey before my Time; that I lov'd to warm my self in the Sun; and as for my Temper, that I was soon angry and soon pleas'd. If they ask my Age, say that I was Four and Forty Years old, when *Lollius* and *Lepidus* were *Consuls*.

* The Poets recited their Verses in Porticoes or Temples; and as these were cool Places, the hotter the Weather was, the more People flock'd in for Shade, and so made the more numerous Audiences. *Juvenal* speaks of *Augusto recitantes mense Poetas*.





Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM

LIBER SECUNDUS.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad Augustum,

*CUM tot sustineas & tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pol-
lux,*

5

Post



H O R A C E's EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

To *Augustus*.

WHILE You bear alone the Weight
of the Empire, while You protect
us by the Terror of Your Arms,
and make all *Italy* compleatly happy by your
excellent Laws and more excellent Example; I
shou'd do an irreparable Injury to the Publick,
shou'd I take up your Time with a long Epistle.

* ROMULUS and † Bacchus, ‡ Castor and
Pollux,

* *Romulus*, the first King and Founder of the City of
Rome, A. M. 3301, was Brother of *Remus*, and Son of
Rhea-Sylvia, the Daughter of *Numitor*. He reign'd 37
Years.

† *Bacchus*, the God of Wine, Son of *Jupiter* by *Semele*. See his History in the 4th Book of *Diodorus Siculus*.

‡ *Castor* and *Pollux*, two Brothers, Sons of *Jupiter* and
Leda,

*Post ingentia fata Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Conponunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram, 10
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Conperit invidiam supremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artis
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores, 15
Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens & justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque 20
Æstimat; & nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit:*

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Pollux, who were deify'd after their Decease; even these, while they were spending their Days in doing Good to Mankind, in building Cities, planting Colonies, dividing Lands, and in bringing cruel and destructive Wars to a happy Conclusion, complain'd that they did not meet with the Acknowledgments which were due to their Merits.

EVEN * *Hercules* himself, who slew the *Hydra*, and was born to quell the Monsters of the Earth, found by fatal Experience, after all his Victories, that Envy was not to be conquer'd but by Death.

HE that excells in any Art or Science, will most certainly be envy'd by those whom he excells; but when he dies, their Envy dies with him, his Rivals forget their former Hatred, and do Honour to his Memory.

'TIS Your Felicity to be ador'd while living; to You we raise Altars, we swear by your Divinity, and confess that the World has never seen, nor will it ever see your Equal. But tho' the *Romans* do you Justice in preferring you to all the great Commanders, which *Greece* or *Italy* have ever produc'd; yet they do not observe the same just Measures in other Matters. They are grown such immoderate Lovers of Antiquity, that they cannot bear with any thing that is modern. They are so

Leda, Wife to *Tyndarus*, they follow'd *Jason* to *Colchis* for the Conquest of the Golden Fleece; where they made themselves famous by their valiant Actions.

* *Hercules*, Son of *Jupiter* by *Alcmena*; By the Envy of *Juno* he narrowly escap'd Death; By her he was made subject to *Eurystheus*, at whose Command he perform'd several extraordinary things; One of which was the killing the *Hydra*, a Monster with Seven Heads. His Story is at large in *Ovid* and other Poets.

pre-

*Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis, 25
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatū,
 Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
 Si, quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loqua-
 mur : 30*

*Nil intra est olea, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
 Psallimus, & lætatur Achivis doctius unctis.
 Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget an-
 nus. 35*

*Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos, veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Vilis, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.*

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prepossess'd in Favour of the Antients, that they maintain, that the * Laws of the Twelve Tables, which were enacted by the *Decemviri*; the Treaties of Peace which our Kings concluded with the *Sabins* and *Gabij*; the Rituals of the High-Priests; the Books of the † *Sibyls*; and other antient Poets, are what the Muses themselves pronounc'd upon the Top of Mount *Alba*. What if among the *Grecian* Writers the most antient are the best, does it follow that the *Latin* must be so too? They who talk after so ridiculous a Manner, may as well persuade us, that Black is White, and White Black.

I might as justly and truly affirm that we *Romans* are arriv'd at the highest Perfection; that we sing and paint, and perform our Exercises much better than the *Grecians*. 'Tis agreed on all Hands that Wine is the better for being old; if it be so with Poetry, I shall be glad to know what Time is necessary to give a Value to a Poem? Is an Author that died a Hundred Years ago to be rank'd among the Antients, or the Moderns? Is he a good or bad Writer? Some Time must be settled, or the Dispute will be

* The Body of the antient *Roman* Laws was collected by the *Decemviri*, who were created for that Purpose, from the *Grecian* Laws, A. U. C. 301. See an Account of 'em in *Livy's* History, Book III. Chap. xxxiii, and xxxiv, where he calls 'em the *Fons omnis publici privatique juris*. *Tully* in his first Book *de Oratore*, prefers them for their Wisdom to whole Libraries of the Philosophers.

† *Sibyls*, Ten Heathen Virgins who were famous for their Prophecies. Their Books were a Collection of Oracles, which *Sibylla Cumana* sold to *Tarquinus Superbus* for 300 Crowns; they were lost when the Capitol was burnt in *Sylla's* Time, about 83 Years before Christ.

endless.

Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno, 40
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poetas,
An quos & præsens, & postera respuat ætas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ 45
Paullatim vello, & demo unum, demo & item u-
num:

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis:
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.
Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus 50
(Ut critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur,
Quod promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.
Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens? adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur quotiens uter utro sit prior; aufert 55
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti;

Dicitur

Book II. HORACE's *Epistles*. 369

endless. *Rom.* The Author that died a hundred Years ago is undoubtedly Antient, and his Works are valuable. *Hor.* But what if he wants a Month, or a Year of the Time you mention, will you not place him among the Antients? Shall the present and the succeeding Age pass Sentence upon him as vile and contemptible? *Rom.* If a Month or a Year be wanting, I shall reckon it as nothing. *Hor.* According to your Concession, like the Man who pluck'd off a Horse's Tail, Hair by Hair, I first take away one Year, then another, afterwards a Third, and so on; till you your self, who reckon that to be Excellent which is Antient, and think only those Things to be valuable, which have been consecrated by Death, shall confess your Mistake. * *Ennius*, if you'll believe the Criticks, had both Sense and Spirit, they look upon him as a second *Homer*. But he did not take Care to justify the Truth of *Pythagoras's* Doctrine, by fully convincing us, that the Soul of that incomparable Poet had its Residence in him.

ARE not the Poems even of ^b *Naevius* in every one's Hands? Nay, are they not got by Heart? So great is the Veneration which they have for Antiquity.

WHEN it is disputed which of the antient Poets is the best, ^c *Pacuvius* or ^d *Accius*? The Criticks

* See Book I. Sat. IV.

^b *Naevius*, the Author of several Latin Comedies, the first of which was acted at Rome, A. U. C. 519; being too Satyrical, he incurred the Displeasure of *Metellus*, by whose Means he was banish'd the City, whence he retir'd to *Utica*, where he died, A. U. C. 551.

^c *Pacuvius* was Nephew to *Ennius*. We have now so little remaining of him, that it is hard to say what advances he made in the *Roman Satire*.

^d *Accius*, a Tragick Writer, contemporary with *Pacuvius*.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro:

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi:

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:

Hos

Book II. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 371

Criticks prefer the one for the Sublime, the other for his Learning. 'Tis agreed that ^a *Afranius* equals ^b *Menander*, and that ^c *Plautus* imitates ^d *Epicharmus* so closely, that he never loses him out of Sight: That ^e *Cæcilius* excels in Weight and Matter; ^f *Terentius* in his Manners,

vius. *Quintilian*, Book X. Chap. I. gives them both this Character. *Tragœdia Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi gravitate sententiarum, verborum pondere & auctoritate personarum. Caterum nitor & summa in excellendis operibus manus magis videri potest temporibus, quam ipsis defuisse. Virium tamen Accio plus tribuitur; Pacuvium videri doctiorem, qui docti esse affectant, volunt.*

^a *Afranius*, a Latin Poet, who writ several Comedies in Imitation of *Menander*; he was a Man of Wit and Sense. *Quintilian* blames him for his scandalous Management of Amours. He liv'd, according to *Vossius*, in the 170th Olympiad.

^b *Menander*, a Comick Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th Olympiad, he is said to have written 108 Comedies, which are all lost, some few Fragments excepted. The Criticks prefer him to *Aristophanes*, both for his Judgment and Stile; he was the Prince of new Comedy.

^c *Plautus*, a Comick Poet of *Sarsina* in *Italy*, who, having spent all he had on Players Apparel, was fain for his Living to serve a Baker in turning a Hand-Mill. He died in the first Year of the 149th Olympiad. A great Part of his Works is lost; we have yet remaining 20 of his Comedies; he was an absolute Master of the *Roman Language*, and was very happy in an ingenious and facetious Way of Raillery.

^d *Epicharmus*, a Poet and *Pythagorean* Philosopher of *Sicily*, he compos'd several Comedies much esteem'd by the Antients, and several other Pieces, which *Plato* is said to have converted to his own Use.

^e *Cæcilius*, (*Stattius*) a Comick Poet of *Milan*, Contemporary with *Ennius*; he writ several Comedies, which are all lost; the Fragments of some of them are collected by *Robert Stephens*.

^f *Terentius*, a Comick Poet, born at *Carthage*, who being a Slave to *Terentius Lucanus*, by his Means got acquainted with *Scipio* and *Lælius*, by whom he was assisted in writing his Plays. *Erasmus* tells us, that

Hos ediscit, & hos arto stipata theatro 60
Spectat Roma potens; habet hos numeratque poëtas
Ad nostrum tempus Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum volgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat: 65
Si quædam nimis antique, si pleraque dure.
Dicere cedit eos, ignave multa fatetur;
Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem infector, delendave carmina Livî

ners, Characters, and Versification. These are the Poets, whose Works the *Romans* learn by Heart; they throng the Theatre, when their Plays are acted; and these are the only Poets they approve, from the Times of * *Andronicus* to the Age we live in. The People are sometimes right in their Judgment, sometimes in the wrong. If they are so infatuated in Favour of the Antients, as to think that none of the Moderns surpass them, or can even stand in Competition with them, I must say, they are mistaken; but if they will allow, that their Poems contain many obsolete Words; that their Expressions are mean and low, and their Style uneven; I will readily join with them, they are right in their Judgment.

I WOULD by no Means be thought to take from the Antients what is justly due to them; nor do I condemn old *Levius's* Verses, I know their

there is no Author from whom we can better learn the pure *Roman* Stile than from this Poet; and it is further said of him, that the *Romans* thought themselves in Conversation when they heard his Comedies; He confin'd himself in all his Characters within the Bounds of Nature, and that is the Reason that he is so much admir'd. Dr. Bentley in his Essay, *De Arte Terentianâ*, remarks upon this Passage. *Dubium est artemne Metricam Poeta velit an Comicam: utramq; opinor: Nam in utrâq; Noster, tam versuum concinnitatis, quam lucida rerum dispositionis, primas tenet, p. 16.*

* *Livius Andronicus*, a Grecian, who being instructed in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theatre, was the first that writ a regular Play for the *Roman* Stage. He was made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, who brought him to *Rome*, and made him Tutor to his Children; which Trust he discharg'd so well, that *Salinator* gave him his Liberty. Being made a Freeman of *Rome*, he added to his own Name, that of *Livius* his Master. His first Play was acted, A. U. C. 514. All his Writings are lost.

Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo 70
 Orbiliū dictare, sed emendata videri.
 Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror:
 Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 Si versus paullo concinnior unus & alter,
 Injuste totum ducit venitque pœma. 75
 Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Conpositum inlepideve putetur, sed quia nuper:
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.
 Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
 Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem 80
 Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
 Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
 Inherbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri. 85

Jam

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their Value; my Master *Orbilius*, when I was a Boy, took such Care with his Ferula to explain them to me, that they will not easily be forgotten: But what I am most amaz'd at, is, that they would impose them upon us for very correct Poetry.

If they have some proper Words and beautiful Expressions; if here and there a Verse or Two be smother than the rest, it is too much to buy the Poem, and cry it up for the Sake of these. There is nothing that sooner moves my Indignation, than when I hear a Book condemn'd, not for its Dullness or Want of Delicacy, but purely because it was lately writ; and that Men are not content with our pardoning the Antients, unless we also prefer 'em to the Moderns. If a Man shou'd but doubt whether * *Atta's* Comedies deserv'd that Applause which they met with on the Theatre; all the old Men wou'd immediately cry out, What Impudence is this? how dare you be so bold as to censure what the famous † *Æsop*, and the more celebrated *Roscius*, have so often acted with so great Applause? This they do, either because they think nothing is Good, but that which they have been long us'd to be pleas'd with; or that they think it a Disgrace to be taught by those who are younger than themselves; and to acknowledge in their Old Age, that what they learn'd in their Youth is good for nothing.

* *Atta*, a Comick Latin Poet, who died ten or twelve Years before *Virgil* was born; *Horace* ridicules the Lameness of his Verses, by alluding to his Name, which signifies one that cannot stand upon his Feet.

† *Æsop* and *Roscius* were the most celebrated Actors among the Romans; *Æsop* excell'd in Tragedy, *Roscius* in Comedy.

*Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, solus volt scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed inpugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
Quod si tam Graiis novitas invisa fuisset, 90
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid ha-
beret,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?
Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cæpit, & in vitium fortuna labier æqua;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum. 95
Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amarvit:
Suspendit picta voltum mentemque tabella;*

Nunc

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HE that commends the Poems of the * *Salij*, which were compos'd by *Numa*, and wou'd make us believe that he understands them; (tho' neither he nor my self know any thing of them) may pretend if he pleases that he only means to do Justice to the Antients; but his real Design is against the Moderns; he envies their Merit, and does all he can to bring us and our Writings into Disgrace. Had this Humour prevail'd in *Greece*, had the *Grecians* been such implacable Enemies to every thing that was new, what Books would be extant? What could we read and study now?

WHEN the Wars, which had long troubled *Greece*, were ended, and Prosperity had introduc'd Luxury among them; one while Wrestling and Horse-races were the common Entertainment; then Sculpture and Painting by little and little gain'd upon their Affections. After some Progress in these two Arts, the Hu-

* *Salii*, an Order of Priests instituted by *Numa* to preserve the Brazen Target which fell from Heaven; their great Feast was in *March*, at which Time they carry'd their sacred Charge about the City: They were clad in a short Scarlet Cassock, having round them a broad Belt clasp'd with Brass Buckles; on their Heads they wore Copper Helmets; In this manner they went with a nimble Motion, keeping just Measures with their Feet, and demonstrating great Strength and Agility by the various and graceful Turns of their Body; they sung likewise as they danc'd, an Old Set of Verses call'd *Carmen Saliare*, to which our Poet alludes in this Place. It contain'd the Praises of the Heathen Deities, *Mars*, *Minerva*, *Juno*, *Janus*, and of *Jupiter Lucetius* (i. e.) the Author of the Light. As these Deities were celebrated each in his Turn, the Hymns they sung were call'd *Minervii*, *Junonii*, *Janualii*, after the Name of the Deity who was the Subject of 'em. They were in Being in *Cicero's* Time; but the *Latin*, according to *Quintilian*, was so obscure, that the *Salii* themselves could hardly understand 'em.

Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragœdis :
 Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit. 100
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile cre-
 das?

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

Romæ dulce diu fuit & sollemne, reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura :
 Scriptos nominibus rectis expendere nummos : 105
 Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
 Scribendi studio : puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti cenant, & carmina dictant. 110
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me adfirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior Parthis mendacior ; & prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum & chartas & scrinia posco.
 Navem agere ignarus navis timet : abrotonum ægro
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare : quod medicorum
 est,

Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilia fabri : 115
 Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

Hic

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mour chang'd, and nothing but Plays and Musick pleas'd them; like Children at Nurse, they were soon disgusted with those very Pleasures, which but just before they so passionately admir'd; so inconstant are we in our Inclinations and Aversions. These were the Effects of Peace and Prosperity.

FOR a long Time it was the settled Practice of the *Romans*, (and they took no ordinary Pleasure in it) to be early in the Morning up, and at Home to give Advice to their Clients who came to consult them; to enquire out good Securities for their Money; to hear their Advice who were wiser than themselves; to instruct Young Men how to improve and manage their Fortunes to the best Advantage, and to moderate their Passions. But alas! how strangely are we chang'd from what we were! the Itch of Poetry has tainted all Persons; Fathers and Sons, Young and Old crown their Temples with Laurel, and affect to write Verses. Even I my self who have so often abjur'd the Name of Poet, am in this Respect more Faithless than the * *Parthians*; I no sooner awake, but I immediately call for Pen, Ink and Paper, tho' the Sun be not risen.

HE that is ignorant of the Art of Navigation, is afraid to take upon him to pilot a Ship; no one dares to prescribe Medicines to the Sick, but he who has made them his Study: Physicians and Artists apply themselves to their proper Business; but Learned and Unlearned, all alike make Pretences to Poetry, and versify in Abundance.

* The *Parthians* were particularly noted for their Dexterity in shooting behind them, as they fled.

*Hic error tamen & levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus: versus amat, hoc studet
unum:*

Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet: 120

Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo: vivit filiquis, & pane secundo:

Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari, 125

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poëta figurat:

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ.

Recte facta refert: orientia tempora notis 130

Instruit exemplis: inopem solatur & ægrum,

Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?

Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit:

Cælestis inplorat aquas, docta prece blandus: 135

Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit:

Inpetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum:

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THIS is the Folly of the present Age; but tho' it be a Folly, it comes attended with several Virtues. Did you ever know a Poet a covetous Man? His Head is employ'd in making Verses, and he minds nothing else. If you tell him that his Servants are run away, that his House and Goods are destroy'd by Fire, he is unconcern'd. He scorns to defraud his Bosom-Friend; and is guilty of no unwarrantable Practice against the Minor, that is left to his Care. Brown Bread and Pease are his daily Food; he is indeed a very bad Soldier, but is nevertheless a very profitable Member of the Common-wealth.

The good
Qualities
of a Poet.

IF you will allow, that there is no Member of the Body Politick, so mean and contemptible, but what may be serviceable to the Publick in some Station or other, the Poet is no inconsiderable Person. He teaches our Children to speak; he moulds and forms their tender Organs, corrects their Stammering, and inures them to a clear and distinct Pronunciation. He diverts them from hearing any thing that is obscene; he furnishes their Minds with excellent Precepts; he breaks their Humours, and moderates their Passions; he sings the Actions of their greatest Heroes, and relates in Verse such admirable Instances of Piety and Virtue, as will be of Use to succeeding Ages. He comforts the Poor and relieves the Sick. If it were not for the Poet, what wou'd our young Ones do for Anthems? They offer to the Gods their Petitions in Verse, and they are not unsuccessful: In Times of Drought they pray for Rain, and their Prayers are answer'd. They cure Diseases, divert Calamities, and crown the Year with Peace and Plenty. In a Word, such is the

Carmine Dī superi placantur, carmine Manes.

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,

Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo 140

Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,

Cum sociis operum pueris & conjuge fidā,

Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,

Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.

Fescennina per hunc invec̃ta licentiā morem 145

Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;

Libertasque recurrentis accepta per annos

Lusit amabiliter: donec jam sævus apertam

In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, & per honestas

Ire domos inpune minax. doluere cruento 150

Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura

Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex

Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam

Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis

Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti. 155

Græcia

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the mighty Power of Verse, that it sooths the Gods of Heaven and Hell; they confess its Charms, and forget their Indignation.

IT was an usual Practice with the Clowns of old, who liv'd hard and were happy with a little, when their Harvest was got in, to feast themselves on Holidays; and to give their Spirits that Repose, which they so long had labour'd to enjoy. They met together with their Wives and Children, the Companions of their Labours; and having first sacrific'd a Sow to *Vesta*, and ador'd *Sylvanus* with a Libation of Milk; they offer'd Wine and Flowers to their *Genius*, who perpetually minds us of the Shortness of Life.

FROM hence this Custom of the Clowns in their Turns reproaching one another with defaming Rhimes, which was first begun at *Fescenninum*, spread thro' *Italy*; which Practice continu'd for several Years, and was no less innocent than diverting; but at length these artless rustick Jests degenerated into downright Railing, and several Great and Honourable Families were insolently attack'd with bitter Invectives; who not being willing tamely to pass over such inhuman Treatment; others also who had escap'd, interesting themselves in so publick a Grievance, petition'd for Redress. Upon this a Law was presently enacted, which forbade all Persons to fall foul upon any Man's Reputation upon Pain of Death. They soon mended their Manners for Fear of Punishment; they were now constrain'd to speak well of others, and to write nothing but what was instructive, pleasing and agreeable, whether they wou'd or not.

GREECE

384 Q. HORATII Epist. I.

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artis
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, vestigia ruris. 160
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
Et post Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophocles & Thespis & Æschylos utile fer-
rent:*

Tentavit

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GREECE being conquer'd by the Arms of the *Romans*, subdu'd its rough and savage Conquerors, by introducing among them the Liberal Arts, with which the *Romans* were before unacquainted. Thus barbarous Language, and ill-sounding Verse, which was full of Invectives, and had been in Use from the Times of * *Saturn*, fell into Decay; and Elegance and Politeness succeeded in their Place. However, this Change was not so perfect, but that some Remains of their former Barbarity continu'd amongst them a considerable Time (and we still see some Footsteps of it); for it was very late before the *Romans* apply'd themselves to read the *Greek* Authors; it was not till after the first † *Punic* War, (*Rome* then enjoying a perfect Peace) that they began to inquire into the Excellencies of ‡ *Thespis*,

* We have no certain Light from Antiquity, by which we can discover what this *Numerus Saturnius* was; but we may safely conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was a rude and artless kind of Poetry, without Feet or Measure. The *Romans* had a Custom of reproaching each other in a sort of tunable hobling Verse, and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Musick being of a Piece. Some are of Opinion, that this *Numerus Saturnius* was the same as the *Fescennine*.

† *Horace* means only the first *Punic* War, for between the end of the 1st and the 3d, or from the Year of the City 512 to 607, flourish'd the most eminent Poets, especially Dramatick.

‡ *Thespis*, a Tragick Poet of *Icaria*, a Town of *Attica* in *Greece*, flourish'd *A. M.* 3050. In his Time Tragedy was carry'd on by a Set of Musicians and Dancers, who sung Hymns in Praise of *Bacchus*: He, that the Dancers might have some Respite, and the Audience some other Diversion, introduc'd an Actor, who, after every second Song, repeated some Discourse upon a Tragical Subject.

*Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset,
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis & acer ; 165
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet :
Sed turpem putat inscitus metuitque lituram.
Creditor, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum ; sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. aspice, Plautus, 170
Quo pacto partis tutetur amantis ephebi ;
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi :
Quantus sit Dossennus edacibus in parasitis :*

Quam

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* *Æschylus*, and † *Sophocles*. Some among them attempted to translate their ‡ Tragedies, and they found Reason to be pleased with their own Performances; for the *Romans* are naturally of a lofty Genius, and very fit to write Tragedy; they are very happy in Attempts of this Kind; but this is their Misfortune, that they think it beneath them to make any Corrections.

SOME are of Opinion, that 'tis a very easie thing to write a Comedy, because its Characters are low and mean, and are taken from the Vulgar; but let me assure them, that nothing in Nature is more difficult; and the Difficulty arises from our being so very severe in our Criticisms upon it. Consider how *Plautus* represented the Follies of a passionate Lover, the Characters of a Pimp and of a covetous Father: Observe what a meer *Dossennus* he is in describing a guttling Parasite; how very far his

* *Æschylus*, an *Athenian* Tragick Poet of *Eleusis*, Contemporary with *Pindar* in the 63d Olympiad. He writ Sixty Six Plays, was Victor in Thirteen, of which Seven only are extant. He had a noble Boldness of Expression, his Imaginations were lofty and heroick, but in some Places he is daring to Extravagance.

† *Sophocles*, a Tragick Poet, born at *Athens* in the second Year of the 71st Olympiad. He writ 123 Tragedies, of which Seven only are extant. He was Victor Four and Twenty Times; he added much to the perfecting Tragedy. He was a Person of an extraordinary Genius, *Virgil* had a great Esteem for him.

Sola Sophocleo tua Carmina digna Cothurno. Ecl. viii. v. 10.

He makes in this Verse a particular Distinction between him and all other Tragick Poets.

‡ The most considerable were *Livius Andronicus*, *Ennius*, *Nevius*, *Pacuvius*, *Accius*, *Cacilius*, *Plautus*, *Afranius*, *Terence* and *Lucilius*. *Livius Andronicus* presented his first Dramatick Piece A. U. C. 514, a Year before the Birth of *Ennius*.

*Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita fœco.
Gessit enim nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.* 175

*Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit ac reficit. valeat res ludicra, si me* 180

*Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe, etiam audacem, fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati*

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt 185
*Aut ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum equiti quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad ingratos oculos, & gaudia vana.*

*Quatuor aut pluris aulea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumq; cater-
væ:* 190

*Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis:
Effæda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.*

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Characters are from being exact. It is but too evident from his negligent Writing, that his principal Design was to get Money; which when he had once got, he never more concern'd himself, whether his Comedies pleas'd or not.

NOTHING is more killing to a Poet, who writes for Applause, which is always very dubious and uncertain, than to see the Spectators sit cold and unconcern'd when his Play is acting; but if they are attentive, how is he transported? So light, so small a Matter it is that sinks or raises the Spirits of him who is greedy of Praise: If a Man must come off Fat or Lean, just as his Success is on the Stage, farewell Plays! may I never have any thing to do with the Theatre!

BUT there is another thing which often disheartens the most daring Poets; and that is, that the greatest Part of the Audience being Persons of no Distinction or Merit, and consequently very foolish and ignorant, will sometimes in the Middle of an Act call for the Bears or the Gladiators; and are ready to fight the Men of Quality if they offer to oppose them. The common People are strangely delighted with such Sights as these, nor are the Gentry free from the Infection, who have universally forsaken the agreeable and more lasting Pleasure of the Ear, for that of the Eye, which is vain and transitory.

IT frequently happens, that the Play is interrupted for four or five Hours, and nothing is to be seen upon the Stage but a Multitude of Horse and Foot, in the utmost Confusion; after this you see a Captive Prince with his Hands behind him; next follow Chariots, Litters and Carriages; then Vessels and Cities

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo, 195
Sive elephas albus volgi converterit ora :
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura :
Scriptores autem narrare putaret afello
Fabellam surdæ. nam quæ pervincere voces 200
Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ : quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ : 205
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne :
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur 210
Ire poëta ; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Inritat,

and Ivory Statues are carried in Triumph. If * *Democritus* were living, he would laugh heartily to see the People so strangely transported at the Sight of a white Elephant, or a strange Beast, that is a Leopard and a Camel too; he would stare at the Spectators more than the Actors, as most likely to give him the greatest Diversion. He would say, that the Poets were very ill employ'd in writing Comedies for an ignorant Mob; 'tis like telling a Story to a poor deaf Ass; for how can an Actor possibly be heard, when the Theatre rings with the Clamours of the People; and is nothing but Confusion? Did you but hear the Noise they make at the Sight of the *Persian* embroider'd Habits, with which the Players are gorgeously array'd, you would compare it to the Roarings of the Forest of *Garganus*, or of the *Tuscan* Sea. As soon as an Actor thus magnificently adorn'd appears upon the Stage, they clap their Hands in Admiration. Has he said any thing? Not a Word. Whence then are these Applauses? 'Tis because the Player is dress'd in Purple of *Tarentum*.

BUT lest you should suspect that I am very sparing in my Commendations of Plays, because I never pretended to write any, tho' other Poets have succeeded that way; let me declare that these are my Sentiments on the Matter: That Poet seems to be a Master in his Profession, who can touch my Passions with a meer

* *Democritus*, a Philosopher called *Abderites*, because he liv'd at *Abdera*; he continually laugh'd at the Weakness and Vanity of Men, as designing a thousand ridiculous Things; when he believ'd that all things depended upon meer Chance, and a casual Concourse of Atoms. He died in the 104th Olympiad.

*Inritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus inplet,
Ut magus; Et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athe-
nis.*

*Verum age Et his, qui se Iectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi, 215
Curam impende brevem: si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris; Et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.*

*Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poëta,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum 220
Sollicito damus, aut fesso: cum lædimur, unum
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
Cum loca jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati:
Cum lamentamur non adparere labores
Nostros, Et tenui deducta poëmata filo: 225
Cum speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, Et egere vetes, Et scribere cogas.*

Sed

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Fable, so as to keep 'em in continual Alarms about nothing. Who, like an Enchanter, can fill my Breast with Joy and Terror, provoke my Rage, and sooth me again into Kindness and Compassion; who can carry me from the Theatre, and place me at * *Thebes* or † *Athens* as he pleases.

SUCH Writers as these are worthy of your Regard; but, *Mighty Prince*, if you desire to fill the Library, which you have built in Honour of *Apollo*, with choice good Books; if you design to inspire the Poets with a generous Emulation to ascend the Height of Mount *Parnassus*, whose Top is always green and flourishing; let not those be neglected, who choose rather to submit their Works to the Reader's Censure, than hazard the Contempt of an insolent Spectator.

WE Poets indeed do often injure our selves (if I may confess a Truth which makes against my own Profession) when we present you with our Poems at unseasonable Times, when you are either weary, or busie with Affairs of State; when we are angry that a Friend is so free as to play the Critick upon one of our Verses; when without being asked, we are ever repeating the Verses which we had rehearsed in Publick; when we complain that those who read our Compositions are not sensible of the mighty Pains we have taken; and that the Beauty of our Address and Delicacy of Expression are lost upon them: Lastly, when we flatter our selves, that as soon as you hear a Character of our Works, you will immediately send for us, give us good Pensions, and command us to go on.

* *Thebes*, a City of Greece in Boeotia.

† *Athens*, see Book I. Sat. I.

*Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, qualis
 Edituos habeat belli spectata domique 230
 Virtus, indigna non committenda poetæ.
 Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chærilos, incultis qui versibus & male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale nomisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt 235
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fædo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellen
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo cuderet æra 240
 Fortis Alexandri voltum simulantia. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
 Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.
 At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque 245
 Munera, que multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ:
 Nec magis expressi voltus per aenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum*

Clarorum

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IT is worth your While to know, *Great Prince*, who is fit to record your Glorious Actions in Peace and in War, and to transmit them down to Posterity in their proper Lustre; that no mean Poet may ever be honour'd with so Noble an Employment. * *Alexander* had so great an Esteem for *Chærilus*, that he gave him a considerable Sum of Money for a very bad Poem. But as Ink, when spilt, leaves a Stain behind it, so wretched Poems leave a Blemish upon those glorious Actions which they attempt to celebrate: The same *Alexander*, who paid so dear for a foolish Poem, made a Law that no other Painter but † *Apelles* should attempt his Picture; and that none but ‡ *Lyfippus* should design his Statue. Now if this Prince, who had so fine and excellent a Taste for Painting and Sculpture, was to be consider'd only as to his Judgment in Poetry, one would swear that he was born in the foggy stupifying Climate of *Bæotia*. But you, *Augustus*, have no Reason to be asham'd of the Choice you have made of *Varius* and *Virgil*, nor of your Grace and Bounty to them. The Statuaries, 'tis confess'd, are sometimes very happy in expressing the Lines and Features of their Heroes; but the Poets express their Honourable Actions, they paint their Virtues, and draw the more

* *Alexander*, surnamed the Great, King of *Macedon*, having conquer'd *Darius* at *Gugamela*, Oct. 1st. A. M. 3620, laid the Foundation of the Grecian Empire.

† *Apelles*, the Prince of Painters, born at *Cos*, in the 112th Olympiad.

‡ *Lyfippus*, a famous Statuary of *Sicyone*; he was first a Locksmith, which Trade he soon quitted to apply himself to that of a Statuary. He made several Statues of *Alexander* the Great, and of all his most beloved Favourites, which *Metellus* brought along with him to *Rome*, after having subdued *Macedonia* to the Roman Empire.

charming

Clarorum adparent. nec sermones ego malle 250
 Repentis per humum, quam res componere gestas,
 Terrarumque situs & flumina dicere, & arcis
 Montibus inpositas, & barbara regna, tuisque
 Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
 Clausuraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum, 255
 Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque
 parvum.

Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
 Sedulitas autem stulte, quem diligit, urget; 260
 Præcipue cum se numeris commendat & arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
 Nil moror officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam, 265
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
 Cum scriptore meo capsâ porrectus operta
 Deferar in vicum vendentem tus & odores,
 Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis. 270

EPISTOLA

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charming Beauties of their Minds to a greater Perfection.

IF my Abilities were equal to my Wishes, I would lay aside this familiar Way of writing, and attempt your Great and Immortal Actions in Immortal Verse. I wou'd then describe the Nations you have conquer'd; the Rivers you have pass'd; the Forts you have built on the highest Mountains; the barbarous Kings whom you have subdu'd; and the Victories you have gain'd throughout the World. I would tell how you shut the Temple of *Janus*, and gave Peace to the Universe. I would sing how *Rome* grew formidable to the *Parthians* when you was Emperor; but alas! my Numbers are much too low for so great a Subject, nor have I the Vanity to engage in a Work which I am not able to perform. 'Tis the Fault of many a well-meaning Man to be too officious, and to do a Disservice where he intended a Favour; and a Poet of all others, ought to be careful not to offend in this Particular; Men being more dispos'd to learn and remember that which is ridiculous, than that which merits their Praise and Commendation. For my Part, I have no Regard for such Services: Nor do I desire that any one, under Pretence of honouring me, shou'd represent me in Wax more deform'd than the Original; much less would I thank him for writing ill Verses in my Commendation: I should blush at such a Present, and be in a terrible Consternation, lest in a little Time both my self and Poet should be laid at Length in an open Box, and carry'd to the Street where the *Romans* sell Incense, Perfumes, Pepper, and all sorts of Ware, which are usually wrapt up in impertinent Poems.

EPISTLE



EPISTOLA II.

Ad Julium Florum.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
 Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
 Tibure vel Gabiis, & tecum sic agat; HIC &
 Candidus, & talos a vertice pulcher ad imos.
 Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo; 5
 Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus herilis:
 Literulis Græcis inbutus, idoneus arti
 Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
 Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti:
 Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo 10
 Laudat venalis, qui volt extrudere, merces:
 Res urguet me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære:
 Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
 Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, & (ut fit)
 In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ: 15
 Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit.
 Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex:

Insequeris



EPISTLE II.

To *Julius Florus*.

Dear FLORUS,

SUPPOSE a Merchant was to sell you a Boy that was born at * *Tivoli* or *Gabii*, and should thus address you: He is Fair, Beautiful, and of just Proportion; to make but one Word with you, give me Fifty Pounds and he is yours; he is a very pretty tractable Boy, and is so diligent, that not a Motion of your Eye can escape him; he has learnt a little *Greek*, and is fit for every thing; you may mould him as you please: I cannot say much as to his Judgment in Singing, but his Voice is well enough to entertain you at your Meals over a Glass of Wine. I know very well that large Commendations are apt to breed Suspicion in the Buyer; it looks as if a Man wanted to put off his Ware, when he commends it beyond all Measure: But I have no occasion to sell mine; tho' I am poor, yet I owe nothing. No other Merchant would use you so kindly as I do, nor would I deal thus freely with any but your self. Once indeed he neglected his Duty, and, as it is natural in such Cases, hid himself for Fear of being whipt; if you can pardon this small Omission, take him, or leave him. After this Preamble, the Seller may safely take your Money; he told you his Faults, and you were con-

* *Tivoli*, see Book II. Sat. IV.

Insequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniqua.
Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi 20
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus
Furgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax? 25
Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu fertit, ad affem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupo, & sibi &
hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt, 30
Summe munito, & multarum divite rerum:
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummum.
Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem 35
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; i pede fausto,

BOOK II. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 401

tented to buy him; and yet you pursue this honest Merchant, and unjustly commence a Suit against him.

THIS is just my Case; when you parted from me last, I gave you to understand that I was an idle lazy Fellow, and that I hated above all things to write Letters: I took these Precautions to prevent your being angry, if you heard not from me; but I find they were to little Purpose; all that I can say to justify my self signifies nothing; you likewise complain of my Neglect, in not sending you the Verses according to my Promise.

A SOLDIER that serv'd in * *Lucullus's* Army, who had undergone a great many Hardships in getting a little Money, was robb'd, as he slept, of all that he had: The Thought of his Loss made him almost distracted; like a famish'd Wolf, he was mad with himself, and no less enrag'd against the Enemy: In a Word, he attack'd a little Fort, took it Sword in Hand, and found therein a considerable Booty. Having made himself famous by so gallant an Action, he was, as he deserv'd, very liberally rewarded. Some Time after, his General, having a Mind to be Master of another Fort, which he design'd to level with the Ground, address'd the same Soldier in very moving Terms, such as were capable of inspiring a Coward with Bravery and Resolution. "Go, said he, "my Soldier, where your Courage calls you; "go and conquer, and expect a Recompence

* *Lucullus*, a Person of great Wealth, Valour and Eloquence; he was chosen Consul to carry on the War against *Mithridates*, whom he soon forc'd to abandon his Kingdom, and betake himself to his Son-in-Law *Tigranes* King of *Armenia*.

402 Q. HORATII Epist. II.

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, Ibit,
Ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit. 40
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paullo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum. 45
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura laceratis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni 50
Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem
Quæ poterunt umquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes; 55
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Tendunt

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“ great as your Merits.” Why do you not go? The Soldier, tho’ a Peasant, made this smart Reply; Let him go on the Attack who has lost his Money.

It was my Felicity to be educated at *Rome*, where I read *Homer’s Iliads*. From thence I went to *Athens*, where I made a farther Improvement, being taught to distinguish Right from Wrong; and in my Conversation with the *Academicks* in their Groves, to enquire after Truth. The Violence of the Times soon forc’d me to leave this agreeable Retirement; I was carried away by the Tide of the Civil Wars, raw and unskill’d in Arms as I was, and was enter’d into that Party which fought against *Augustus*; but without Success. Our Army being routed at the Battle of * *Philippi*, I betook my self to a shameful Flight: My Fortunes were then in a low Condition; my Wings were clipt; I had no Inheritance either in Land or Houses. Under these hard Circumstances, Poverty, which is always bold and daring, put me upon trying my Faculty in Poetry; but now I am possess’d of a competent Fortune, it would be an unaccountable Madness in me, when I may quietly enjoy my self, to disturb my Brains with making Verses. I was formerly of a gay and chearful Temper; Love and Pleasure were my constant Entertainment. But now, what a wonderful Alteration has Time made in me! Age has taken from me all Relish of Mirth and Women, Feasts and Plays; even my Passion for the Muses is almost extinct; ’tis

* *Philippi*, a City of *Macedon*; near this Place *Pompey* was defeated by *Caesar*, A. U. C. 706, and *Brutus* and *Cassius* were overcome by *Augustus* and *Marcus Antonius*, 712.

Tendunt extorquere pœmata. quid faciam vis?
Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carminē tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis:
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro. 60
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet
alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
Præter cetera, me Romæne pœmata censes 65
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino, visendus uterque:
Intervallâ vides humane commoda. verum 70
Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus. 75
I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit
urbis,
Rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis & umbra:
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

with no small Difficulty that I preserve some Remainder of it. Be so kind as to tell me what I must do. But there is another thing which gives me a great Aversion to Poetry; I mean Men's different Tastes about it. One is for *Lyrics*, another for *Iambicks*, a third is pleas'd with nothing but *Satire*; and how is it possible to gratify them all? Here are three Guests of different Palates; what must I do for your Satisfaction? That which pleases him, displeases you; and that which you like, is equally distasteful to the other two. Besides all this, how do you think it possible for a Man to write Verses at *Rome*, in the midst of so much Hurry and Business? One asks me to be Surety for him; another desires I would lay aside Business, and hear him repeat his Poetry: The one dwells on *Mount Quirinal*, the other on the *Aventine*, a considerable Distance from each other, and yet both must be visited. You will possibly reply, that the Streets are free, and that there I have Liberty enough for Meditation. Yes truly, they are very commodious; here you meet a Builder posting along with his Mules and Porters; there creaks an Engine; here Carmen and Mourners that attend at Funerals encounter each other; there a mad Dog comes foaming along, or a nasty Sow all over Mire runs grunting by you, and bespatters you as she passes. Let those make Verses here that can; the Sons of *Apollo* hate nothing so much as a City-Life; like *Bacchus*, the God whom they adore, they love the Fields and Woods and Forests, and rejoice to sleep in cooling Shades. Why then wou'd you have me attempt to write in the midst of so much Noise and Clamour? Alas! here is no such thing as Quietness

Vis canere, & non tacta sequi vestigia vatum. 80

Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,

Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque

Libris & curis, statua taciturnius exit

*Plerumque, & risu populum quatit: hic ego re-
rum*

Fluctibus in mediis & tempestatibus Urbis, 85

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

*Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:*

Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.

Qui minus argutos versat furor iste poetas? 90

Carmina compono, hic elegos: mirabile visu

Sacratumque novem Musis opus, aspice primum

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-

Spectemus; vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.

*Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, & procul
audi,* 95

Quid

Book II. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 207

and Night the Confusion is the same; how then can I hope to tread in the unbeaten Steps of the antient Poets, and to sing like them? If it very often happens that a Person, who has spent Seven Years at *Athens*, (which is one of the finest Retirements in the World, and most proper for Study) and done nothing all that Time but pored upon Books, appears abroad at last as mute as a Statue, and is laugh'd at by the People for his Taciturnity; would it not be more ridiculous in me who live in a perpetual Hurry, and am surrounded as it were with Storms and Tempests, to tune my Numbers to the *Lyrick Strain*?

THERE were two Brothers at *Rome*, the one a Lawyer, the other a Rhetorician, who continually prais'd each other. The Orator call'd the Lawyer * *Mutius*; the Lawyer in Return for so fine a Compliment, said that the Orator was a second † *Gracchus*. Do not we Poets do the same? I write *Odes*; another writes *Elegies*, and we both declare, that they cannot be equal'd. Observe, if you please, with what Vanity and Confidence we cast our Eyes round *Apollo's Temple*; a Work truly wonderful and sacred to the Muses, intimating by our Looks, that no *Latin Poet* will ever be there, till our Poems are consecrated, by being plac'd in it. If you are at Leisure, come a little nearer and

* *Q. Mutius Scævola*, a famous Lawyer and Roman Consul, Governor of *Asia*; he compos'd many Works, and had the Reputation of an accomplish'd Orator. *Cicero* calls him the most Eloquent of all the Lawyers, and the best Lawyer of all the Orators. He was murder'd during the Wars between *Marius* and *Sylla*, A. U. C. 672.

† *Gracchus*, the Son of *Titus Sempronius Gracchus*, by the Celebrated *Cornelia* Daughter of *Scipio*; He was a Person of rare Parts and admirable Eloquence.

Quid ferat, & quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Cedimur, & totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?

Quis nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus, 100

Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,

Cum scribo, & supplex populi suffragia capto.

Idem, finitis studiis, & mente recepta,

Obturem patulas inpune legentibus auris. 105

Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum

Gaudent scribentes, & se venerantur, & ultro,

Si taceas, laudant; quicquid scripsere, beati.

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti: 110

Audebit

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listen to our Verses; and learn why every one lays claim to the Bays. We are nothing but Flattery: If at any Time we act the Critick, we do it in a soft and gentle Manner; like the ^a *Samnite* Gladiators, who will fight a whole Day without being wounded. He protests that I am a second ^b *Alcaeus*; in Return to his Civilities, I call him ^c *Callimachus*; and lest that Title should not be sufficient, I say he's ^d *Mimnermus*, a Title extremely pleasing to him.

THE Poets are a Sort of People easily provok'd; and therefore when I write and design to engage the Suffrages of the Multitude, I endure any thing, to keep them in Temper: But now, having bid Adieu to Poetry, and enjoying again the Use of my Reason, I am fully resolv'd to listen no longer to their tedious Repetitions.

NOTHING certainly is more ridiculous than for a Man to write ill Verses; but Poets for the most Part are so strangely delighted with their Productions, that they admire and adore them; if you say nothing in their Commendation, they themselves will praise them; how wretched soever their Poetry be, they, happy Men, are satisfied with it.

HE that would write a perfect Poem, must act the Critick upon himself; he must retrench

^a A Sort of Gladiators call'd *Samnites*, who fought with Foils instead of Swords.

^b *Alcaeus*, see Book I. *Epist.* XIX.

^c *Callimachus* an excellent Greek Poet of *Cyrene*, in great Favour with *Ptolemaus Philadelphus*. He writ many *Hymns*, *Elegies*, and *Epigrams*; some of which are now extant, and not many Years since publish'd by the Learned *Mademoiselle le Fevre*, with Notes and Remarks full of useful and solid Learning.

^d *Horace* prefers him here to *Callimachus* for his fine and florid Style.

410 Q. HORATII Epist. II.

*Audebit quaecumque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco: quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.*

*Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque 115
Proferet in lucem, speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit & deserta vetustas:
Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens, & liquidus, puroque simillimus am-
ni, 120*

*Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia conpescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa move-
tur. 125*

*Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, & ringi. fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro: 130
Cetera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagene:*

Posset

Book II. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 411

a great many Words, which have neither Strength nor Beauty in them, whatever reluctance he finds to do so; nor must he be hasty in publishing his Works. He must revive some significant Words us'd heretofore by *Cato* and *Cethegus*, which for many Years have been utterly abandon'd, purely for their Antiquity; nor must he neglect those modern Terms, which Custom has introduc'd among us. He must be strong, yet clear, and adorn and enrich the *Roman* Language; just as a River by its Crystal Streams gives Plenty to the Country. He must retrench whatever is superfluous; smooth and polish what appears to be rough; and lay aside every thing that is flat and insipid. He must spare no Pains, and yet appear to be easy and natural; like a skilful Player, he must imitate all Humours; he must personate the *Satyr*, and then again the *Cyclops*, as Occasion shall require. For my Part, I had rather be accounted a very dull and impertinent Author, provided I am pleas'd with what I write, and am unacquainted with my own Imperfections, than be wise at this Rate.

THERE was an eminent Citizen of *Argos*, who wou'd frequently sit alone in the Theatre, and fancy himself present at some excellent Tragedy, and clap and hum, and express his Satisfaction, as if the Play had been really acted. This one Thing excepted, in all other Matters, he discharg'd his Duty like a prudent Man; he was a good Neighbour; a kind Husband: He was free and liberal in his Entertainments; he would often pass over his Servants Faults, and not fall into a Passion when he found a Bottle of Wine unseal'd. In a Word, he had Sense enough to avoid a Precipice,
or

Possset qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem: 135

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error. 140

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum:

Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.

*Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recor-
dor: 145*

Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ;

Narrares medicis. quod quanto plura parasti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba

Non fieret levius; fugeres radice vel herba 150

Proficiente nihil curarier. audieras, cui

Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam: &, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo

Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent, 155

Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,

Viveret in terris te siquis avarior uno.

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or pass by a Well, if he met one in his Way. His Friends and Relations, who spar'd for nothing that might do him good, gave him a lusty Dose of *Hellebore*, which brought him to himself: As soon as he was sensible of his Recovery, O my Friends! said he, what have you done? You have not cur'd, but kill'd me; you have taken away the only Pleasure of my Life, which by your Remedies is now forc'd from me.

WISDOM consists in laying aside Trifles, and in leaving to young Men those Diversions which best become their Age and Condition: 'Tis better for a Man to learn how to live; to be Regular and Uniform in all his Actions; than to spend his Time in unprofitable Amusements, in composing Songs for the *Roman* Lyre. When I am alone, I often make these Reflections to my self. If you had such a Thirst upon you, as could not be allay'd; wou'd not you lay open your Case to a Physician? And why will you not confess, that the more you have, the more you desire? If any one should recommend some Root or Herb for a Wound that you have, and it should give you no Ease, you wou'd forbear to apply that Root or Herb to your Wound, because it has prov'd ineffectual. You have heard from the Philosophers, that when the Gods have given a Man Riches, they take away Folly; and yet you find that your large Possessions have not made you the wiser. Why will you listen to such Deceivers? If Riches could add to your Wisdom and Prudence; cou'd they dissipate your Fears, and moderate your Passions, you wou'd then have Reason to be asham'd, shou'd any other Man be more covetous than your self. If
what

414 Q. HORATII Epist. II.

*Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus & ære
est;*

*Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus;
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est: & villicus Orbi, 160
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit. das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti. nempe modo isto
Paullatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum. 165*

*Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper an olim?
Emtor Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi
Emtum cenat olus; quamvis aliter putat: emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ænum.
Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adsita certis 170
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tamquam
Sit proprium quicquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ
Nunc precè; nunc pretio, nunc vi; nunc morte su-
prema*

*Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, & heres 175
Heredem alternis, velut unda supervenit undam;
Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? si metit Orcus
Grandiæ cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrena sigilla, ta-
bellas, 180
Argentum, vestis Gætulo murice tinctas,*

Sunt

what we buy and pay for is our own, if it be true, as the Lawyers tell us, that the Use of some Things gives a Man a Right and Title to them; then the Field from whence you have your Subsistence, may be said to be yours; and when *Orbius's* Bailiff harrows the Clods, which will supply you with Corn in Harvest; he does in effect acknowledge you his Master. You pay your Money, and in Exchange you receive Grapes and Wine, Eggs and Pullets; and thus by Degrees you purchase that Farm, which was sold for above two Thousand Pounds. Pray where is the Difference between your paying for what you have, or living upon what you formerly paid for? He that purchased the *Arician* and *Veientian* Fields, buys the Herbs he eats, tho' he will not believe it: He has not so much as one poor Faggot to boil his Pot with, but what he pays for; and yet he calls all the Land his own, till you come to the Poplar, which serves for a Boundary, to prevent Disputes between him and his Neighbours: As if any thing could properly be call'd our own, which by Sale or Death, by Consent or Violence, can in an Instant change its Master, and become another's. The Hope of enjoying any thing for ever, is vain and fruitless; Heirs succeed Heirs, as one Wave follows close upon another. To what Purpose then should we make new Purchases? Why should we multiply Farms and Manors, since cruel Death, that inexorable Tyrant, (who will not be brib'd with Sums of Gold) mows down both Great and Small alike, without Distinction.

THERE are many in the World, who have neither Jewels nor Plate, nor purple Garments; who have neither Pictures nor Marble, nor Ivo-

*Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
 Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungui
 Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives & inportunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu 185
 Silvestrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum:
 Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
 Naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.
 Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo 190
 Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,
 Quod non plura datis invenerit. & tamen idem
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, & quantum discordet parcus avaro.
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sum-
 tum
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores; 195
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,*

Exiguo

Book II. HORACE'S *Epistles*. 417

ry Statues; and there are others, who never trouble themselves about 'em. Whence comes it to pass, that of the two Brothers in the Play, one shall prefer his Ease and Pleasure to * *Herod's* Estate; the other, tho' rich, shall toil and moil from Morning to Evening, in improving his Lands and burning the Stubble? This Secret is known to none but our *Genius*, who governs the Star that presides at our Nativity; he is the God of our human Nature; he influences our Actions, and lives and dies with us; he changes according to our different Circumstances, He is white or black, happy or unhappy. I will therefore prudently enjoy my self, and take from the little Estate I have, what is sufficient to supply my Necessities; nor will I be concern'd, what my Heir shall say of me, when he shall find, that I have added nothing to the Bounty of my Friends. Nor will I neglect to observe the Difference between a frugal and a covetous Man; between one that is truly liberal, and one that is extravagant. The Difference indeed is very considerable; he may be justly tax'd with Prodigality, who wastes his Fortune, and squanders away his Money: But he who spends it wisely and freely; who thinks he has enough, and does not toil for more; but sweetly enjoys himself and Friend, and makes as much as he can of Life, (as the School-Boys do of † *Minerva's* Festival, whose Duration is short,)

* *Herod*, surnam'd the Great, Son of *Antipater*, an *Idumean*, was made by *Antony* Governor of *Judaea*; in which Government, *Antony* being defeated at *Actium*, he was afterwards confirm'd by *Augustus*.

† *Festa Quinquatria*, the Feasts of *Minerva* commenc'd on the 19th of *March*, and ended the 23d; during this Solemnity the Boys and Girls pray'd to *Minerva* for

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego utrum

*Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus &
idem.* 200

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo;

Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris:

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

Non es avarus: abi. quid? cetera jam simul isto 205

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

Natalis grate numeras? ignoscis amicis? 210

Lenior & melior fis accedente senecta?

Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis:

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo 215

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

short,) is the liberal Man. Let me but be free in a sordid Poverty; it matters not whether I sail in a little Pinnace, or in a larger Vessel. My Gales are neither prosperous nor adverse; if in Strength and Beauty, Wit and Virtue, Fortune and Condition I am excell'd by others; there are those whom I excel.

To be free from Covetousness is no ordinary Perfection; but what is become of your other Vices? have you stifled the Flames of Pride and Ambition? Have you conquer'd your Passions? Have you surmounted the Fear of Death? Have you acquir'd such a Presence of Mind, as to laugh at Dreams and Magick Terrors? Are you fearless of Monsters, Ghosts and Prodigies, so frequent in *Theffaly*? Can you seriously reflect on the Years you have liv'd with Satisfaction? Are you dispos'd to pardon the Failings of your Friends? Are you less passionate, are you milder and better as your Years increase? What will it avail you to pull out one Thorn, while many more remain behind? Will the taking out that one assuage your Pain? If you know not how to act as you ought, give Place to those who are wiser than your self; you have eat and drank and enjoy'd your Share of the Pleasures of Life; 'tis high Time to retire, lest by drinking to Excess, you Expose your self to the gay young Men; who may indulge their Passions with a better Grace.

Wisdom and Learning; to this Custom *Juvenal* alludes, *Sat. X.*

*Eloquium & famam Demosthenis & Ciceronis
Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat.*

At the same Time the Boys carried their Masters their Fee, which was called *Minerval*.





H O R A C E's
A R T O F
P O E T R Y
Done into ENGLISH.

Ludentis Speciem dabit, & torquebitur.
Lib. 2. Epist. 1. 124.





Q. HORATII ARS POETICA.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plu-
mas

Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? 5
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas: 10
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vi-
cissim:

Sed



H O R A C E's

Art of POETRY.

SHOULD a * *Painter* attempt a Medley Piece, with the Head of a Woman, and the Neck of a Horse; should he continue to draw it with various Limbs taken from Beasts of a different Kind, cover it with Feathers, and compleat his Work with the Tail of a Fish; wou'd not all that saw it condemn the Performance?

BELIEVE me, Gentlemen, that Poem is as ridiculous, whose Thoughts and Parts, like sick Mens Dreams, have no Connexion with, or Relation to each other. If it be said, that Painters and Poets assume to themselves a Privilege of drawing and fancying what they please; We grant they do so. We both mutually give

* We ought to take a great deal of Care, not to fall into the whimsical Design of that Painter, who, being to draw the Picture of *Helen*, whom he designed to represent perfectly beauteous, resolv'd to give her all the Graces, which he had heard commended in the fairest Persons. He chang'd her Lips into Coral, Cheeks into Roses, Eyes into Suns, and unskilfully joining them together, made a Figure like this of *Horace*. Mr. *de la Valterie* in his Essay of the true and false Beauty of ingenious Writings.

*Sed non ut placidis cœant inmitia ; non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.*

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis,
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter 15
Adsuitur pannus: cum lucus & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes 20
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui, currente rota, cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quidvis; simplex dumtaxat & unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro, 25
Obscurus fio: sectantem lenia nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget:*

Serpit

and take this Liberty: But then some Regard must be had to Nature; the mild and gentle Part of the Creation must not be coupled with the savage and cruel. Is there any Union between *Birds* and *Serpents*, or can *Lambs* and *Tigers* accord together?

IN an *Epick Poem*, the Beginning is often pompous and magnificent, and promises much; the Poet excels in many beautiful Descriptions; the *Grove* and *Temple* of the Goddess *Diana*, a purling *Stream* gliding thro' the Meadows, the *Rhine* and *Rainbow* are admirably express'd; but, like fine Purple Patches in a Garment, they are generally misplac'd. Suppose you know how to draw a Cypress-Tree, will not he lose his Money and Expectations, who shall employ you to paint a Shipwreck, to paint him contending with Storms and Tempests, and swimming to the Shore on a broken Piece of the shatter'd Vessel? When you set out in so lofty a Manner, why make you so trifling and insipid a Conclusion? In a Word, let your Subject be what it will, take Care it be * simple and entirely the same.

WE who set up for Poets, are generally deceiv'd in taking the Shadow for the Body, the Appearance of Truth, for Truth it self; by endeavouring to be short, I grow obscure; by endeavouring to smoothe and polish my Numbers, I destroy the Strength and Spirit of † 'em.
Some,

* N. B. Simplicity is the Perfection of every Work, and is an Ornament even to Beauty it self.

† Longinus, who next to Aristotle was the greatest Critick among the Greeks, in his 27th Chapter *αὐτὸς ὁ ψυχοποιός*, has judiciously preferr'd the sublime Genius that sometimes errs, to the indifferent one that makes few Faults, but seldom or never

*Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ:
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum silvis adpingit, fluctibus aprum. 30
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*

*Æmilium circa ludum faber, unus & unguis
 Exprimet, & mollis imitabitur ære capillos;
 Infelix operis summa: quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35
 Non magis esse velim; quam naso vivere pravo,
 Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.*

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res, 40
 Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.*

*Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor;
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
 Pleraque differat & præsens in tempus omittat,*

Some, by affecting a lofty Stile, run into Bombast: Others again are so wretchedly cautious, that thro' Fear of a Storm they servilely creep along the Shore. Others delight in a monstrous Variety; draw *Boars* in *Seas* and *Dolphins* in *Woods*. Thus the carefully avoiding some Faults, where Judgment is wanting, is oftentimes the Means of falling into greater.

'Tis possible that a Statuary may excell all others in graving the Nails, and in imitating the Softness and Beauty of the Hair; and yet know not how to finish his Work. Were I to compose a Poem, I would no more be thought to resemble this Artist, than I would appear in Publick with fine black Eyes and Hair, and a flat or wry Nose.

POETS must be sure to know themselves, to understand the Strength and Vigour of their Genius, lest haply they launch beyond their Depth. He that chooses a Subject proportionable to his Parts, will neither be wanting in Method nor Eloquence.

Now, if I mistake not, the Force and Beauty of Method consist, sometimes in saying what was proper to be said, sometimes in postponing a great many Things, which, tho' pertinent to the Subject, may for the present be better omitted.

never rises to an Excellence. He compares the *first* to a Man of large Possessions, who has not Leisure to consider of every slight Expence, but is careful of the Main. On the other Side, he likens the *Mediocrity* of *Wit* to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extreme Frugality, but thro' Fear of being Profuse, never arrives to the Magnificence of Living. This kind of *Genius*, says Mr. Dryden, writes so correctly, that he is neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis, 45
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis 50
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; si
Græco fonte cadent, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademtum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur adquirere pauca, 55
Si possum, invideor? cum lingua Catonis & Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit. licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsentem nota procudere nummum.
Ut silvis folia privos mutantur in annos; 60
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, nostraque: sive receptus

Terra

It is moreover required of Poets, that they be very nice and cautious what Words they make use of. Happy is he, who, by the Skillfulness of his Composition, can make a vulgar Word appear a new one: If the Subject you treat of be deep and abstruse, some Term may be us'd of your own inventing, such as the antient Warlike * *Romans* knew nothing of, provided this Liberty be manag'd with Discretion. They, generally speaking, succeed the best, which are deduc'd from the *Grecian Language*; but then their Derivations must be easie and natural, not forc'd and constrain'd. Where is the Justice, to condemn those Things in *Virgil* and *Varius*, which we approve in *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why am I envy'd for endeavouring to embellish my Native Tongue, when *Cato* and *Ennius*, by the many new Names they have given to Things, have so considerably enrich'd it? Men ever had, and will always have the Liberty of making new Words, such as are agreeable to the Genius and Taste of the Age they live in.

As the Leaves of Trees fall away in Autumn, and are succeeded by others at the returning Spring, so it is with Words; the Old decay and are forgotten, and New ones rise up and flourish, and have all the Charms and Graces of Youth. Both we and our Works are subject to Fate; if the *Lucrine Lake* is now

* The antient *Romans* wore their Gowns after this Manner — The Lappet of the Gown which us'd to be brought up to the Left Shoulder, being drawn thence, was cast off in such a Manner upon the Back, as to come round short to the Breast, and there fasten in a Knot, which Knot tuck'd up the Gown, and made it shorter and straiter.

*Terra Neptunus classis Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus; sterilisve palus prius aptaque remis 69
 Vicinas urbis alit, & græve sentit aratrum :
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
 Doctus iter melius: mortalia cuncta peribunt;
 Ne dum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
 Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque, 70
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula: si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma lo-
 quendi.
 Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
 Versibus inpariter junctis querimonia primum, 75
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.
 Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.*

Hunc

made a Harbour and Protection to the *Roman* Navy from the Fury of the North-winds ; (a Work so stupendous, that none but *Cæsar* was able to effect it) if the Fens, where Boats were row'd in former Ages, are now so drain'd that they are plow'd and sow'd, and yield Corn in great Plenty to the neighbouring Cities ; if the rapid *Tiber*, which so often over-flow'd the Fields and Meadows, now takes a milder and more gentle Course ; I say, if such Changes as these happen to such considerable Things as Lakes, Fens and Rivers, then all Things must perish, and there are little Hopes that Words should always preserve their Grace and Beauty. If Custom pleases, Custom the absolute Master of Language, the Sovereign Judge and Rule of Speech, many Words that have been long dead, shall revive and flourish ; and many that are now in the highest Esteem, shall be buried in Oblivion.

HOMER was the first who taught us in *Heroicks* to sing of Wars, and mighty Generals ; to sing the immortal Deeds of Kings in Numbers as immortal. A complaining Grief was at first express'd in unequal Measures ; but of late this Sort of * Verse has been us'd to describe the Success of happy Lovers, and the like. We are yet in the Dark who the Person was that invented the *Pentameter* ; the *Grammarians* maintain warm Contests about it, but the Matter is not yet determin'd.

RAGE and Indignation first arm'd *Archilochus* with his own *Iambicks*, which were imme-

* *Elegy*, by the Quality of its Name, says *Rapin*, is destin'd to Complaints, and therefore its Character should be doleful. But afterwards it was us'd in Subjects of Tenderness, as in *Love-matters*, and the like.

Hunc focci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni, 80
Alternis aptum sermonibus, & popularis
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre. 85
Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco 90
Dignis carminibus narrari cena Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decentem.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore.

mediately receiv'd upon the Theatre, as being most proper both for the *Tragick* and *Comick* Strain. The *Iambick* is peculiarly adapted to * Conversation; in Discourse we naturally run into it; it commands Attention, silences the Noise of the Pit and Galleries, and, of all others, is most fit for Action.

THE *Lyrick Muse* delights in a lofty elevated Subject; she sings of Gods and God-like Men; she sings of Crowns that were won at the *Olympicks*; she describes the pleasing Joys of Wine, and the more pleasing Lovers Cares.

IF I know not how to observe these Rules; if I am ignorant with what kind of Stile, and in what Measures this or that Subject ought to be express'd, why am I honour'd with the Name of Poet? Why am I saluted as such, when through a foolish affected Modesty I perversly resolve to continue ignorant rather than learn of others?

THE Writers of *Comedy* express their Characters in an easie familiar Conversation-Stile; but the pompous Strain is peculiar to Tragedy. The Feast of † *Thyestes* disdains a low and humble Verse, which is only proper to the *Comick* Muse. Each Subject must be treated in such a Stile as is suitable to it; not but that in *Comedy* it is sometimes necessary to use a high and elevated Tone; ‡ *Chremes* in a Passion foams and rages;

* *Aristotle* and *Cicero* both observe, that it is difficult to speak either *Greek*, or *Latin*, without making *Iambicks*.

† The History of *Thyestes* eating his own Children, who were murder'd by his Brother *Atreus*, is here put by the Poet for all Sorts of Tragedies; who judiciously remarks, it being so extremely cruel and barbarous in every Circumstance, that it must be told, not represented.

‡ *Non, si ex capite sis meo natus item, ut aiunt Minervam esse ex Jove, ea causa magis patiar, Clitipho, flagitiis*

Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. 95
Telephus aut Peleus : cum pauper & exsul uterque
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunt,
Et quacunque volent, animum auditoris agunt. 100
Ut ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia laedent.

Telephe,

rages ; and so likewise in *Tragedy*, when the Poets describe the Passion of Grief, they usually lay aside their swelling Words ; * *Peleus* or *Telephus* being banish'd from his Country, and reduc'd to a poor and indigent Condition, must tell his Miseries in a natural Manner, if he expects that those, who hear his Complaints, shou'd be affected with 'em.

NOR is it enough that their Expressions be correct, unless they be moving ; they must know how to raise and work which Passion they please †. We are apt to imitate the Actions of others ; as they laugh, or mourn, so do we. If you wou'd therefore have me weep, you must weep your self ; then, *Telephus*, I shall

flagitiis tuis me infamem feri. Ter. *Heauton*, Act. 3.
Scen. 4.

* *Longinus* lays this down for a Rule in writing *Tragedy*, that a Pompous, Lofty, Stately Stile is very improper when we seek to move the Pity of others. Nothing is more ridiculous than to endeavour to be eloquent on such an Occasion. It is a fine Observation of *Aristotle's*, that the Opinions, Manners, and Passions of Men are obscur'd by founding pompous Phrases, hard Metaphors, and elaborate Expressions.

† As we may observe, that one who yawns makes another also yawn, and as our seeing others laugh, provokes also Laughing in us : After the same Manner, what Passion soever we exhibit in our selves, the same steals insensibly upon those we speak to ; while their Mind, attending to the Words they hear, is not aware of the subtle Spirit's Motions, that, by a Kind of Contagion, rise and swell in their Hearts. According to which natural Inclination in all Men, the Master of Poets, and excellent Observer of Mens Humour, said passing well,

Si vis me flere, dolendum est, Primum ipsi tibi.

Sir *Kenelm Digby*, of the *Operations of the Soul*. p. 35.

Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia mæstum 105
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; iuvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mero re gravi deducit & angit: 110
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equitesque patresque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, Drususne loquatur an heros;
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente iuventa 115
Fervidus; & matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli,
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut

feel the Weight of your Calamities; and be as sensible of 'em as if they were my own. But if you act your Part unskilfully, instead of compassionating your Misfortunes, I shall fall a Sleeping, or Laughing.

OUR Words must change with the Subject; in Painting of Sorrow, let our Expressions be mournful; in describing of Joy, let 'em be gay and lively: Anger requires a threatening Stile, and what is grave does best agree with serious Things.

NATURE fashions the Mind to every Condition, and writes the Change of our Fortunes in our Countenance; it aids, inclines, and excites us to Anger; it tortures, dejects, and brings us even to the Ground with Care and Sorrow; and the Tongue is, as it were, the Soul's Interpreter in expressing those Passions which we feel within us: If then our Words and Fortunes disagree, we become a Jest to all good Judges.

IT is a Matter of Importance to observe the different Characters of the Actors. A * *God* and a *Hero* must not say the same Things; there is a mighty Difference between the Conversation of a *Lady of † Quality* and her *Woman*; between an experienc'd Wise Old Man and a hot-brain'd Fellow, who is in the Prime and Vigour of his Youth. If a *Merchant*, or *Farmer*, a Native of *Colchos*, or *Assyria*, a *Theban*

* It was usual with the antient Tragedians to introduce the Gods upon the Stage, as is evident from several Passages in *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

† *Matrona Potens*, a Lady of Quality. The Poet had undoubtedly in View *Euripides's Hippolytus*, where *Phædra* and her Nurse discourse together, but in a very different Manner.

*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Homereum si forte reponis Achillem; 120*

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,

Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes 125

Personam formare novam; servetur ad inum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

Difficile

or an *Argian* appears upon the Stage, let his Discourse be such as becomes his Country, Age and Condition.

IN representing any Person, follow the common Report of the World; if you feign a Character, say nothing but what is consistent with it.

IF you describe *Achilles*, let his Character be the same as *Homer* gives him, when he contends for his beautiful Captive with *Agamemnon*: Paint him Active and Passionate, Haughty and Inexorable; let him fancy himself above all Laws, and swear that his Sword shall do him Justice. Let ^a *Medea* be cruel and implacable, ^b *Ino* must weep, ^c *Ixion* be perfidious, let ^d *Io* be a Wanderer, and let *Orestes* appear in the highest Distraction.

IF you have the Courage to write a Play on a Subject never yet attempted, if the Characters you form are New, take Care they be

^a *Medea* being slighted by *Jason*, who espoused *Creusa*, Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*, was so enraged, that she slew both Father, Daughter, and the two Children which *Jason* had by her.

^b *Ino* being married to *Athamas*, who had a Son by a former Wife, pretended an Oracle which requir'd him to be offer'd in Sacrifice to *Jupiter*; upon which *Athamas* growing distracted, slew her eldest Son, and had also kill'd her, and her other Boy, had she not thrown herself into the Sea with the Infant in her Arms; the Lamentations of a Mother on such an Occasion cannot but be exceeding sorrowful.

^c *Ixion* dissembling his Anger at *Deioneus's* taking away his Horses, invited him to an Entertainment, and by a Trap-Door made him to fall down into a Furnace, where he was presently consum'd.

^d *Jupiter* being in Love with *Io*, the better to conceal her from *Juno*, chang'd her into a Cow; but the Goddess, perceiving the Cheat, sent a Gad-Bee, who tormented her to such a Degree, that at last she threw herself into the Sea.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130
Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in artum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex. 135
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclius olim:
 FORTUNAM Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte: 140
 DIC MIHI, Musa, virum, captæ post mœnia
 Trojæ,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbis.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamq; & cum Cyclope Charyb-
din. 145

Nec

Uniform, and always the same. But I must tell you, 'tis difficult to excel in any new Subject; you had better choose some common Argument contain'd in *Homer*, than depend on any thing of your own Invention, tho' that which you publish was never known or mention'd before. Another's Work may be easily made yours, if you carefully avoid too exact a Translation; if (like some servile Imitators) you follow not too closely your Author's Method with which every one is acquainted; nor put your self under such Restraints, by representing every Circumstance of the Action, as you can't honourably extricate your self, without doing Violence to the Laws of Tragedy. Nor must you begin like that impertinent Poet,

* *I sing Troy's Noble War and Priam's Fate.*

Now what is the Issue of these mighty Pretences? The Mountains are in Labour, and the Product is a foolish and ridiculous Mouse. How much better does *Homer*, that excellent Poet, begin his *Odysses*?

*Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw:*

He imitates the Fire, which begins at first with a little Smoak, and kindles by Degrees into a glorious Flame; his Beginning is plain and uniform, but he afterwards surprizes you with several bright and admirable Incidents; the Story of *Antiphates*, *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, and the Monster *Polyphemus*, have all a peculiar Beauty in 'em. He did not like *Antimachus*, who, in

* This was the Beginning of *Mevius's* Poem on the Trojan War, which contain'd the History of *Priam*, from the Day of his Birth to the Day of his Death, for which Reason *Horace* here calls him *Poëta Cyclius*.

*Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
 Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

*Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi;
 Si fautoris eges aulea manentis, & usque
 Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat: 155
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
 Mobilibusque decor, maturis dandus & annis.
 Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
 Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, & iram
 Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas. 160
 Inherbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi;
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupidusq; & amata relinquere pernix. 165
 Converſis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
 Querit opes & amicitias, inservit honori;
 Commisſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.*

Multa

his Poem on the Return of *Diomed*, began his Adventures from the Death of *Meleager*; nor does he begin the *Trojan War* with *Leda's Eggs*, but hastens on to the principal Action, and makes his Audience to pass over every Thing that precedes it, with which he supposes 'em already acquainted. He chooses no *Episodes* but what will beautify and embellish his Poem, and judiciously rejects what is incapable of Improvement. In a Word, his Fictions are so ingenious, Truth and Falshood are so aptly mix'd and blended together, that all the Parts are entirely of a Piece, and conspire in a pleasing and graceful Uniformity.

IF Poets would have the Spectators stay the Play out, till the Curtain is let down, and the Actor takes his Leave of them with a *Plaudite*, let them hear what I and every Auditor expect.

THE *Manners* of every particular Age must be carefully observ'd, and such a Character given as is suitable to the Young and the Old.

A CHILD that can but just speak and walk, delights to play among his Equals; he is soon angry, and as soon appeas'd; and is seldom of the same Mind an Hour together.

A RAW wild Youth, being newly freed from his Tutor's Care, is mighty fond of Dogs and Horses; Hunting and Racing are his Delight; he is prone to Vice, impatient of Reproof; he is proud, careless, extravagant, loving and inconstant.

ARRIV'D at Manhood he has different Inclinations; now he bends his Mind to improve his Fortune, to cultivate the Friendship of the Great and Powerful, and preserve a clear and unspotted Reputation; he is very careful not to do any thing of which hereafter he may have Cause to repent.

WHAT

*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet
uti;* 170

Vel quod res omnis timide gelideque ministrat,

Dilator, spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri;

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti

Se puero, castigatorem censorque minorum.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175

Multa recedentes adimunt: ne forte seniles

Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.

Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ

Ipse sibi tradit spectator. non tamen intus

Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles

Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens:

Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet; 185

Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;

Aut

WHAT a Multitude of Evils attend old Age? In the Decline of Life, how careful are we to heap up Money, which we dare not touch or make use of on the most pressing Occasions? An Old Man is generally cold and timorous in all his Undertakings; he is slow to Hope, full of Delays, and afraid of what may happen; he is morose, and full of Complaints; he is always commending the happy Times when he was a Young Man; and is ever censuring and finding Fault with the present Generation.

As we grow up, Time brings along with it many Advantages, which forsake us, when Life declines. A Boy must not have the Ambition of a Man, nor a Man the Cares and Infirmities of Age. Regard must be had to that which is essential to every Character, nor must any thing be said but what is proper to it.

IN every Play some Things are acted, some related. The former have much the Advantage of the latter; the Things which we hear affect us less than the Things we * see, which make the stronger Impression on our Minds, because the Spectator represents 'em to himself; but notwithstanding this Advantage, there are several Things which are better related than acted on the Stage. *Medea* must not murder her innocent Children, nor *Atreus* prepare his inhuman Feast, in the Presence of the Audience. How shocking wou'd such a Spectacle be? It is also

* Human Nature (says *Garth*, in his Dedication of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, to her Royal Highness) is always more affected with what it sees, than what it hears of; and as those Ideas, which enter by the Eye, find the surest Passage to the Heart, so the more the Object, whatever it be, seems desirable to the One, the longer it continues in the other.

Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci volt, & spectata reponi. 190
Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.
Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat & hæreat apte. 195
Ille bonis faveatque & consilietur amice,
Et regat iratos, & amet pacare tumentis :
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
Iustitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis :
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret, 200
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco iuncta, tubæque

Æmula;

ART of POETRY.

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ridiculous to see *Progne* chang'd into a Swallow, *Cadmus* into a Serpent. I hate to see such Things upon the *Stage*, they are Idle and Romantick.

* If you expect that your Play should please the Town, it must consist of Five Acts, neither more nor less.

LET not a God be brought upon the Stage, but upon a great and extraordinary Occasion, an Occasion worthy of Him; and in one Scene never let four Actors discourse together.

THE † *Chorus* supplies the Place of an Actor, the Part he plays is as considerable as the rest; nothing must be sung between the Acts but what conduces to the bringing on the Plot, or is essential to it. 'Tis the Business of the *Chorus* to declare its self in Favour of Virtue and its Adherents, and to give 'em Advice; to calm the Passionate, and sooth 'em into Temper; to favour the Innocent; to commend Sobriety, Temperance, Justice, and the Pleasures which flow from Peace and Tranquillity; to keep the Secrets committed to its Trust, and to pray and beseech the immortal Gods to change the present Course of Things, to pull down the Proud, and to exalt the Meek and Humble.

WHEN the Stage was in its Infancy, the Musick was different from what it is now; the

* Mr. Dryden tells us, that 'tis a Question whether the first *Roman Drama's* were divided into Acts; and that it is very probable that they were not admitted into Comedy till the *Chorus* was silenc'd.

† The *Chorus*, according to *Hedelin*, was a Company of Actors representing those Persons who either were, or were supposed to be present, where the Business was said to be transacted; at first it was nothing else but a Company of Musicians, singing and dancing in Honour of *Bacchus*, but was afterwards regulated by *Thespis*, who is generally honour'd with the Title of the first Tragedian.

Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine paucos,
Aspirare & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu. 205
Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus
Et frugi castusque verecundusque coibat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Laxior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festis inpune diebus; 210
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum;
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic prisca motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem: 215
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præcept;
Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuri,
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carmines

Pipe then in Use was plain and simple, not adorn'd with Brass, nor did it Rival the Trumpet in Size: Its Sound was shrill, and its Holes were few; this at that Time was fitted to the *Chorus*, and was large enough to be heard all over the Theatre; then, when the Theatre was not so spacious as now, when the Crowd was so small that one might number it, and the Audience was a plain, frugal and modest one.

BUT as our Ancestors grew famous for their Conquests, which oblig'd 'em to extend the narrow Bounds of the City, and make the Walls wider; the *Romans* began, especially on Festivals, to give themselves a Loose to Luxury and Intemperance, nor were they afraid of being punish'd for it; then it was that Musick and Poetry grew more licentious. For what else could be expected from a Multitude of idle illiterate Villagers being made Citizens, than that Vice and Ignorance should corrupt their former Simplicity of Manners? Hence it came to pass that those who play'd on the Flute, added to the antient Musick a particular Gesture, and a Luxury which appeared in their sweeping the Theatre with long Trains to their Gowns. And hence too, those who play'd on the Harp, added new Notes to that Instrument, which before was grave and solemn: The Style of their Tragedies ran hastily into a false and swelling Eloquence; and the Moral Sentences of the Plays, which were wont to contain good Advice upon Points of Importance, or to give their Judgment upon Things future, were express'd with such an affected Obscurity, that they might have passed for Oraculous Answers deliver'd at *Delphos*.

Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum, 220
Mox etiam agrestis Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolūmi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
Inlecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
Verum ita rīfores, ita commendare dicacis 225
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo;
Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros
Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubis & inania cap-
tet. 230

Effutire levis indigna Tragœdia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paullum pudibunda protervis.

Non

THE Poets who first attempted Tragedy, (when a vile Goat was the sole Reward of those who writ best) in a very little Time brought naked Satyrs on the Stage, who made Jests on each other, but still the Majesty of Tragedy was preserv'd. This they did to please the lawless drunken Mob, when they came from sacrificing; these Antick Gestures and pleasing Novelties, being the only Means to make 'em sit still while the Play was acting. But then these merry jesting Satyrs must be judiciously introduc'd, and the Transition from what is serious to Farce so artfully manag'd, that if a God or Hero tread the Stage, the same Person who before was gorgeously array'd in Tissue or Purple, must not afterwards so demean his Character, as to talk like a Mechanick: Nor, to avoid such poor Expressions, must he soar aloft beyond the Clouds, and speak nothing but Bombast.

THIS Kind of *Tragedy* disdains whatever is trifling and indecent; its *Satyrs* are different from other *Satyrs* who are generally debauch'd; like a Woman of Character, who, tho' she does not make Dancing her Profession, will nevertheless not scruple to comply with so Religious a Rite upon a solemn * Occasion.

WERE I to write a † Satirical Piece, I
wou'd

* It was usual for Ladies of the first Quality to walk or dance round the Altars in a grave majestic Manner, during the Time that the Priests were offering Sacrifice, with a Torch in their Hands. Thus *Virgil* represents *Dido*, *Aeneid* IV. ver. 62.

— *Ante ora Deum pingues spatiantur ad aras.*

† The Satire here mention'd was a Kind of Poem between Tragedy and Comedy; it was neither so grave and sublime as the one, nor so low as the other. It was invented by *Pristinas*, who, as *Horace* observes, liv'd

Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum
 Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo: 235
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur & audax
 Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quisvis 240
 Speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet:
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
 Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
 Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses, 245
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus umquam,
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosa que dicta.
 Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res;
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250

wou'd not choose to have none but vulgar and plain Words; nor would I affect to make the Stile of it so different from that of Tragedy, but that I wou'd take Care to observe a Difference between the Character of *Silenus* the Governor and faithful Companion of *Bacchus*, and that of a *Davus* and *Pythias*, the one a cunning Servant, and the other a confident Waiting-Woman, who fool'd honest *Simo* out of his Money. No, I would choose a known and common Subject, which I would dispose in so natural a Manner, that every one who reads it may presently think he can write the same; but when he shall dare to try the Experiment, he will find it a Work of mighty Difficulty; he will find to his Sorrow, that all his Toil and Sweat and Labour were vain and fruitless. So great is the Force of Method and Connexion, that 'tis almost incredible, how they beautify a mean and ordinary Subject.

As Satyrs are suppos'd to be bred in the Woods, let 'em talk like Satyrs, not like Citizens of *Rome*. Verses that have Tenderness and Passion, how well soever they may be receiv'd from the Gay and Young, are very ridiculous when spoke by them; and as I would not have 'em appear polite, so neither must their Words be immodest or obscene: Persons of Condition will take Offence at such Liberties; and tho' they may possibly please the Rabble, yet sure I am that they will never be approv'd of by Men of Quality.

some Time after *Theſpis*. Vid. p. 373. None of these Pieces are now preserv'd, but the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. The *Fabula Atellana* were writ by *Romans* in Imitation of 'em.

Syllaba longa brevi subiecta vocatur Iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam Trimetris adcreſcere juffit
Nomen Iambeis, cum ſenos redderet iſtus
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paullo graviorque veniret ad auriſ, 255
Spondeos ſtabilis in jura paterna recepit
Commodus & patiens; non ut de ſede ſecunda
Cederet aut quarta ſocialiter. hic & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni.
In ſcenam miſſus cum magno pondere verſus, 260
Aut operæ celeris nimium curaſque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artiſ crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt inmodulata poemata iudex:
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poetiſ.
Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter? ut omniſ 265
Viſuros peccata putem mea; tutuſ & intra
Spem veniæ cautuſ? vitavi denique culpam,

Non

AN *Iambick* consists of a short and long Syllable, six of which make a pure *Iambick*; but tho' they strike the Ear six several Times, yet by Reason of their Swiftmess, they make but three Measures, and are therefore call'd *Trime-ters*. It is not long since the *Iambicks* were contented to admit the *Spondees* into their Society, that the Majestick Gravity of the one might temper and allay the Rapidity of the other. This Association was made upon Condition, that the *Iambicks* should always maintain their Right to the second and fourth Places. But *Plautus* and * *Ennius*, notwithstanding their Numbers are so much admir'd, have very rarely observ'd this Rule of keeping the *Iambicks* in the second and fourth Place: Tho' the loading the Verse with too many *Spondees* is a certain Argument either of the Poet's Ignorance of the Rules of Art, or of his Negligence and Over-hastiness in Composing.

THERE are very few who are Judges of the Beauty and Harmony of Numbers; the *Romans* are too kind and indulgent to the Poets. What then? shall I write in a loose and rambling Manner, and observe no Rules? Tho' every one sees and censures my Faults, shall I think my self safe, because I am sure of obtaining Pardon? I avoid the committing any Errors, but is this the Way to raise a Reputation?

* The Metres of *Ennius*, *Cacilius*, *Plautus* and *Terence*, are very mean and not to be followed, they writing in an Age when all Kind of Poetry among the *Latins* was very imperfect; which being observ'd by *Virgil* and *Horace*, they, by imitating *Homer*, *Euripides*, and others, brought Poetry to as great Perfection in *Latin*, as it is in the *Greek*. Our Poet therefore in this Place, *propter Car-men Iambicum*, recommends young Students to their Imitation.

Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
At vestri proavi Plautinos & numeros & 270
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.
Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ 275
Dicitur & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis
Qui canerent agerentque, peruncti sæcibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylos & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno: 280
Successit vetus his Comædia, non sine multa
Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ: 285
Nec minimum meruere decus. vestigia Græca
Ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta,

If you wou'd excel in Writing well, read over carefully the *Greek Originals*, read them Day and Night.

YOUR Ancestors were strangely in Love with *Plautus*; they prais'd his Wit, and admir'd his Numbers; but if you and I know how to distinguish Wit from Punning, or have any Judgment in Versification, we cannot but wonder at their Simplicity.

THESPI is said to have invented Tragedy, a new Kind of Poetry, which before his Time was unknown to the *Grecians*; it is said too that he carried the Players about in a Cart, and taught 'em to sing, and daub their Faces with the Lees of Wine.

AFTER him came *Æschylus*, who built a little Theatre, and brought in the Use of the Mask *, and the decent long flowing Vest; he was the first who taught the Actors to dress, speak and move gracefully.

NEXT follow'd the old Comedy, which was receiv'd with great Applause; but it degenerated by Degrees, till at last it grew so licentious and abusive, that the Magistrates were forc'd to make a Law to suppress it. Thus the Chorus, having lost its Power of slandering honest Men, in a scandalous Manner silenc'd it self.

THE *Roman* Poets have left nothing unattempted; but in this Particular they deserve our Praise, that disdaining to borrow from the *Grecian* Store, they found at Home fit Subjects for

* The *Persona* of the *Antients* was not like ours, which conceals the Face only; it came over the whole Head, and had always a Peruque fasten'd on it, such as was suitable to the Person whom they were to represent.

*Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas.
 Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium; si non offenderet unum- 290
 Quemque poëtarum limæ labor & mora. vos, ô
 Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies & multa litura coërcuit, atque
 Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
 Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poëtas
 Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
 Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poëtae,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile numquam 300
 Tonfori Licino commiserit. ô ego lævus,
 Qui purgo bilem sub verni temporis horam!*

Non

their Muse, both in their * Tragedies and Comedies. Would they but be perswaded to correct, refine and polish their Numbers, the *Romans* wou'd be no less famous for their Poetry, than they are for their Victories.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Pisos*, the worthy Offspring of the Glorious † *Numa*, reject those Verses that are made in Haste; which have neither been often perus'd nor corrected; which want both Care and Time and Study to bring 'em to Perfection.

IT was *Democritus's* Opinion, that Nature contributed more than Art to the making of a Poet; in Consequence of which, he esteem'd none truly such, but those only who had a Tincture of Madnefs in 'em. Upon this, a great many are so intoxicated as to renounce all Cleanliness and Conversation, and to affect Retirement; they imagine themselves establish'd Poets, if they never go to *Licinus* the Barber to have their Heads shav'd; whose frantick Lunacy no *Hellebore* can cure. What a Fool am I, to physick every Spring for the Choler which I

* The *Drama's* presented at *Rome* were divided in general into *Palliata* and *Togata*, the first were *Grecian*, the second *Roman*; the *Comedies* properly *Roman* were of several Sorts; the *Togata* were acted by Persons of the lower Rank, the *Prætextata* by Persons of Quality, such as had the Liberty of wearing the *Prætexta*, or purple Gown; this last has so near a Resemblance of the *Grecian* Tragedy, that I thought it proper to translate it so by way of Distinction.

† *Numa Pompilius* was second King of the *Romans*, who had so great an Opinion of his Virtue, that they immediately chose him to succeed *Romulus*, A. U. C. 40. *Rimer* says, that till this King's Time the *Romans* had very little either of *Religion* or *Poetry* among 'em. 'Tis probable that for this Reason the Poet takes Notice that the *Pisos* were descended from him,

*Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum
 Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi. 305
 Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse docebo;
 Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
 Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
 Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons.
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ; 310
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis;
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes;
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium, quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto 315
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & vivas hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte, 320
 Valdius oblectat populum meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
 Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus affem 325*

Discunt

am subject to! Were it not for this, none wou'd have excell'd me in the Art of Poetry. But the Honour is not worth the Pains; I had rather teach others how to be Poets, than be one my self. As the Whetstone serves to sharpen the Razor, tho' it cannot cut, so, without Writing, I may dictate to others how they ought to write, how they may furnish themselves with Matter; I may tell what forms and improves a Poet; what is becoming, what not; what are Faults, what Excellencies.

GOOD Sense is the Source of Writing well; in *Socrates's Morals* you'll be sure to find it; and when once the Matter is duly prepar'd, Words will naturally come after.

HE who knows the Duties of Civil Life, what we owe to our Country, Parents, Brethren, Friends and Strangers; who knows how Judges, Senators and Generals ought to act in their several Employments, is best able to give such Thoughts and Behaviour to every Character, as are most proper and agreeable to it. Every wise, judicious Poet should closely and narrowly consider and examine the different Manners and Inclinations of Mankind, that the Copies he draws may be according to Nature. In a Play, where there are some common Places well touch'd up, and some Moral Sentences that are just, tho' the Fable has no Manner of Beauty, tho' Strength and Art are both wanting, yet it shall divert and please an Audience more than trifling Verses that have Numbers, but no Sense in them.

THE *Greeks* had all the Graces of Eloquence, they were Witty and Polite, and Fame was the only End of their Ambition; but as for Us, our Youth are bred up in a different Manner, they

Discunt in partis centum diducere. Dicās,
Filius Albini, si de quincunçe remota est
Uncia, quid superet? poterat dixisse, Triens. Eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. an, hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi 330
Cum semel inbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupressō?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul & jocunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta 335
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
[Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.]
Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:
Ne, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

340

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Ramnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosis, hic & mare transit, 345
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus:

Nam

ART of POETRY.

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they learn Arithmetical, not Poetical Numbers. Tell me *Albinus*, take one Ounce from Five, what remains? Why don't you answer? The Boy replies, Four. Oh the fine Child! He knows how, I'll warrant, to keep what he has; but if to the Five you add one Ounce, what then is the Number? the Boy answers, Six. When once their Minds are tainted with such mean and ignoble Ideas, can any Thing that is Great, Generous and Noble be expected from them? Can Verses writ by Persons thus educated, lay Claim to Immortality?

POETS should either please or instruct, or rather both. Let the Rules you lay down be short and clear; such Precepts are sooner comprehended and more easily retain'd. If your Design be only to please, let your Fictions put on a Face of Truth, let 'em resemble it as much as possible; never pretend to impose upon our Faith, or to bring a Child alive upon the Stage, which has been murder'd and devour'd by Canibals. Old Men like none but Moral Plays, and if too grave, they displease the Young; but that * Poet can never fail of Success, whose Pieces are so agreeably compos'd, that they please and instruct at the same Time. The Booksellers Shops will be crowded with Customers for such excellent Poems, they will pass the Seas with Admiration, and bestow an eternal Fame upon their Authors.

YET there are Faults which in pure good Nature we ought to pass over; a String may

* The simple and unchangeable Beauty of Virtue is not always sure to reach our Souls. 'Tis not enough that we are shewn the Truth; she must be represented to us under such Colours as may make her lovely and desirable.

*Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem volt manus
& mens;*

*Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet, quodcumque minabitur, arcus. 350*

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,*

Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo est?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,

Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; ut citharædus 355

Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:

Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilos ille,

Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror; & idem

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homærus.

Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360

Ut pictura, pœsis: erit quæ, si propius stes,

Te capiat magis; & quædam, si longius abstes:

Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,

Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:

Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit. 365

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna

Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum

Tolle

Jar, tho' the Instrument be touch'd by a Master in Musick; the most expert Archer cannot always hit the White: If therefore a Poem be elegantly writ, if there are a thousand Beauties in it, if the Design, Thought, Conduct and Expressions be such as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry, 'tis unmanly to snarl at a few slight Faults, which thro' Negligence have been committed, Faults for which the Frailty of our Nature is a just Excuse. What Faults then are they which ought not to be pardon'd? As an *Amanuensis*, who commits the same Error, tho' often told of it, is without Excuse; or, as a Musician exposes himself to the Laughter of the Company, who is always out at the same Note, yet is always playing it: So it is with Poets, he who is guilty of many Absurdities, is to me another *Chærilus*. If by Chance a bright Thought or two fall from him, I naturally admire 'em, tho' I despise him; but when *Homer*, the excellent *Homer*, is faulty, it grieves me to the Heart, tho' in a long *Heroick Poem*, Errors of little or no Importance ought to pass uncensur'd.

POETRY and Painting have so near and close a Resemblance to each other, that in Effect they are both the same. There are some Pictures which please at a Distance; others, the nearer you look upon 'em, delight the more. Some love the Shade, others again appear best in the Light, and challenge the sharpest and most piercing Eye of the skilfullest Artist; just so it is with Poems, some please for a Time, some always please.

BUT, Noble *Piso*, tho' your Father's Precepts and your own Experience have made you wise,

H h

yet

Tolle memor : certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi : consultus juris, & actor
Caussarum mediocris ; abest virtute disertis 370
Messallæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus ;
Sed tamen in pretio est : mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle pa-
paver
Offendunt ; poterat duci quia cena sine istis : 375
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paullum summis decessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit ; 380
Ne spissæ risum tollant inpune coronæ :
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni ?
Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ : 385
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens. si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Mæci descendat iudicis auris,
Et patris, & nostras ; nonumque prematur in
annum,

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yet let me desire you to remember this Sentence. A Mediocrity is allowable in some Professions; a Counsellor, or a Lawyer, tho' he has neither *Messala's* Eloquence, nor has read half so much as the learned *Cassellius*, may nevertheless be in great Esteem. But neither Gods, nor Men, nor *Columns will admit of it in Poetry. For as bad Musick, or Perfumes not well scented, take off from the Grace and Delicacy of a Feast, offend the Guests, and might more discreetly have been spar'd; so Poetry, whose End is to please and delight, must stand or fall according to this Rule, If it is not sublimely good, 'tis scandalously ill.

HE who has never inur'd himself to the Sports and Exercises which are perform'd in the *Campus Martius*, who neither knows how to toss the Ball, manage the Hoop, or play at Quoits, wisely refrains from making a Party at any of those Pastimes for Fear of being hiss'd and laugh'd at by the Mob. But every bold pretending Fool, tho' at the same Time he knows nothing of the Matter, lays Claim to Poetry. I am free, well born, have a good Estate, my Reputation is fair and unspotted, what have you, or any one to say against my writing Verses? But, Learned *Piso*, you have a true and discerning Judgment, you know which Way your Talent lies, and understand your self better than to act against Nature; but if ever it should be your Fate to write, let *Mecius*, or your Father, examine your Productions, or let me peruse 'em; be sure not to let 'em see the Light till Time and Care have

* The Advertisements of Books just publish'd were pasted upon Columns.

Membranis intus positis. delere licebit

Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390

Silvestris homines sacer interpretque Deorum

Cædibus & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,

Dictus ob hoc lenire tigris rabidosque leones.

Dictus & Amphion, Thebana conditor arcis,

Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda 395

Ducere quo vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;

Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;

Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque 400

Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,

Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella

Verfibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes,

ripen'd 'em to Perfection; while they lie in your Study you may correct and alter 'em as you please, but when once publish'd, they can never be recall'd.

ORPHEUS, the first inspir'd Poet, dissuaded Men from Rage and Cruelty, civiliz'd their Manners, and taught 'em to live friendly and sociably together. Hence it is feign'd, that by the Charms and Power of his Numbers the Lions and Tigers chang'd their Nature, and laid aside their Savageness. *Amphion* too is said to have built the Walls of *Thebes* by the Power of his Musick; the Sounds of his Lyre were so perswasive, that the Stones inanimate danc'd to his Numbers, and moved as he directed 'em.

IN former Ages Poets were the only Instructors of the World; they were the first who taught Mankind to distinguish between publick and private Good, between Things that were sacred, and those that were ordain'd for Civil Use. They instituted Marriage, forbid all lawless and promiscuous Love; they taught their Fellow-Creatures to build Cities, and enacted wise and useful Laws. By this Means both Poetry and Poets were in great Esteem.

THE next that appear'd were *Homer* and * *Tyrtaeus*, who by their bold and martial Numbers inspir'd their Countrymen with a Noble Ardour, and urg'd 'em on to warlike Atchievements. The sacred Oracles and the Secrets of Nature were reveal'd in Verse. Some by their

* *Tyrtaeus*, a Poet and Musician of *Athens*, some say of *Miletum*, was chosen by the Advice of the Oracle to be General of the *Lacedemonians* in their War against the *Messenians*. This *Tyrtaeus* so animated the Soldiers with some Verses he made on that Occasion, that the *Lacedemonians*, tho' before worsted in several Encounters, won the Day.

*Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus, 405
 Et longorum operum finis : ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers, & cantor Apollo.*

*Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. ego nec studium sine divite vendâ,
 Nec rude quid possit video ingenium : alterius
 sic 410*

*Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit & alsit;
 Abstenuit venere & vinq. qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum. 415
 Nec satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango :*

*Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

*Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas;
 Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta 420*

Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.

*Si vero est, unctum qui recte ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere artis
 Litibus implicatum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
 Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 425
 Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui;
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum*

Lætitia:

Muse have gain'd the Love and Favour of Kings, and Poetry had a Part in all the Plays and Shows that were invented to refresh the Mind when wearied with Business; then blush not, *Piso*, to make your Court to *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

'TIS a common Question, whether Art or Nature makes a Poet. I am of Opinion that neither Art without Nature, nor Nature without Art can effect the Thing, they mutually stand in Need of each others Assistance.

HE who is ambitious of winning the Prize at the *Olympick* Games, must inure himself sometimes to Toil and Labour; he must accustom himself to Heat and Cold, and renounce the Joys of Wine and Love. Was ever Musician distinguish'd for his playing well upon the *Flute*, who had not first learn'd the Grounds of his Art under some wise and able Master? But now every Scribler impudently boasts, that he's wonderfully happy in his Compositions; Shame take all those that write ill Verses, I shou'd be sorry to be of their Number, or to confess my Ignorance of an Art which I never understood.

A Poet of Condition, who has a large Estate, and Money at Command, takes oftentimes as much Pains to provide himself Flatterers, as a Crier does to bring People together to a Sale of Goods. Moreover, if he's dispos'd to make Entertainments, to be Surety for his poor and indigent Friends, and to employ his Interest in their Behalf when in Distress; I shall greatly wonder if such a Man is so happy as to distinguish a Friend from a Flatterer.

NEVER read your Verses before any Person whom either by some kind Present or Promise you have engag'd to be your Friend; he will

*Letitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, recte;
 Pallescet; super his etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem; saliet; tundet pede terram. 430
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
 Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.
 Reges dicuntur multis urguere culullis,
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant, 435
 An sit amicitia dignus. si carmina condes,
 Numquam te fallant animi sub volpe latentes.
 Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige sodes
 Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,
 Bis terque expertum frustra? delere jubebat, 440
 Et male ter natos incudi reddere versus.
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallet;
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam infumebat ina-
 nem,
 Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.
 Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet iner-
 tis, 445
 Culpabit duros, incommotis adlinet atrum
 Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
 Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;*

cry aloud in the Fulness of his Joy, How fine, how excellent is this! He will seem to swoon at every Line, Tears will stand in his Eyes for Pleasure, he will dance, and strike his Foot upon the Ground. As they who are hir'd to mourn at Funerals, wring their Hands, and make much greater Lamentations than those who truly and inwardly mourn; so a Flatterer affects to appear more mov'd than a sincere well-meaning Friend.

THEY say that Kings, before they honour any Person with their Friendship, use to try and prove and examine him thoroughly, and to unmask, as it were, his Soul, by plying him briskly with full Bowls of Wine. If ever you write, be sure to take Care that no designing Flatterers deceive you.

WERE you to consult *Quintilius Varus*, he wou'd impartially tell you your Faults; he wou'd frankly say, this and this Verse must be corrected: If you answer'd you cou'd not, that you had often endeavour'd to do so, but without Success; he would then advise you to blot 'em out, and go to the Forge again for others in their room. But if he finds you proud and obstinate, more dispos'd to defend and justify your Faults than to correct 'em, without making more Words, he would leave you to admire your beloved Self, and to adore your Favourite Poems without Fear of a Rival.

AN honest sincere impartial Friend, if your Lines want Spirit, or if your Numbers are unharmonious, will boldly and frankly tell you of it: He will blot out those Verses that are rough and unpolish'd, lop off all superfluous Beauties; this he'll say is obscure, and needs Illustration; this is ambiguous, and must be

Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: non dicet, Cur ego amicum 450
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistro.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque pœtam, 455
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, io cives: non sit qui tollere curet. 460
Si curet quis opem ferre, & demittere funem;
Quis scis, an prudens huc se projecerit, atque
Servari nolit? dicam: Siculique pœtæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam

Insiluit.

set in a clearer Light; he will act the Part of
 * *Aristarchus*, and criticise upon every Syllable,
 nor fear to lose your Friendship for Trifles:
 They are indeed but Trifles, but may prove of
 serious Consequence to you, when once by their
 Means you are made ridiculous.

A senseless Poet in a raging Fit is generally
 more dreaded by all wise Men than one that is
 frantick, or is infected with the Plague, Lepro-
 sy or Jaundice; he is follow'd indeed by Boys
 and Fools who make him their Diversion. While
 he is mouthing his lofty Verses, and Strolling
 about, if by Chance (as it sometimes happens
 to a Bird-catcher when he is thinking on no-
 thing but his Black-birds) he falls into a Well
 or a Ditch, he might cry till his Heart ak'd
 before any one wou'd offer to help him out.
 Shou'd any compassionate charitable Person
 throw down a Rope and endeavour to assist
 him, some wou'd possibly say, How know you
 that he did not fall in on Purpose, and that he
 does not desire to continue there? I will tell
 you how a Poet of *Sicily* died. *Empedocles*,
 that the People might take him for a God,
 leapt into *Ætna's* burning Flames. Let Poets

* *Aristarchus* of *Samos*, a Critick of great Reputati-
 on, Contemporary with *Callimachus* and *Crates*. He
 commented on most of the *Greek* Poets; publish'd a cor-
 rect Edition of *Homer*, restored some Verses to their for-
 mer Reading, rejected others as not being genuine, writ
 nine Books of Animadversions upon him, and took so
 much Care to make this Performance just and accurate,
 that Antiquity was so prepossess'd in his Favour upon
 this Account, that every candid and judicious Critick
 was call'd *Aristarchus*, and the contrary a *Zoilus*, one
 who much about the same Time, writ a foolish ill-na-
 tur'd injudicious Criticism against *Homer*. He flourish'd
 under *Ptolemy Philometor*, who made him *Præceptor* to his
 Son *Euergetes*, in 158th Olympiad, A.U.C. 606.

destroy

Infiluit. sit jus liceatque perire poetis. 465
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit jam,
Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis adparet, cur versus fastidet; utrum 470
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus
Objectos carvæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo, 475
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

F I N I S



destroy themselves, if they please; 'tis as great an Injury to save a Man against his Will, as it is to murder him; besides, he has done so more than once; cou'd you take him out alive, he wou'd not be like other Men, he wou'd still be ambitious of dying in a remarkable Way. And you don't know for what Crime he is punish'd, when this Spirit of Poetry possesses him; whether it be for his having defil'd his Father's Monument, or his having sacrilegiously remov'd the Bounds of some consecrated Place; but so it is, that like a furious Bear broke loose from his Den, this eternal Rhimer puts all he meets to Flight, whether Learned or Unlearned, without any Distinction. If he seizes on any one, like Leaches who never quit their Hold till they are ready to burst with Blood, without the least Compassion or Remorse, he reads him to Death with his nauseous Repetitions.

F I N I S.



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